

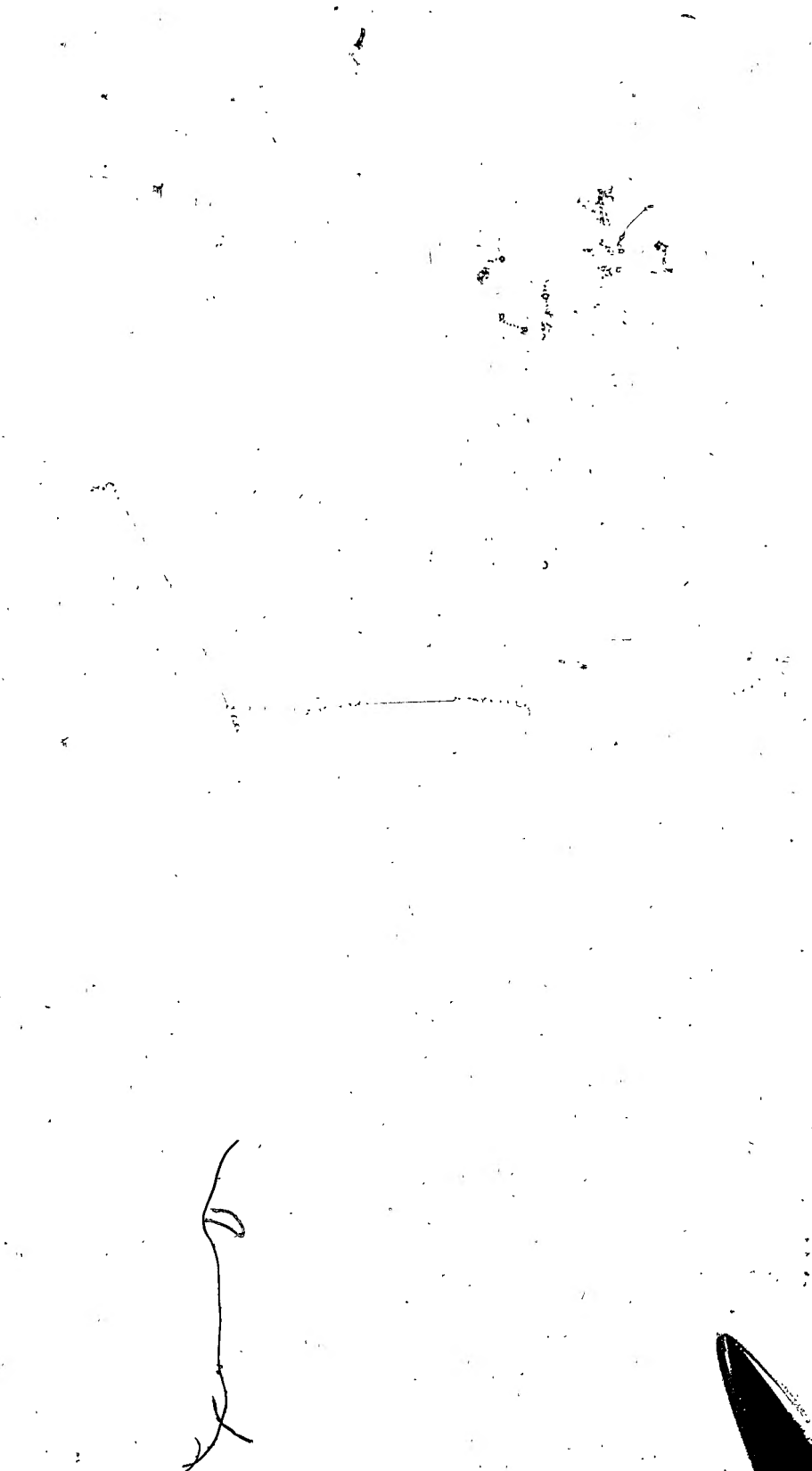
THE · RED · INDIANS OF · THE · PLAINS

REV. J. HINES



THE RED INDIANS OF THE PLAINS







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[Frontispiece.]

THE RED INDIANS OF THE PLAINS.

THIRTY YEARS' MISSIONARY EXPERIENCE
IN THE SASKATCHEWAN

BY THE
REV. J. HINES



WITH A PREFACE BY THE
REV. H. E. FOX
PREBENDARY OF ST. PAUL'S

WITH TWENTY-TWO ILLUSTRATIONS
AND TWO MAPS

SOCIETY FOR PROMOTING CHRISTIAN KNOWLEDGE
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PREFACE

I COUNT it a privilege to introduce the fascinating story in the following pages to what, I hope, will be a large circle of readers, both in this country and in Canada.

Among the many Missionary books which the present day has produced, I can recall none which contains so complete and so vivid a description of the commencement and development of a Mission in a single life-time as Mr. Hines has given in the description of his own experiences.

Forty-one years ago, a young farmer, obedient to the call of God, he offered himself to the Church Missionary Society, and describes the circumstances with a freshness of memory that will appeal to many others, both interviewed and interviewers.

Then, by a manifestly Divine Providence, he was directed to the very place where his gifts and knowledge were best fitted to find a field for useful employment.

He has lived to see heathenism all but extinct in the country to which he went. He has been the means of planting Christian Churches and schools in many places, as well as of teaching the Indians settled habits and profitable industries; and, best of all, he has seen a native ministry raised up and many proofs of a keen Missionary spirit among them and their people.

The story is the more attractive from being in the form of a personal narrative, which it naturally takes. The writer carries his hearers along with him in his lively pictures of the

PREFACE

country and its people ; the trials and perils, discouragements and difficulties, successes and sorrows of a long life of Missionary service.

Still more would I commend it as one of the many evidences which our God is giving us in these unsettled days of the stability of His Word and the unfailing power of that old Gospel "unto salvation to every one that believeth."

H. E. Fox,

Prebendary of St. Paul's and late Hon. Secretary
to the C.M.S.

INTRODUCTORY NOTE

THE author of this book has been requested many times, by friends both in England and abroad, during the past twenty years to write a history of his missionary experiences; but whilst actively engaged in the work the necessary time for such an undertaking did not present itself; now, however, having been incapacitated by throat affection, rheumatism, and sundry other ailments from active service in the field, he has decided, by God's help, to write an autobiography, with the prayer that it may lead others, who feel called by the Spirit to serve the Master in the foreign field, to the realisation of their soul's desire!

Unfortunately, the author has left all his notes and records behind him in the land of his experiences, therefore, if any discrepancies appear in his book, he will be very pleased to have his attention drawn to them.

In conclusion, I desire to express my thanks to certain photographers in the city of Prince Albert, Saskatchewan, and others for many of the photographs used in this book.

J. H.



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CHAPTER I

WHY I BECAME A MISSIONARY

IN the year 1850 I was born on a farm in the "lowlands" of Cambridgeshire. The place was known as the "Honey Hill Farm," but why it was called by this sweet name I have never been told. When I was only eight months old, my parents left the farm, and took a business in a neighbouring village, where they resided for a period of eight years. During the eighth year my mother longed for a quieter life, and so my father bought a small house with about half an acre of garden land attached, with the intention of meeting my mother's wishes; but, alas for me, my mother died before the time came to enter upon our new possession.

I cannot remember very much about my mother, but the little I do remember only makes me long to know more. I know she was a very stout woman, and though very active about the house, she could not overtake me when I was naughty, and when she particularly desired to have me near.

Being the only child, my parents had, until I was turned six years of age, they made a good deal of me, and I have no doubt I was what some would call a spoilt child. This much I do remember about my mother—every Sunday afternoon she would take me for a walk in the orchard, and I seem to feel her hand pressing my head to her side now, as I felt it then as we walked and talked together, although it is many, many years since that took place.

As we thus walked together she would tell me of my faults during the past week, and make me understand how unkind and disobedient I had been towards her at times; and she always ended her admonitions by telling me that God would not love me if I behaved unkindly to my mother. In my childish anxiety to be on the safe side, I used to say: "But, mother, if I don't do it again, will God forgive me for what I have already done wrong?" And the answer she usually gave me was: "If you are sorry for having done wrong, and ask Him to forgive you, He will, just as I, your mother, am willing to forgive you when you say you are sorry, and show a desire to be a better child." Alas! I am afraid, having received this assurance, a sort of maternal absolution, I forgot to be sorry for my misdeeds, and the next week saw very little improvement in me. My mother died very suddenly from heart failure.

About two years after my mother's death, my father married again, and perhaps some who read this story will come to one or other of these conclusions, viz., that he was either a very brave or a very foolish man, when they learn that his second wife was a widow with eight children. There were two of us—a brother six years younger than myself; so that, with my father and stepmother, we were a family of twelve.

In the uphill task of providing for us all, my father took to farming again, and in order to economise his expenses, we boys had to work on the farm when we ought to have been at school.

The parish church was between two and three miles away from our farm, but there was a Congregational chapel near by, and so we, who were young, attended the Sunday School there, and our parents became members of the same chapel. When I was a youth I had a very retentive memory, and excelled those of my class in learning hymns and portions of Scripture.

At certain seasons of the year, when the crows and wood-pigeons did much damage to certain growing crops, it became my duty to keep watch over the fields, and I was provided with a gun for the purpose of frightening the birds away, and, owing to the practice I had, I became a good shot for my age. But this kind of work, though pleasant in itself, became very irksome, as it necessitated my staying away, not only from the day school, but from Sunday School also, and it became an annual occurrence, so that from the time the peas began to form in the pods, until the harvest was gathered in, about seven weeks in all, I was never able to attend even the Sunday School. Nevertheless, I made a point of learning my hymns and portions of Scripture every week, just the same as if I were a regular attendant, and then the first Sunday I attended after my long absence, to the surprise of my teacher, I used to stand up and repeat the eight or nine hymns, and the same portions of Scripture, before taking my seat again. When these facts were made known to the superintendent he put it to the whole school whether or not I should receive the same number of marks as if I had attended regularly, and the school answered in the affirmative.

When I was sixteen years of age we left the farm that I have just mentioned, and rented another in an adjoining parish, and here again the parish church was nearly three miles away; but the church in the next parish being the nearest place of worship, and only about one mile from the farm, we young folk attended that church, but our parents continued to attend the Independent chapel.

My father was one of the largest tithe payers in the parish in which we lived, and he paid his tithe ungrudgingly, though he scarcely ever attended the church services. Whenever an agitation was on foot for doing away with tithes, he always joined himself to those who regarded tithes as a divine institution, and, therefore, one that ought to be continued. I

remember one of his arguments was something like this : "If any of you who are in favour of doing away with tithes had a farm rented to any one on a lease, and if, at the time the lease expired, the law of the land annulled the paying of tithes, would you continue to let your farm to the old tenant at the same rent as he paid before the tithe was taken away ? My belief is that you would say to the old tenant : ' I shall require a higher rent now than before, because there is no tithe rent charged against the land,' and so, instead of the tenant paying the tithe in God's appointed way, to God's appointed ministers, he would have to pay the equivalent to you, the landlord, and as you or your fathers bought the land with a tithe charge upon it, your estate would be enhanced in value by the Government act of abolishing the tithe. You, who are always grumbling about paying tithes, are the ones who complain the loudest against the power and wealth of the great landed proprietors, and yet by doing away with the tithe you would unwittingly put them in possession of a very large amount of unearned increment."

Our removal from one parish to another, and my attendance at the church referred to above, proved to be the turning point in my life, though it did not show itself immediately. The church I now attended was in the parish of Wisbech St. Mary, and the vicar was the Rev. Philip Carlyon. This name will be remembered by all who read this book, as his picture appeared a year or so ago in most of the illustrated papers in England. Mr. Carlyon died near Penzance at the age of 102 years, and, until a short time before his death, he regularly attended the church near to the home of his retirement and read the lessons.

Mr. Carlyon was indirectly the means of my becoming a member of the Church of England ; it came about in this way. At the period of which I am writing there was much contention, and even strife, among Christians about the doctrines and teachings of the Church of England, and Mr.

Carlyon referred to this in one of his sermons, and he advised those of us present, if we were at all anxious to know what the teaching of the Church should be, to read the Thirty-nine Articles; but, he added: "There may be some in this congregation who do not know that such things as the Thirty-nine Articles exist, and if perchance they have heard about them, they have not the slightest idea where they are to be found." He further said that those of us who possessed a Book of Common Prayer possessed a copy of the Thirty-nine Articles, he told us where to find them, and asked us to read them when we reached home.

Having been brought up amongst Chapel people, I, for one, knew nothing about the Articles, but I made up my mind, then and there, that I would do as he had bidden us. The result was I read and re-read them, until I had committed them all to memory, and I came to look upon the Articles as a sort of Bible in miniature, and it was the teaching contained in these Articles that won me to the Church.

I could not, however, at the time of which I am now writing, claim to have found peace through believing. I was convicted of sin, and wished for the happiness of a sense of forgiveness, of which I had heard others speak. Satan was very busy at this time in placing stumbling-blocks in my way, not only to make me fall into actual sin, but to prevent me from trusting the Scriptures, rather than my own feelings; and, strange to say, the biggest stumbling-blocks he put in my way were hewn out of the Scriptures, so that the book, which I thought contained the words of life, I was shown contained the sentence of my eternal destruction. The texts which proved such a hindrance to my faith, and which prevented me resting with confidence in the Saviour's finished work, were these: first, "Many are called but few are chosen"; and, again: "Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the Kingdom of Heaven but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in Heaven."

With reference to the first text, Satan used to whisper in my ear and heart: "You think you are called, but you are not among the chosen ones; you may pray and call upon the name of the Lord, but you do not do the will of God—you know you do not—and you know you cannot do the righteous will of God, yet the Scriptures which you profess to believe in command you to be holy 'as He is holy.' It is presumption to think you can be all this, give it up, you cannot attain it," and then I would be driven almost to despair. On such occasions I could not sleep at all during the night, and my spirit would wrestle with God in prayer; sometimes I have risen from my bed, and begun to dress myself, with the determination of going to some godly person, and explaining my difficulties to him. But the time was drawing near when the true Light which lighteth every man that cometh into this world should dawn on my soul, and give me that peace which the world could not give, nor the prince of this world take from me.

I was at this time a member of the choir, and also a member of the Men's Bible Class, and this Bible Class was the channel through which the blessing came to me. Having found peace, through faith in Christ's finished work, I began to help others whom I found travelling through the same maze that I had just escaped, and when the Bible Class seemed likely to be given up, owing to the enforced absence of the lady who had initiated and watched over it for some years, I interviewed its members, and told them what a pity it would be to discontinue the class because our lady friend would be absent for some months, and I promised to fill her place as far as I was able if they would continue to attend, and so it came about that my first work for the Master, in what I may call an official capacity, began.

In addition to the time I spent at nights in preparation for my class, I used to visit the sick in the parish, and read to them, and help to prepare them for the reception of the

Lord's Supper, and then, when Mr. Carlyon named the evening when he would visit the sick, and administer the Sacrament, I used to accompany him and receive with the sick person. I have said that this religious work I was doing was done in the evenings, and it may interest those who read this biography to know why it was done under the shadow of night. Some may think it was because I was of a retiring disposition, and did not wish it to be known what I was doing; others may think I was lacking in boldness for Christ; but neither of these suggest the true cause. The reason was I was not at liberty to devote any time to such work during the day. I was my father's eldest son, and it was understood that I should follow him in the business when he retired from active work, consequently my time was fully taken up throughout the day learning my father's business. My father was not what some people would call a gentleman farmer, *i.e.*, one who did no actual work, neither did he bring up his sons in idleness; from the time I was sixteen years of age until I was turned twenty-one, I worked daily on the farm like an ordinary labourer. I learned the art of stacking and ploughing to perfection, and I thoroughly understood the management of cattle; and, as a proof of my efficiency in the art of husbandry, let me say that I have competed in an all-England ploughing match, the competition being for the sons of farmers not occupying less than one hundred and fifty acres of land, and no tyro would think of competing in such a match. I did not win the silver cup for the following reasons: I was the only man in the field to use a "swing plough," that is a plough that is guided, both as regards depth and size of furrow, by the eye and arm of the ploughman. The other ploughmen used ploughs with wheels fixed by an iron frame to the beam of the plough—one wheel gauged the depth of the furrow, the other regulated the breadth—and as the ground that year was very dry and hard it was impossible for me to hold my plough steadily

and lay my work as evenly as those who used the wheels, but in spite of the odds against me, I was the straightest ploughman in the field. My father bought me a wheel plough in readiness for the following year, but I was not allowed to compete on account of age, being three months older than the limit; but my brother, six years my junior, competed the next year and brought home the silver cup awarded for the best ploughman among the farmers' sons, and he was declared the second best ploughman in the whole field, which included all classes. From the above it will be seen that whilst I was fervent in spirit serving the Lord, I was not slothful in business, an attitude commended by St. Paul (Rom. xii. 11).

It will appear strange to some that, although I was a regular communicant, I had not yet been confirmed; but I shall have even stranger things than this to relate further on. The reason why I was not confirmed can be explained. In the first place, I had been brought up among chapel people who had no such rite, and, in the second place, no confirmation service had taken place in the parish since I had become attached to it. In due course, however, we were notified that the Bishop of the diocese would visit the parish and hold a confirmation at a stated time; and I at once put myself into the hands of the Rev. P. Carlyon to prepare me for that sacred rite, and in due course I was confirmed by Bishop Harold Browne, who was at that time Bishop of Ely. I do not know what the sentiments of other young people are when they are confirmed, but with me it was the most solemn and, at the same time, the most joyous time of my life—solemn, because I was of my own free will entering into a covenant with God, and I realised what my responsibilities were; joyous, because I was a responsible soldier of the Lord Jesus Christ, re-commissioned to fight for His cause with the assurance of victory, knowing that my help was in the Name of the Lord who had made Heaven and earth.

After the event above referred to, I took a growing interest in my Bible class, and a room in a cottage was provided in the parish in which to conduct a service on a Sunday evening, and although I felt myself slow of speech, yet I was greatly encouraged by the number of people who attended.

As weeks passed on, I became more and more interested in preaching, and often when ploughing in the fields I would take a text, and commence preaching a sermon to an imaginary congregation, and, strange to say, I frequently imagined I was pleading with a nation of heathen to accept Christ. The reality was such that I often became so blinded with tears that I could not see between my horses, with the result that I frequently made a crooked furrow. In course of time, I felt the call to devote my life to the work of the Church, and made my desires known to two or three clerical friends, and asked for guidance. The greatest hindrance in the way to my becoming an ordained minister of the Church of England was lack of education, and before I could entertain the slightest hope of being accepted by any of the colleges I should have to read and study very hard. My father was made aware of my desires and consulted about defraying the expenses of a college course; at first he felt disappointed at my leaving him, and the business he had taught me, but eventually he became reconciled, and promised to provide the funds necessary for my education. The next question was, who could be found, conveniently situated to my home, to act as my tutor. Mr. Carlyon was approached, but for valid reasons declined; a neighbouring clergyman in another parish was consulted, but he too, being single-handed, could not spare the time. He undertook, however, to speak to a friend on my behalf, who, he thought, would have the time and was certainly in every other respect highly qualified for the work; and so it came to pass, that in a short time I was studying under the guidance of the Rev. L. Saunders, senior

curate of Wisbech, who subsequently became vicar of St. Paul's, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

I have now given you the reason why I became a missionary, and I think you will agree with me that I was justified in feeling that I was guided by the Holy Spirit in my choice—having realised that I was a sinner, and admitted it, and sought and found pardon through the merits and love of Christ. I was not ungrateful for this heavenly felicity, and was willing to give my life to His service Who had given His life for me.

CHAPTER II

HOW I BECAME A MISSIONARY

It is understood from what has been said that my desire was to become qualified for ordination, and work in the Church of England at home. But it frequently happens that "whilst man proposes, it is God that disposes," and sometimes we do not seem to realise that the two work together in harmony, and yet I feel bold enough to say that in the end, when we are able to take a retrospective view of the way God has led us, we shall be compelled to admit that "He hath done all things well."

I little thought when the heathen world loomed in sight, as I preached my sermons at the tail of the plough, that God intended to use me in that very work for a period of nearly forty years, yet so it has come to pass; but I am leading you to anticipate the end before I tell you the beginning.

After reading with Mr. Saunders for some months the time came round for the annual C.M.S. sermon to be preached in the parish church of Wisbech St. Mary. A missionary sermon was always a great event in a country parish in those days, and especially so if we were led to expect a real "live missionary" to address us, and it goes without saying that the darker his complexion, the more interesting he was sure to be. In those early days all heathen were looked upon by the uninitiated as black people, and some even thought that a white missionary after spending a number of

years among the blacks would, as a matter of course, become dark, if not actually black, himself. Now, please do not think I am speaking at random, for I am not, that is so far as the young people understood missionary work; here is a case in point.

When I was reading with the Rev. L. Saunders, his two dear little boys, H. and F., used to come into the study to see me, and their father used to tell them that I was going out to preach to the black people (it was thought then that I was going to Zanzibar); and after I had been in the mission field a year or two, Mr. Saunders wrote and told me that his boys were so pleased to have my letters read to them, and, he added, they were very anxious to know if Mr. H. was a black man now. I rather think one of these once dear little boys is now a member of the C.M.S. Committee at the present time; he was so some years ago, and of course knows better now!

Well, at this particular anniversary we were doomed to disappointment. Our Vicar could not even procure for us a deputation from London, and so we had to be content with an exchange of preachers, our Vicar going to Guyhirn, and the Vicar of Guyhirn coming to us. I remember well the time. I was, as I have said before, a member of the choir, and it so happened that at the time of this anniversary, the chancel was being renovated, and we choristers had to sit at the west end of the church behind the congregation; yet in spite of our position and disappointment in not having some one to speak to us who had himself been in the mission field—in spite of all these apparent disadvantages—it was God's time and place for making known to me what He wished me to do. It was during that sermon preached by the late Rev. William Carpenter, who himself had been brought up on a farm in Devonshire, that I received the call to work among the heathen, and in response to his appeal, in the name of the Lord, "Who will go?" my heart replied, "Here am I, Lord, send me."

I continued my reading with Mr. Saunders for some months, and then he wrote to the C.M.S. Committee about me, telling them what my attainments were, etc. His letter was a sort of feeler as he wished to know if there was any hope for future employment with the Society for me. To our great surprise, a paper of seventeen questions was sent to Mr. Saunders for me to answer. When my tutor read them, he appeared very much concerned, as half the questions asked were upon subjects he had not taught me, and we at once went on our knees and asked God for guidance.

The questions being answered to the best of my ability, they were forwarded to the C.M.S. House, Salisbury Square, and for three weeks there was complete silence, and we began to fear my answers were so incorrect that the Committee did not think it worth while writing to us again. The truth was my paper reached the house a few days after the Committee appointed to discuss such subjects had risen, and it had to remain in state of *status quo* until the next monthly meeting. The next communication received from the house was another paper of questions, seven in all; these were answered and forwarded, and again we had to wait for nearly a month for a reply. This waiting time was not wasted, however, as I kept on with my reading. When the answer came, it was simply a call for me to come up to London and be interviewed by the Committee. I obeyed the summons, and after being surveyed by the General Committee, the Ven. H. Venn, who was at that time the honorary clerical secretary, took me into his private room, and sounded me on points of doctrine. I remember one of his questions was:

"Can you distinguish between Justification and Sanctification, and let me have your views as concise as possible, with due regard to being explicit."

My answer was:

"Justification is the work of Christ, Sanctification is the work of the Holy Spirit. . . . Justification is a momentary

work—Sanctification is a work of time. As soon as we believe in the finished work of Christ, and accept Him as our Saviour, we are at once justified from all things, but by the indwelling of the Holy Spirit in our hearts, we are expected to grow in grace and become sanctified in all we do.”

The dear old gentleman gave me his hand, and appeared pleased with my answer. He also tested my knowledge of Latin and Greek. This, too, did not take very long from the fact that I knew very little of either, though he said that I knew more than I gave myself credit for, and he encouraged me to persevere. He then gave me the address of another member of the Committee, the Rev. C. C. F., one of the secretaries at the time, and said that Mr. F. would be glad to have me at his house to take supper with him that evening and breakfast the next morning, and after receiving directions as to how I should find my way there, we parted. My stay with Mr. F. being over, I was passed on to some one else, and from there to some one else, until I had been sifted and winnowed to their satisfaction, and finally I was told I could return home. Again I was subjected to a long period of suspense, but after my examiners had met and compared notes, a final letter came to Mr. Saunders, and in this my interviewers spoke very kindly of me, not forgetting to say that I had yet much to learn, but adding that my case was a very hopeful one, inasmuch as I possessed one rare quality, viz., a knowledge of my own ignorance. At first I did not see the force of this remark and how it could help until my friend and tutor interpreted its meaning to me, and he was pleased that I had been frank and natural before my examiners. The letter also stated that my previous training on the farm had helped them much in locating me: that the Committee had decided to send me to Zanzibar to assist in establishing a mission at Frere Town for liberated slaves as soon as the negotiations between the British Government and the Sultan of Zanzibar had decided upon a section of country on which

to locate the slaves. I was also told, that the principal of the C.M.S. Training Institution at Reading would expect me to take up residence on a certain date. On the day appointed I arrived at my destination and was kindly received by the Principal and others.

Before my departure from home another important event took place, which I will mention here; the members of my Bible Class, about which I have spoken, and others, expressed a desire to the Rev. P. Carlyon to present me with a souvenir, a token of their appreciation of my services among them. Mr. Saunders was asked to make the choice, and he named Barnes' "Notes on the New Testament" (six volumes).

When everything was ready I was asked to meet a number of friends in the parish schoolroom, who wished to bid me God-speed in my new work and whatever might follow therefrom. I obeyed their wishes, and a very pleasant and solemn time was spent and much sentiment expressed. I will mention here, so as not to refer to the matter again, that I found the "Notes" very useful, and after using them for thirty-eight years I passed them on to a young Indian, on the eve of his ordination to the office of a deacon in the Church of England. I had baptised this young man's grandparents and his parents from heathenism, and himself when an infant. They were among the first-fruits of my labours at my first Mission station north of the Saskatchewan River.

For some reason or other many months passed by before the authorities came to a decision about the locality of the new Mission. I afterwards learned, if I remember rightly, that the Sultan of Zanzibar was, in some way or other, personally interested in the slave traffic, and therefore showed no desire to expedite matters for their freedom.

My father was sorry when he heard I was designated to Zanzibar, because, having been raised in the fen country, I had nearly all my life been a martyr to intermittent fever, commonly called the ague, and he felt sure that I should

not live long in Africa. But, as I have said before, we are in God's disposal. So it came to pass that the plans laid by the Society for my future work were frustrated, and I will now explain how it came about. After I had been nine months in the C.M.S. Institution, the Rev. W. C. Bompas, who had been a missionary in the northern parts of Canada for eight or ten years, came home to be consecrated Bishop of Athabasca and on his way home, he travelled from Fort Simpson to the Red River Settlement (as Winnipeg was then called) on snow shoes, eighteen hundred miles approximately. When he reached London he told the Committee that, in all that distance of country over which he had travelled there was only one Protestant mission among the Indians, and that was in Touchwood Hills, not many miles west of Winnipeg. He explained to the C.M.S. Committee that the buffalo and other large animals were rapidly becoming exterminated, and he suggested to the Committee, that if any of their students, besides having other necessary qualifications for the work, had also a knowledge of agriculture, they would do well to occupy this field. He explained how, that by starting a model farm, the Indians would be attracted to it, and owing to the growing scarcity of buffaloes, would turn their attention to agriculture. Then schools could be started for the children, and a regular system of religious instruction could be carried on for all. The Society saw the wisdom of the Bishop's remarks, and their thoughts at once went out to me.

The Rev. Henry Wright, the honorary secretary at the time, came to our Institution to interview me about going to North-West America, as the country was then called. At the dinner-table I was told by the Principal that Mr. Wright wished to call on a certain lady in the town, and he asked me to show him the way to her house; I was pleased at the opportunity, and considered it an honour that I had been selected to be his guide, little thinking that I was about to be led, by a way I knew not, to a change in my future sphere

of work. During our walk, Mr. Wright asked me if I had set my heart upon going to Zanzibar. I replied that I had, and only the previous night I had attended a lecture in the town hall given by a gentleman who had spent some years on the East Coast of Africa. He said I had done right to learn as much about the place and people as possible before leaving England, but, said he, "If the Committee had work for you to do in quite another part of the world, would you be willing to give up Zanzibar and go there?" "Certainly," I said. "I am willing to go anywhere the Committee think I can do the work." "Well," he said, "that is very nice of you. The place we propose sending you to is North-West America, to start a new Mission for the benefit of the Cree Indians of the great prairie; the life will be very rough, the isolation great, and the climate, though healthy, will be severe, yet we believe you are the man to occupy this field." He then asked me if I thought my father would agree to the change. I said I felt sure he would, for the reason already explained. Then he said, "We wish you to go home without any delay, consult your father, and let us know if he makes any objection, because if you do go West, you will have to start in a few weeks' time."

My father was delighted with the change, and in a few weeks I had bidden him "good-bye," which proved to be the last "good-bye" on earth, for he died fifteen months after I left home. When I received the news of his decease, being isolated and alone as I was, I felt his death very keenly, but the remembrance of the promise given in Matt. xix. 29 buoyed up my spirits, and kept my head and heart above the waves of this troublesome world.

The ten months I spent at the C.M.S. Training Institution at Reading proved to be a very happy and profitable time. The Principal, the Rev. H. Bren, his wife, daughter and two sons, all did their utmost to make the students feel at home. The eldest son Robert completed his Oxford course whilst I was at

Reading, and his home-coming was always looked upon as a red-letter day for the students, as he sometimes took a class and so brought us in touch, so to speak, with one of the great seats of learning. The younger son was preparing for his entrance examination and at times was very studious, but he was always ready for a game of any kind; he was an enthusiast at cricket as well as rowing. At the former sport I excelled all the rest, and many a time Henry entertained the whole family at the tea-table with stories about my doings with the bat and ball; but when it came to rowing, as the Americans would say, I was "not in it." I remember on one occasion a race had been arranged—it was to be a four-oar contest—and I was drafted into the boat stroked by Henry, and I occupied the seat immediately behind him. The crews were very evenly matched, but an accident occurred near the finish which caused our boat to lose the race, and at the same time brought me into disrepute. "I cannot say how it happened, but in the final spurt I got behind with my stroke, and in trying to catch up I gave Henry a very hard punch in the back, and the contact was so great that he was unseated and this of course threw us all out of order, and we did not regain our equilibrium until the winning-post was reached by our opponents. I hardly like to refresh my memory with trying to relate Henry's wrath with me in thus causing our boat to be beaten; suffice it to say I never rowed in a race again, though I frequently had charge of the rudder.

The Training Institution at Reading was not only that, but it was a sort of testing place, or, as some called it, a sorting house, for it depended very largely upon the report of the Principal as to our mental, physical, and moral qualities whether or not the students were received into Islington College or even sent into the mission field at all.

In the year 1873, when I was accepted as a student, if I remember rightly, no less than fifty offers of service were made and only eleven accepted, and of these eleven, five

never reached the foreign field. One of these five was a young schoolmaster, but on his way to the North to see his dying mother he received an injury in a railway accident which affected his head, and he had to retire; years afterwards I heard that he became one of the leading auctioneers in Sheffield. Another was a Welshman, whom no one could understand, and so no one liked; he would not associate with any of the students, and we never knew what he did with himself during the hours of recreation. I heard he was "disconnected" after I left. Another was a six-foot Englishman, a man with a wonderful memory. He never studied; all that was necessary for him was to read through a chapter of history, or anything else for that matter, and it seemed to be indelibly impressed on his mind; but he developed some very strange doctrinal notions, which, to say the least, were not orthodox, and he, too, I was told, fell through the sieve. Another came from the North of England, but he was altogether too fantastic in his ways, and too much of a lady's man to suit our Principal, and he had to go home. The fifth was a nice little Irishman; no one doubted his goodness or his sincerity, but he, too, developed heterodox notions about the Sacraments, and he had to resign. I was afraid he would develop some sort of religious mania; he hardly, if ever, took any recreation, and the hours allowed us for such a purpose he usually spent in his bedroom studying his Bible. I heard of his doings in St. Paul's after he had left the C.M.S., but it is not for these acts that I cherish his memory, but for the reason that whilst a C.M.S. student he composed that beautiful tune that is generally sung to Bickersteth's beautiful hymn, "Peace, Perfect Peace." Those who possess a hymn book which gives the names of the authors of the different tunes will find the name of Colbeck standing opposite the hymn I have mentioned.

The students at Reading were expected to take up some kind of Sunday work, either in the Church Sunday School, or

work in connection with the Ragged School. I very well remember my first Sunday's experience—they gave me the infant class to teach. There were about one hundred little mites all under the age of six years, and some, I should say, were not more than three years of age. They were seated on a sort of gallery which began to rise from the ground floor, and stretched across the end of the building. I had never before had any experience in entertaining children, and after my first experience I felt I was a miserable failure. After two or three Sundays of this kind of work, I asked the Principal if there was a Bible Class for young men in the parish. He said, "No, and I very much regret this, because, as soon as the youths get too big for Sunday School, we lose sight of them." I told him how I felt with regard to my infant class, and asked to be allowed the privilege of starting a Bible Class. He asked if I had had any experience in Bible Class work, and I informed him of what the reader already knows. Permission was given me, and the Messrs. Sutton of Reading kindly provided a room for our use. I went among the factory youths, principally those employed by Huntley & Palmers, and I succeeded in persuading about eight to attend my first meeting. This number was soon increased, until the room was fairly filled; and before the class had been in operation six months I was permitted to lead eight of its members to the Lord's Table. The Principal said afterwards that when he saw me come to the Lord's Table with eight of my converts following me, he thought it augured well for my future success as a missionary, and believed it was only the beginning of the "showers of blessing" God our Heavenly Father would pour down upon my efforts in the years to follow. After I left Reading I think the class was conducted by the Principal and afterwards by one of the Messrs. Sutton; I think it was the gentleman who died suddenly in London last winter, 1913. I very well remember it was he who came to me for the names and

addresses of my boys before I left Reading. The same gentleman took an interest in me, perhaps because he knew I had a practical knowledge of farming, and on more than one occasion he called for me and drove me to see their experimental farms and the nurseries, when their professional gardeners were engaged in hybridising.

As I have now given a description of why and how I became a missionary, I will proceed to give an account of my journey from England to Green Lake, the place to which I was designated by the Society at home.

CHAPTER III

JOURNEY OUT TO NORTH-WEST CANADA

OUR missionary party consisted of the recently consecrated and recently married Bishop of Athabasca and his bride, two other newly married men and their brides, one clergyman and his wife returning to their work in Manitoba, plus their family, and a single lady who had arranged to travel under the Bishop's escort as far as Winnipeg. This lady was going out to her brother, who was about to be ordained for work in Manitoba, but her object was to assist in a boarding-school for the daughters of the Hudson Bay Company's officers. At the end of her first year in the country she became the principal and proprietress of the said school. Another member of the party was a son of a member of the C.M.S. Committee; he was going out to learn farming with friends who lived about fifty miles west of Winnipeg; and the only other member of the party to be accounted for was the recorder of these facts. We all met at Liverpool on the morning of the 12th of May, 1874, and embarked in the afternoon on the S.S. *China*. The boat was an ancient one, and I rather think this was the last trip she made across the Atlantic. I have crossed the same ocean eight times, but this, my first voyage, was by far the roughest I have ever experienced: we were twelve days in reaching New Jersey from Liverpool. The first few hours out from Liverpool, the deck and also the dining-saloon literally teemed with animation, but the agitated

condition of St. George's Channel very soon changed the condition of things, and many faces that were beaming with joyous excitement and hopeful anticipation the first afternoon on board, were, alas! not seen again until we sighted land on the opposite shore. Personally, I, as well as the other young man, did not suffer much inconvenience after the second day. The Bishop was not much affected by the motion of the vessel, but the two newly married men and their brides had a very wretched time; their wives were so ill they could not bear the sight of the water, and so had to keep in their cabins most of the way across, whereas their husbands could not endure the closeness of the cabins, and so had to keep on deck, even to the extent of eating and sleeping there. Mrs. Bompas, who appeared very fragile, endured the voyage fairly well, and, in order to pass the time profitably, the Bishop, who had a slight knowledge of several Indian languages, undertook to instruct us in the language of the people we were going to work amongst. Unfortunately the two young men just mentioned were too indisposed for much study, and so the Bishop's class consisted of Mrs. Bompas and myself, and suffice it to say that, in addition to being able to read a little, we committed to memory the Lord's Prayer—Mrs. Bompas in the language of the Beaver Indians, and I in the language of the Cree Indians—by the time we left the *China*. We arrived at New Jersey on a Sunday, in time for morning service, and the Bishop preached in the evening. After the long rough passage it did seem pleasant and I did enjoy the services, so much so that I promised then and there that the first Church I might be privileged to build I would call St. Mark's, after the name of the little church in which we had worshipped that day. This promise I faithfully kept, as will be seen later on.

We next prepared for our long railway journey. The Bishop decided to hasten through by express, as he was afraid he and his party might miss the brigade of inland

boats going to the far North, and so have to wait in Manitoba until the next year, and he booked our tickets accordingly. But an unpremeditated event took place which frustrated this plan, which I will here relate. The railway lines were very rough in those long ago days, and the stations were few and far between owing to the sparsely-settled condition of the Western states at that time, and the trains moved along so very slowly that we called them accommodation trains. The trains appeared to stop to let passengers get off and on when and where it suited them, when not a vestige of a station appeared in sight. Sometimes it would stop at what seemed to be a country village, and a commercial traveller would step off, and the conductor would hold the train until the man of the grip negotiated his business; this done, he would return and the train would again move on. I thought it very extraordinary at the time, and at times I must say I felt rather nervous lest we should be run into by a train coming after us, but when I found out that only two trains passed over the line daily, the information acted like a narcotic on my nerves. I have in after years been accommodated in a similar way two thousand miles farther north-west than we were then. After we had journeyed for about four hours by the express we stopped at a station and all got off to exercise ourselves on the platform. One of our party inquired how long the train would remain before resuming its journey, but no one seemed to know just how long, but certainly it would not go on without due notice being given. Consequently one of the recently-married men and his wife and the single lady went rather far afield in their perambulations, when, to our dismay, without even the slightest warning, the train moved on. We, who were standing by, had only just time to swing ourselves on to the last car; when inside the car, we began to count up our flock, and found three were missing; on going to the tail end of the car and looking back, we saw our missing ones running after us, gesticulating frantically

for the train to stop. The Bishop pulled the connection-line till he broke it, but the train did not stop, and we realised that our friends were left behind. Our first thoughts were of our friends, wondering what they would do under the circumstances; we doubted whether they had any money, and we were positively sure they had no tickets, for the tickets for all the party were in the Bishop's care, and the next place the express was booked to stop at was forty miles farther on, and we could not communicate with them until our train reached the next stopping-place; we afterwards learnt that our male friend who was left behind became very excited, and very indignant with the officials, and demanded to be sent on by a special train at the Company's expense! The railway officials, however, did not appear to be very much impressed, and they certainly could not think of sending them on, even by the next ordinary train, without producing their tickets to show they were entitled to be carried forward, and this the reader knows they were unable to do, hence I must leave you to imagine the predicament they were in. The next question we asked ourselves was, what shall we do? and after a brief discussion we decided that the only thing to be done was to get off at the next station and wire back to the station-master at the station where our friends were left behind, telling him that we had their tickets, and ask to have them sent on by the first train coming our way, and then we made up our minds to wait their arrival as patiently as we could. During the six hours we had to wait for the next train, we had ample time to make enquiries about the running of the trains, and you may imagine the feelings of the Bishop when we discovered that the express trains going west only ran on every alternate day. This meant that we should have to wait two days for the express, or else go on by the next "accommodation train" which would bring our friends to us. After waiting about half a day the next train arrived, bringing with it the absent members of our party, and it

goes without saying that they had a good deal to tell us about their recent experiences, but, as is so often the case, it was "the other fellow's fault," and not theirs that they were left behind. We now had the choice of either going on with this slow train, or remaining where we were and waiting for the next express. To remain stationary was more than our anxious Bishop could endure, and so we went on. There was very poor sleeping accommodation on this slow train, and most of us took what rest we could lolling in our seats during the night. The next day we felt very weary, especially the ladies, and the Bishop was prevailed upon to spend the next night off the train. The train stopped at a small place late in the afternoon, and we all got off, stayed the night at an hotel and waited for the next express, which came along early in the day. I should state here that the slow train invariably stopped a considerable length of time at every station, and it soon became the habit of the passengers on board to get off the train and indulge in a little stroll, and those of our party proved no exception to the rule. Our ladies used to indulge in a little landscape sketching or fancy needlework, which of course necessitated the unpacking of certain cases to get access to the materials required. They required also a wrap or coat, in some cases an umbrella if the sun was shining brightly, and, as they became greatly interested in their work, they grew oblivious to all else around them until the bell on the engine signalled the time for "All aboard." The result was that it frequently happened that one or the other, in their rush to get on the train, left something behind, and it was lost; sometimes it would be the sketch that they had made, at other times it would be a shawl or an umbrella, and, alas! sometimes they could not remember having taken off the train the special articles that were missing, and this put those who had never left the train in a very uncomfortable position, and it was obvious that something would have to be done to prevent the loss of our stuff, so I

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and the other single man of the party, who had no special care or pleasure to engage our attention, decided to place ourselves at the service of the whole party, for the purpose of protecting our property—for be it understood that, in the race to get off the train, people did not always take with them what specially belonged to themselves ; and this is what we did. We inaugurated a sort of baggage department, and as the trains in those long-ago days were not overcrowded, the porter on the train allowed us the two end-seats on which to place our goods. We then insisted upon every member of the party tying up his or her loose articles into a parcel, or parcels, and, when this was done, we pinned a ticket to each parcel with the number and name of the owner upon it, giving the owners a corresponding ticket. Then, when anyone wanted an article or parcel, they presented their ticket, and we removed the number and handed them what they wanted, and when the parcel was returned we gave them back the number as a guarantee that we held that particular article. It was to their interest to keep the receipt whilst we held the parcel, as it became ours to demand it from them when we parted with it. For instance, if anyone should lose a parcel, and at the same time be under the impression that it was lost whilst under our care, if we held the original ticket and its duplicate it was a proof that the owners had received it from us, and then we were exonerated from further blame. I do not know how it is now, but at the time of which I am writing English travellers were at once recognised in the U.S.A. by the number of small parcels and loose articles they carried about with them. The Americans, when travelling, generally had one great box, a sort of "hold-all," and all their encumbrances were placed in it ; this was very convenient, and it saved a lot of trouble when changes had to be made, and the risk from loss was diminished.

The fourth day out from New York we reached the end of the railway track, which terminated at a small place inside

the American territory ; the place was situated on the banks of the Red River, and the only steam connection with Winnipeg at that time was by boat down the river. Trains did not run into Manitoba until four years after the time of which I am now writing. We arrived at the terminus of the line early on a Sunday morning, and for the first time we witnessed the doings in a frontier town on a Sabbath day. It was difficult to realise that it was the day of rest, as business seemed to be going on just the same as on any other day, and for the first time we saw how the Americans did their fitting, that is, when they wished to remove their house, as well as their furniture, to another part of the settlement. On this particular Sunday we saw two families engaged in this work, and it was done in this way. The houses were made of wood—the foundation pieces consisted of squared timbers, which extended the whole length of the house ; the building had been raised by placing jack-screws under these foundation logs, which were turned until round logs could be placed underneath the foundation pieces. This done, the screws were reversed and the house lowered down so as to rest upon the rollers. Then a deep trench was dug in the road as far in front as the block and tackle would reach, a heavy log with a chain around it was placed in the trench, and then the hole was filled up, thus burying the log, which, by the way, is called “ the dead man.” A rope was tied round the house, and this was connected with the chain projecting from the dead man by means of the blocks and tackle. When all was in readiness, oxen were hooked on to the end of the hauling line, and the strain began. When the rope became taut, the round logs under the house would begin to turn ; the house, thus moving, was generally supported by three or more logs, and as each log was passed over, it was taken in hand by a number of men and removed to the front of the house to do duty as before. This method was repeated again and again, until finally the house reached its new position ;

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no furniture had to be removed, the people occupied the house just the same as if it were stationary, the meals were cooked and eaten in the house, and the smoke continued to come out of the chimney-pot like any other inhabited house; it was quite a novelty to us at the time, but since then I have seen scores of houses removed in a similar way.

On the following day we succeeded in getting all our things on board the river boat, and in the evening we started on our journey towards Winnipeg. The little boat had, in addition to her own cargo, two large barges to take along; either one had more tons of freight on board than the boat herself. The distance from the end of the line to Winnipeg by the river was about two hundred miles, but it took us until the following Sunday morning to reach there; the reason for taking so long I will now explain. The Red River is very crooked and not very wide, and as the method adopted for taking down the barges was by tying them one on each side of the steamboat, and as at every bend in the river the current passes along the opposite shore, the channel becomes very narrow, and in trying to navigate this narrow channel, one or the other of the barges would get aground, and this would cause us much delay, and sometimes damage to the boats, and sometimes hours would be spent before we succeeded in getting them afloat again. In order to avoid this hindrance, the captain decided to put a small crew of men on each of the barges, and send them adrift after sunset, with instructions to float with the stream all night, until we overtook them the next day. The steamboat could not run in the darkness, so we tied up along the shore until daybreak next morning. Of course we all hoped for a few hours good running before we again had to take the barges in tow; we were, however, doomed to meet with disappointment, for when we came to the second or third bend in the river, we used to find one or other of the barges aground, and, as often as not, the crew would be asleep; and the previous day's experience had to

be gone through again. We passengers had good reason for believing that the crews purposely did not try to avoid the shallows in the river, for two reasons: first, it was not to their advantage to make a quick trip, as they were day hands; and, secondly, they preferred to sleep quietly through the night to straining their eyes in the darkness, and exhausting their strength in pulling on their oars to keep their craft in mid-stream. It was upon such occasions as these, that is, when we overtook the barges, that we experienced some of the most blood-curdling phrases that it is possible to imagine. One morning I and my bachelor friend were early on deck when we saw the whole crew assembled on the fore part of the vessel, and some one standing in an elevated position, gesticulating and shouting, until he appeared choked with excitement, and all that we could understand was "Jesus Christ this and Jesus Christ that," and we naturally concluded that we had a Methodist parson on board, and that he was in the act of addressing the crew. We at once reported to the Bishop, and the whole of our party who were presentable at that early hour came on deck to share in the showers of blessing; but, alas! we were not long in discovering our mistake, as it turned out to be the mate of the boat, who was abusing all hands for the slow progress we were making. It was something fearful to listen to the dreadful expressions with which the name of the Saviour was associated. I have often heard since then both by Americans and Canadians that sacred name used in the most frivolous as well as in the most abusive talk. There seems to be very little reverence on the American continent for that Name which we are told is above every other Name; it is a daily experience to hear men of education and position, as well as those of the labouring class, using that Name in ways such as these: "Is that so?" or "Indeed!" As a sort of exclamation they will say "Jesus Christ!" And again when they mean, "You have made a mistake and you will have to bear the consequence," they will say,

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"Jesus Christ, you'll catch it in the lug." No wonder, then, that the Duke of Connaught, on one of his trips through the West, is reported to have said in one of his speeches that, at the rate slang was being introduced into the Canadian vocabulary, the English language would soon lose its identity. But, to return to my subject. After a dreary passage of a week we arrived in the early morning at the landing-stage near "Old Fort Garry," at the junction of the Red and the Assiniboine Rivers. It was a singular coincidence that we should arrive at the end of our ocean journey on a Sunday morning, and the following Sunday morning we arrived at our railway destination, and the next Sunday morning terminated our river trip. It was raining at the time we arrived, and we feared our goods would become soaked if they were put ashore, as there did not appear to be any shed to shelter them, but when the captain assured us that the cargo would not be discharged until Monday morning, we were to a certain extent reconciled. The Bishop, knowing more about the ways of the country as regards Sunday observance, asked me and my companion to remain by the stuff and report to them at the hotel if our goods were being put ashore, so that a conveyance might be sent for them, and having delivered these instructions, the whole party made their way to what was, I think, the only hotel in Winnipeg at the time. About half an hour after the party had left us, the order was given to unload the boat, and very soon all our goods were on the river bank, exposed to whatever weather might come; my companion conveyed the news to the Bishop, and I remained keeping watch over the goods. In course of time my friend returned with two reports; first, that the express van was coming for our goods; and, second, that the road beat everything he had ever seen for slosh—it was just one puddle from beginning to end. After waiting another half an hour we observed one of our party coming; he was riding in what proved to be "a Red River hay frame," a sort of loosely-

made rack placed on an axle and a pair of wheels; the whole conveyance was made of wood, not a particle of iron was used in its construction, and this extraordinary vehicle was drawn by an ox. When they got within speaking distance, I asked my missionary brother how much longer the express would be before it arrived. "Why," he said, "they call this thing the express here, and we have been more than half an hour in getting here from the hotel, which is about a mile away, but how long it will take to get back with a load is something I do not care to anticipate, the condition of the road is so dreadful."

We all helped to load the "express van" with our boxes, etc., and then started for the hotel. It was only a start, in fact the whole journey consisted of a succession of fresh attempts; sometimes the poor beast would sink in the mire up to its stomach and need helping up again, and the wheels of the cart had the appearance of being carved out of a solid piece of clay. This is how we began, continued, and ended our journey from the boat to the hotel: the teamster walked beside the ox, leading it with one hand and pressing on the shaft with the other, to keep the cart from tipping up, the load being heaviest behind, and we three walked up to our knees in mud and water behind the cart, lifting and pushing and helping the ox along. I have often thought since, that we should have made a capital picture for *Punch* with this inscription underneath: "Missionaries arriving in the West."

Anyone who knows Winnipeg to-day will find it hard to recognise from the description just given that the Main Street and the road referred to are one and the same.

Having related some of my own experiences of my first Sunday in Winnipeg, I will now tell a few of the happenings to the rest of the party who had taken up their quarters at the hotel. The arrival of such a large party of English people at the time of which I am writing, was in itself enough to cause a little excitement in the town, and especially so in

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the hotel at which the Bishop had applied for quarters. There was only one sitting-room in the building, and this had been hired by a young Englishman, who had arrived in Winnipeg about a week before us, and had engaged the room in which to receive his own particular guests. When the Bishop and the rest of the party entered the hotel, this young gentleman was absent, and so they were ushered into this room, the proprietor omitting to tell them that the room had been rented to another. After an hour or so, the rightful tenant arrived, and without any hesitation opened the door and entered the room, and I will leave you to imagine his surprise when he saw such a large company in possession of his room, and he at once showed signs of a retreat, but the Bishop's wife (who, as every one knows who has had the pleasure of her acquaintance, was a most kind and affable person, a type of a true English lady) came at once to the rescue and pleaded with him to stay, assuring him that he would be quite welcome to share the room with them. He did accept the invitation and stayed for a little while, and when he took his departure he left no impression behind that our party were the intruders and not he. The proprietor, I believe, apologised to the young gentleman for what he had done, at the same time pleading extenuating circumstances, and he in return not only assured the proprietor that he had played the part of a gentleman, but gave him permission to place the room at the disposal of the Bishop and party as long as they might require it. This same gentleman's name appears over one of the largest wholesale stores in Winnipeg at the present time.

The news of our arrival reached the Bishop of Rupert's Land, who resided about three miles north of the hotel, and immediately after morning service his lordship paid us a visit of welcome. The only seat in the room that seemed suitable for our metropolitan was an arm-chair that was placed in the extreme corner of the room, and this was at once pointed

out for his acceptance. The Bishop immediately seated himself in the chair, but considering himself too much isolated from the party, he rose up and lifting the chair from behind, came more into the middle of the room, and was in the act of seating himself when the chair fell over and the Bishop with it, turning a complete somersault in his transit. The first feeling was one of fear, as no one perceived at once the cause of the disaster, some thought that the Bishop had fainted and fallen, and perhaps had injured himself, but their fears were very soon removed, for his lordship jumped up again and assured those present that he was not in the least hurt. But what was it that had caused the catastrophe? An examination was held, which resulted in clearly demonstrating two facts, first, the cause of the fall, second, why the chair had occupied a place in the room so near to the corner: it was minus the two hind legs, and had been placed near the corner for support. This is only another illustration of the standard of luxury to be found in a Winnipeg hotel at that time. The hotel was a two-story building with bare wooden walls, and no carpets on the floor, the upstairs floor along the corridor was very uneven, and to attempt to walk it after dusk was about as difficult as walking on the deck of a ship when a heavy sea is rolling. Notwithstanding the lack of comfort, etc., to be found in such an hotel, it was thought by our Bishop to be too luxurious for missionaries, and having found an empty house in a side street, which he was able to rent for a very small sum, we were requested to take up our residence there. We each purchased our own bedding for the journey out, and a cooking stove for the use of the married couple at the end of the journey. These were all brought into requisition in our new apartments; we slept on the floor of the house, we purchased and cooked our own food, and, will you believe it? we ate it—yes, we ate it. The next few weeks were busy ones; two of our party were ordained in St. John's Church, with a third, the brother of the

single lady of our party. He, with one of our party, were to work in the diocese of Rupert's Land, and the other was to work with Bishop Bompas in his diocese in the far north.

Soon after this event our party was broken up, the Bishop and his wife and the married man just ordained and his wife started for their distant field of labour by water. The route taken was down the Red River, and across Lake Winnipeg, then up the Saskatchewan River to Cumberland Lake, thence to Isle a la Crosse via Pelican Narrows and the English River, and so on by river and lake to the Peace River country.

Before the other missionary and I started for the West, he (being an ordained man) was asked to take service on the Sunday at a place called St. Andrew's on the Red River, a few miles below Winnipeg. He had already bought a horse and trap for his journey out, and for use in the mission field, and so proposed driving out with his wife to the place named, but alas! he had not gone far before his horse became mired, and, do what he could, he could not succeed in getting the horse on his feet again, so he had to leave it there with his wife sitting in the rig, and make his way to the nearest farm-house for assistance, and, if my memory does not fail me, he was unable to keep his appointment, and so turned back to Winnipeg. This, too, happened on a Sunday and on Main Street, a little below St. John's; the same journey is traversed now by electric cars.

My journey lay westward across the prairie, and as my destination was about seven hundred miles distant from Winnipeg, the nearest market town in those days, I had to purchase largely. My outfit consisted of clothing, food, groceries, cooking utensils, etc., also a plough, a harrow, certain kinds of seeds, also an outfit of carpenter's tools, including a pit saw and grindstone. I had to purchase oxen and carts with harness, etc., to freight these things out; the oxen to help afterwards in ploughing and cultivating the ground as well as for hauling the logs from the bush to

the place where I might erect a house, school and church. Another important thing before starting west was to engage a reliable Indian to accompany me out and help in whatever kind of work I might find for him to do. The missionary in charge of St. Peter's Mission on the Red River had selected a good man for me, and he proved to be proficient with the axe and pit saw, as well as with the scythe and plough.

Our tents were pitched on the prairie outside the town, and not far from the place where the C.P.R. station now stands, and here we collected our possessions. When everything was in readiness for starting, we commenced our long, weary tramp across the plains. We broke camp about 10 a.m., and we camped that evening again still on the prairie, but where the Clarendon Hotel now stands. It took us from 10 a.m. to 7 p.m. to accomplish this distance, at the farthest not more than one and a half miles, such being the condition of Main Street and Portage Avenue at that time. The third day out we pitched our tents at a village called Headingley, twelve miles from Winnipeg, and three days more we arrived at Portage-la-Prairie, thus accomplishing a distance of sixty miles in six days. The same place is reached from Winnipeg now in two hours by the C.P.R.

In those days we had to wade through "slews" and ford rivers, there being no bridges, and seldom a ferry. When one encountered a stream too deep to ford, a raft had to be made by taking the wheels off the carts, and binding them together with poles and rope. The bodies of the carts were then placed on the top of this raft and the goods placed on the carts. One of the party would first swim the river on horseback with a line, which was used from both sides in pulling the raft back and fore, until everything was landed on the farther side (the farther side from home), and then the raft was taken to pieces and the wheels were placed in their rightful positions, and there was nothing left to show how the river had been

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crossed. It seemed as though one had annihilated the ship to prevent the faint-hearted from returning home again.

After leaving Portage-la-Prairie, the land became more undulating and the soil lighter and drier, though in the valleys it was still wet enough, and the streams we encountered were even wider and deeper. In addition to the oxen and carts, I had a horse and light wagon which carried my tent, bedding and food for the journey, and other odds and ends of things which were liable to be in constant requisition. I invariably went first with this conveyance to gauge the pace. We had twelve carts in all, but some of them were loaded with stuff belonging to the Bishop's party. We arrived in Winnipeg too late to make the connection with the annual brigade of boats which take on the northern freight; the Bishop was afraid we should be too late, and it was this that made him so anxious when we met with delays *en route*; he was able, however, by engaging a smaller boat and crew, and leaving behind the bulk of his things, to catch up with the brigade at Cumberland House on the Saskatchewan River. The Bishop's goods had to be taken overland by me to Green Lake, the extreme end of land communication at that time, and stored there in the Hudson Bay Company's care, in readiness to be taken on the next summer as soon as navigation was open.

I picked up a young man, a native of the country, at a place called Fort Ellis; he had spent some years in the Bishop of Rupert's Land's school at Winnipeg, and he was to act as my interpreter and teach day school, when we found Indians willing to have their children taught.

He and I used to take it in turns, riding and driving my wagon; the one not driving had to walk along with the oxen and carts and become responsible for the management of four. There were, as I have said, twelve carts and my wagon in the brigade, and three of us were responsible for the management of the carts. I, or my interpreter, had charge of four

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the Indian from St. Peter's Mission had charge of four, and a half-breed, who was also engaged at Winnipeg by Archdeacon Cowley, had charge of the other four. This half-breed was really engaged to be servant to the Archdeacon, and to accompany him home on his return journey, but on a long trip like this every one makes himself generally useful.

Our trip across the great prairies was rather disappointing; we had expected to see wild animals of the larger kinds, such as the buffalo, certain kinds of deer, wolves, foxes and an occasional bear, but all these were conspicuous by their absence; but the absence of animals of the larger kind was amply made up for by mosquitoes, which were beyond description, both as regards number and viciousness, and they greatly tormented both man and beast. I kept my head enveloped in a sort of bag, made of gauze, and my hands were shielded by a pair of leather gauntlet gloves, yet in spite of these the mosquitoes found access to my wrists, and stung me so much that I was unable to button the wristbands of my shirt. They say, and I have proved the saying to be true, that after the first or second season in the country one is not so much affected by the sting of the mosquito. I have been bitten almost as badly many times since, but it was only an occasional one that seemed to leave poison behind it, and cause irritation. It was bad enough for us, but it was much worse for the poor animals, who had no artificial device with which to defend themselves. They did not seem to mind the mosquitoes so much when they were travelling, but as soon as we halted for meals, and during the night, the poor creatures became frantic, the only way we could hope to get them to stand quietly until we got their harness off, was to send on one of our party to look out for good pasture and good water, and then gather what dry wood could be found or buffalo bones, and pile them in a heap and set fire to it, covering it up with green stuff so as to make as much smoke as possible—called by the people in the west a "smudge"

—and when we came along with the carts, to lead the oxen right into the smoke, and then they would stand quiet. The mosquito, though fearless at other times, becomes a coward when he encounters smoke, and invariably seeks shelter in the deep grass around. But let no one imagine that he will not reappear when the smoke has gone; his disappearance is only stratagem on his part—a sort of lying in ambush with one eye on his prey, and as soon as the smoke becomes less, the signal is given for advance, and the solitary hum of one or two becomes the perfect buzz of millions. All night long these smudges have to be kept up to keep the animals near the camp, for they can only leave the smoke for a few minutes at a time to graze, and then rush back to the smoke again, and if the fire has burnt low, and there is no smoke, they take to wandering, and often hours are lost in searching for them the next morning. Two or three of our cattle had a loud sounding bell strapped round their necks, and with the constant swing of the head in the effort to shake off the flies, the bells would be kept constantly ringing, and long before the whereabouts of the animals could be seen, we could locate them by the sound of the bell. On our way out we frequently came across the carcass of a dead ox which had belonged to some freighters in advance of us; the cause of the death of the ox was suffocation, caused by the swarms of mosquitoes and sandflies that entered its throat through its nostrils and mouth. Since the country has become settled, and to a certain extent drained, these pests have largely disappeared.

As we were proceeding along the Qu'appelle Valley, the sky was clear and the sun was shining brightly, when to our astonishment, a sort of gloom came over the face of the earth, which resembled the evening twilight; at first we were at a loss to account for the strange phenomenon, but the Archdeacon, who usually occupied the rear position, called out for us to stop, and then pointing up towards the

sun, told us to look in that direction. We did so, and what a sight met our gaze! There appeared to be a tremendous snowstorm going on in the heavens above us, and it was so dense that the sun's light could scarcely penetrate it; the Archdeacon and the natives knew what it was, but we who were fresh from England did not know, but that my readers may not unnecessarily be kept in suspense, I will tell them the cause without further delay. The darkness was caused by a flight of grasshoppers passing between the earth and the sun, and their gauzy wings had the appearance of large flakes of snow. They were flying in the direction of Winnipeg, or the "Settlement" as the country was then called, being the only part of the great West that was being settled at that time, and those of our party whose homes were in the settlement were very much concerned. Manitoba had been visited twice before by a similar scourge, and the products of the whole country had been literally devoured by these pests, and the Archdeacon said if the swarm that we beheld should alight again in the Province of Manitoba it would certainly mean ruin to the country, as many had lost everything they possessed during the previous plagues.

A year or two before we arrived, the grasshoppers were so numerous in the settled parts around Winnipeg, that after eating everything green they began to devour one another, and the dead had to be carted away from people's houses and the streets where their carcasses were lying in heaps from one to two feet deep.

We camped that evening at the H. B. Company's trading post, and just as we reached there the grasshoppers were beginning to descend, and it was with difficulty that both our cattle and ourselves could make headway against them, it was as painful as meeting a terrific hailstorm. We eventually drove into the Company's compound and unharnessed our oxen, and we were cautioned not to leave any of our harness or anything else outside, but to put everything inside

the Company's warehouse. After tea the officer in charge took us round his little farm to show us his potatoes and a field of oats, which certainly did give promise of a good crop; but alas! the next morning there was scarcely a vestige of green left in the field, everything had been eaten up in one night by that ancient plague.

The following day, when we were making ready for a fresh start, I discovered that I had left my carpet bag in the bottom of my wagon by mistake, and although the bag was still intact, the leather handles were nearly all eaten away by the locusts. We afterwards learned that when these grasshoppers rose again they took a south-westerly direction, and did not visit Manitoba, but perished somewhere on the plains of Nebraska. It is said that after the grasshoppers have deposited their eggs, most of them die the same year. The eggs are generally deposited on the hardest and most exposed ground, and left there to be hatched out by the sun the next summer, and those who have watched their habits closely say, that as soon as the young grasshoppers are hatched, it can be told which direction they will take when they are large enough to fly. It is said that as soon as the young are able to move, they begin to hop in the direction they, by instinct, intend to fly, and when they are full-grown and well able to fly they will wait days for a favourable wind to aid them in their flight, and thus, they are literally carried along upon the wings of the wind. The migratory grasshoppers have never been known to cross the North Saskatchewan River in sufficient numbers to do any harm, but I have seen all garden stuff devoured at the Pas Mission by the grasshoppers indigenous to that part of the country.

On our arrival at Touchwood Hills, we parted with the other married missionary, whose ordination took place in Winnipeg. He had been sent out to take charge of the Mission work in that district, which had been begun some years before by a native evangelist. After this event we met

with nothing else of sufficient moment to relate here, until we reached the South Saskatchewan River, and for the sake of comparison, let me say, that we were eight weeks in accomplishing the journey from Winnipeg; the same distance is now traversed in twenty-two hours by the C.P.R.—another illustration of how the North-West territories have developed since I first went out.

There is one little incident which took place whilst we were encamped on the banks of the South Saskatchewan River. It was on a Sunday, and several others like ourselves were observing the day as one of rest; a retired officer of the H. B. Company who had made up his mind to settle in the neighbourhood of what is now the city of Prince Albert, was among the party. He had been to Winnipeg for a year's supply of goods, and had taken a Saskatchewan Indian with him to help with his carts, and as this retired officer intended doing a little fur trading on his own account, his outfit was rather extensive; for instance, he had several cwts. of lump sugar on his carts. On this particular Sunday, the Indian referred to was observed openly sitting on the top of his master's carts filling his pockets with sugar; some one drew his master's attention to the fact, and he at once demanded of the Indian his reason for stealing his sugar. The Indian denied the charge, and he even went so far as to affirm that he had no intention of stealing the sugar or using it against his master's will. "Then," said his master, "explain your action, for your pockets are filled with my sugar." "I know it," said the Indian, "but I took it openly, I did not take it when it was dark, and when I did not expect to be seen, therefore I did not steal it. I knew you could see me, and if you objected to what I was doing, all you had to do was to express your mind to me on the subject, and I would at once have left the sugar alone, but as you did not interfere sooner, I concluded you did not object, and so I kept on taking the sugar until, as you see, my pockets are all full."

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It was unnecessary to prolong the hearing of the case, as it was evident from the Indian's point of view he had done nothing wrong, and all that seemed necessary was to explain that the white man looked at such actions from a different standpoint, and he was cautioned not to be too familiar with other people's property in the future.

I made a note of this at the time, as it gave me a lesson in helping me to understand the mind and method of reasoning of the Indian; this Indian in after years became one of my converts, and a full member of the church at White Fish Lake.

I have inferred that some of the freighters did not observe the Sabbath, but travelled and worked the same on a Sunday as on any other day, and perhaps some of my readers will say, "Why not? There were no churches in the Saskatchewan wilderness for them to attend, therefore what object was there for wasting a day by spending it aimlessly on the trail"—and I have no doubt they really think that this kind of argument is unanswerable, and therefore culminating. But let us see what answer can be given from facts which prove absolutely that the great Lawgiver, in making provision for animal nature, as well as human, knew what was best.

Whilst we were in Winnipeg, a man with ten horses and carts was engaged to take out to the Saskatchewan goods belonging to other missionaries who were labouring in Bishop Bompas' diocese, and we asked this man to wait a few days for us, so that we might all travel together. We pointed out that it would be to our advantage to travel with him, as he, being from the Saskatchewan, knew the trail thoroughly and the best places for camping *en route*, but we pleaded in vain. The excuse he gave was, that he was in a hurry, that he had horses and would travel so much faster than we with oxen, and besides we should want to rest on the Sunday, whereas he could not afford to waste the day, and so he left us behind. As things turned out we did not leave Winnipeg for two weeks, so that the freighter had a fortnight's start.

of us. We observed the Sabbath rest all the way across the prairies, and the oxen as well as ourselves appeared to benefit by so doing. The Sunday we were resting near the banks of the South Saskatchewan we observed some one landing goods on the opposite shore, and we also noticed that the horses appeared to be unable to pull their loads up the opposite bank, and a great deal of shouting and cruel whipping was resorted to, and finally other animals had to be used to help take up the loaded carts. The next day we not only crossed the river safely with all our stuff, but actually succeeded in reaching Fort Carlton on the North Saskatchewan River twenty miles farther on, and to our surprise, we found that the man we saw in difficulty was the freighter who did not believe in giving his cattle rest on the day appointed by the Author and Giver of life and strength, but thought he knew better, but our appearance at the end of that journey so soon after him proved he was wrong. We had gained a fortnight on him during the journey, and our slow oxen were as fresh apparently as the day we started, whereas his horses needed a longer rest and more care than I am afraid they were likely to receive before they could be rightly considered to be fit for work again.

We spent a couple of days at Fort Carlton, the head-quarters of the H. B. Company's trading business in the interior, and during this short stay, I had an introduction to the Plain Crees, the very people I had come to benefit. They certainly did look a wild set of people, they spent the whole of the night beating their drums and singing, beginning soon after sunset and continuing until daybreak, but as I shall speak about their customs later on, there is no necessity to do so now. The officer in charge of the H. B. Company's business in the Saskatchewan resided at Carlton, and he at once satisfied me that he was my friend and well-wisher, and not once during the fourteen years we were neighbours (only fifty miles apart) had I reason to think of him otherwise than my friend.

As I was designated to Green Lake, I had still one hundred and forty miles further to travel, and notwithstanding the roads were the worst we had yet experienced, being through large forests of spruce and poplar, we accomplished the journey in six days actual travelling. The third day out from Carlton being a Sunday, the animals had their usual rest and this accounts for the excellent time we made the last half of the journey. The ground over which we travelled was very wet and soft, being largely composed of decayed vegetation, and the wheels of the carts would sometimes sink in the mire up to the axle. Frequently a wheel would come up suddenly against the root of a tree, and this would cause the poor ox to swing round and almost fall down, and when by a superb effort he managed to recover his foothold and wrench the wheel over the root, the cart being elevated on one side would almost turn over, and then when the wheel fell, so to speak, over the root, it not only made a deeper hole in the rut than usual, but frequently the rebound of the cart caused it to turn over, and one shaft striking the ox on the legs, and the other high up on its opposite side, it was thrown off its feet and fell over with the cart, and all the contents of the cart became scattered in the woods.

We had had great experience in such upsets during our trip out from Winnipeg, but this part of the journey was such, that we almost despaired of getting any of our goods safely through. It was fortunate that our loads were lighter at this time than usual, otherwise our difficulties would have been greater. During this part of the journey the Arch-deacon and I discussed the unsuitableness of the locality for the work I was supposed to do. In the first place, every day's journey from the Saskatchewan River took us that much further from the Plain Cree Indians, for whose welfare I had been sent out. In addition to this, the soil, though excellent in quality, was too encumbered with wood to permit of much progress being made in farming, as it would take

years of labour and a mint of money to put under cultivation a sufficient quantity of land to accommodate the number of Indians I hoped, in God's appointed time, to collect around me. But, as I had been instructed to locate somewhere near the shores of Green Lake, we felt bound to proceed to the end of our journey. The banks of Green Lake are very high, and it is more like a river than a lake, being long and narrow, so we did not perceive our nearness to it until we suddenly came to a very steep descent, and soon we saw through the forest the glimmer of the water below. The Indian name for the lake is "Akwakoopewe—Sakahekun" from the fact that a quantity of green vegetable matter, consisting of very small particles, floats on the surface of the water during the summer months; the particles are so small that it is impossible to strain them all out, yet the quantity is such, that birds can walk on the surface of the lake without coming in contact with the water. This place was the terminus of land communication, and people or goods, destined for the north, had to be conveyed from this point by water. At this, the south end of the lake, the H. B. Company had a fairly large warehouse, in which all goods were stored until re-shipped into boats. These inland boats are each manned by a crew of nine, eight using large oars or "sweeps," as they are called, sixteen feet in length, with which they propel the boat, and one man called the steersman, who guides the boat with a still larger sweep from the stern. This man has charge of the boat, and is, to a certain extent held responsible for any loss or damage to the cargo. A cargo for one of these inland boats is about five tons. After depositing our goods in the warehouse, we took a stroll on the nether shore of the lake, and we discovered a Romish priest, with his own boat and crew just on the point of starting for the north end, where the H. B. Company's business establishments are situated, so we asked him to be good enough to allow myself and interpreter to travel with

him in his boat—he gave us permission, not knowing who we were, on the condition that we each took an oar and worked our passage. This we gladly consented to do, and we boarded at once, taking no food with us save a few sweet biscuits that had been given to us before we left Carlton. But as we were going to work we quite expected to be fed, as is the custom of that country, but the treatment we received on this occasion proved to be exceptional. The proprietor of the craft called for a halt about 10 p.m., and all hands went ashore; a fire was kindled, water boiled, and tea brewed, and bread and pemmican were displayed on a canvas cloth, and the priest and his co-religionists sat around the spread and partook of a substantial meal, but I and my companion sat on the stones near the water's edge looking very disconsolate and, I must admit, rather grieved in spirit. When the masters of the situation had finished their meal, we all re-entered the boat and the last half of the journey began. After some very hard pulling, for the boat was only a flat-ended scow, we reached the north end of the lake about midnight, when my interpreter jumped ashore and I followed him; and we made our way through the darkness to the trading post; but alas! all its inmates were sleeping, and not caring to awake them, we walked along the shore of the lake and soon came to a low wooden single-roomed house, and entered without any ceremony (keys and bolts were not used in the country, because not needed before the advent of civilisation) and feeling around in the darkness, we discovered one side of the house was filled with potatoes, and these were covered over with a leather tent, so we decided to sleep on the top of these potatoes, covering ourselves over with a part of the tent. But just then, to our astonishment, a voice came from the floor on the other side of the room. The voice appeared to be a friendly one, though spoken in the Cree language, which, of course, I was not efficient in at the time, and this is what the voice said: "I feel sure some

strangers have entered my house," my interpreter assured the voice it was right. The voice said it was sorry it had neither light nor cooked food in the house, but would secure something for us in the morning, and it inquired if we were very hungry. We said "Yes," but were still more tired, and would prefer to sleep just then rather than to eat. The voice then took part of its bedding and threw it in our direction, telling us to cover ourselves with it, as the house got cold towards morning. We thanked the voice and soon fell asleep. As soon as it was daylight the family was astir and we found, as well as the man whose voice we had heard in the night, he had a wife and four or five children with him, and all had been sleeping in a row on the floor on the other side of the room. The daylight revealed to us that the house was in a dreadful state of filth and odour, the latter our powers of scent had revealed to us. The potatoes had been carried straight into the house from the garden the day before, and the man had returned late in the evening from his hunt, having captured a bear, and the flesh, entrails and skin, were all lying on the floor not far from where we had been sleeping. Some of this flesh was speedily cooked with some of the potatoes, and we were requested to break our fast. Alas! alas! I had never eaten anything so common and unclean before, and hungry as I was, my stomach refused the meat, and I had to be content with nibbling a few potatoes. If our generous host had possessed even a little salt, I should have done better, but condiments of any description were never used by the natives at that time.

About 8 a.m. we went over to the Company's establishment and found the man in charge, and although he was only a poor French half-breed, he did his best to keep up the Company's reputation for hospitality, and we ate a tremendous meal of fried moose steak and newly-cooked bannock. Oh! how delicious! but what I suffered afterwards, either from being too gluttonous or having too weak a digestive organ, I cannot

say which, but for several hours I felt I would never eat again! The meal over, I asked the trader if he could engage a couple of Indians with a canoe for us, as we wanted to see the country on both sides of the lake. He said there would be no difficulty whatever, and promised to have them ready in the course of an hour. He then expressed a wish to know who we were, and the nature of our business, for he rather suspected we represented a rival trading company, but when we told him our true mission, he seemed relieved. Shortly after this, the priest paid a visit to the trader and made inquiries concerning us; the trader told him what our business was, and what he had promised to do for us in the way of providing men and a canoe for our use. Upon hearing this, the priest anathematised us, and threatened him with a similar fate if he dared to assist us in any way, and soon the priest's "Bull" was proclaimed among the French half-breeds and Indians who belonged to that immediate neighbourhood. The result was, that when the time had come for us to start, no one could be found willing to help us in any way. The trader had actually engaged a man and his canoe to take us back to the south end of the lake when we were ready to return, but the priest had even upset this arrangement also. The trader, however, sent us across the lake in one of the Company's canoes, and there we were left, stranded twenty miles from our friends whom we left at the south end of the lake. The half-breeds and Indians, ~~that~~ few there were at Green Lake, were all under the influence of the priest, and as we were being taken over the lake they kept shouting at us, "The bears will eat you, the bears will eat you." It was the season of the year when the she bears were going about with their cubs, and at such times they are constantly on the watch for intruders and always ready to give chase.

My readers must be told that we were unarmed, without food, and had not even an axe with which to defend ourselves.

There was but a very poor trail through the wood, and what indications of a road there might have been in the early summer, were obliterated by the undergrowth of the forest, and the only way we could make sure of coming out right at the end was by hugging the shore of the lake as much as possible. This, of course, had its disadvantages too; for instance, the lake being the receptacle of many streams, those streams had to find their outlet through deep gorges, which were thickly covered with entangled brushwood, which offered no slight impediment to our progress. The whole twenty miles was one dense forest of tall trees, etc., and the ground was very uneven, and fallen pine trees intercepted our path, and these had to be circumnavigated in order to get to the other side. To make matters worse, a very severe thunderstorm came on with a downpour of rain as soon as we commenced our journey, and it continued its severity during most of the day; the peals of thunder were something alarming—when in a valley it seemed to be cracking above our heads, and when on a hill it roared like cannon in the valley at our feet. I was wearing at the time a new pair of English knee boots, which, owing to the bad walking, galled my feet very much, and before half the journey was over I became too lame to walk. My interpreter had on his feet a pair of native shoes made of deerskin, and he very kindly lent me these and put on my boots, but he did not wear them long, ~~as his feet were not accustomed to such footgear,~~ and so he walked barefooted the rest of the way. When we got within about two miles of the south end of the lake, we encountered a river, which on account of the wet season had overflowed its bank on our side. The river itself was not more than twenty yards wide, but owing to the present stage of the water it was about one hundred and twenty yards wide, and the overflowed part was so deep that the water came to our waists before we actually reached the edge of the river. The question now was, How shall we cross this stream?

Unfortunately, I could not swim; that is, if I could, I did not know it; and under these circumstances I did not feel inclined to make an attempt. My companion, "though country born," was not very expert in the water; still he felt sure he could succeed in reaching the other side; but that did not make my case any better. The question therefore was, How was I to get to the other side? Of course we thought of a raft, but how could we make a raft without an axe to help us cut down the necessary trees—and this we did not possess. We then walked about the forest in search of a log, that is, the lower end of a tree that had been blown down, and, from years of exposure, had become dry. Eventually we found one, and though very much decayed and eaten by ants, we thought it would serve our purpose; so we rolled it down to the water's edge, and then pushed it on through the dead willows that covered the inundated land, and when we reached the edge of the deep water, we made it fast with a willow. We next made a rough estimate as to the width of the river, and then went in search of some straight dry poles, sufficient to reach across; and these we found inland. They were young spruce trees that had been killed some years before by a forest fire, and had dried as they stood. These were easily broken off, and having divested them of the few branches they possessed we conveyed them to the place where we had anchored our log. Now, our idea was to construct a sort of gate, or swing ferry, one that could be operated both ways by the same stream, and this is how we made it. But I should say here that, during the preliminary stage of our work, we divested ourselves of as many of our clothes as was decent, considering we were being watched by thousands of mosquitoes, and these, with our watches, we placed on the top of a willow bush, so as not to get our timepieces injured by the water. First we placed the log in position, that is, we tied the upper end to a willow bush near to the edge of the river and the current passing

by kept it in place. Then we took one of the poles and tied it tightly to the lower end of the log, and another pole to the end of that one, and so on, until we had a sufficient number to reach across the river. Now, in order to be sure that these poles were securely tied together (for my life depended on this part of our engineering skill), we used our braces, stockings, shirts and handkerchiefs, and any other part of our apparel that could, by our combined ingenuity, be utilised for such a purpose. Now, when everything was ready, I stood in the water up to my waist, and occupied the position of a gate-post, and held the last pole in my hands as firmly as I possibly could; then my friend waded upstream until he reached the log, and clutching this with one arm, he "touched the button," or rather broke the willow that held the log ashore, and then, placing his foot against the bush, he pushed the log out into the stream. When the stream caught the log it was just as much as I could do to hold my ground, but I stood firm, and the current pressing the structure on to me, and I not budging an inch, the stream carried the ferry on to the opposite shore. *Q.E.D.* So far, so good, but I was still on the wrong side of the river. The next thing, therefore, to be done was to get the log back to me, and this we did in the following way. My friend held on to the log when he landed, and I let go my hold of the poles. The result of this can be easily imagined: my friend being the hinge this time, the current took the poles over to his side; this done, he made the log stationary whilst he ran down and caught hold of the end pole, and holding it firmly in hand, as I had done, and moving his arm slightly backwards and forwards, the log gradually left the shore and was caught by the current and so brought back to my side of the river. Now was my opportunity, but please watch the action. I put my arms over the log and pushed out as did my friend before, and soon I was in midstream, when something happened which made my partner shout, and, to be truthful, I believe I made a

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noise too; but what had happened? Simply this. The strain on the poles this journey was different from what it was when my friend crossed. In the former instance I stood below the pressure, and the greater the pressure the tighter the poles held together, but now, instead of my friend having to press against the stream, he had to hang on to the pole, as I was crossing below him, and so it was that, when the strain became great, there was a sudden hitch in the joints; the poles fortunately did not actually come apart, but it seemed very likely they might do so, and hence our anxiety for the time being; but thanks to providence, I reached land safely, and the first thing we did was to shake hands and congratulate each other upon having both safely landed on the side of the river we desired to be.

But: "Look, George," said I, "see what we have done." "What is that?" said he. "Why, we are here, but our watches and clothes are left on the other side." Well, you can imagine how vexed we were, yet nevertheless we laughed heartily, and fortunately our craft was still intact, and in a short time, and by the old process, George was ferried over, and our belongings were soon in our respective possessions, and we thanked God and took courage, feeling sure we had overcome one of the worst difficulties we were ever likely to encounter.

We were not long after this in reaching our companions, and when the Ven. Archdeacon Cowley saw the state we were in and heard our story, he became very much agitated, and said if he had had the slightest idea of the difficulties that lay in our way, he would not have allowed our going on.

After a good rub down and a change of clothes we were ready for the best food the party could produce, and a good deal of it too. We were more convinced now than ever that Green Lake was not a suitable locality for establishing our new Mission, and my future abode was just as uncertain as it was the day I left England.

CHAPTER IV

SEEKING A SUITABLE LOCALITY FOR THE MISSION STATION

ON our way out, and when about seventy-five miles from the north of the Saskatchewan River, just before we entered the heavy timber, we came upon a very pretty spot called "Big White Fish Lake" (the adjective had reference to the fish and not to the lake), and being doubtful of the suitability of Green Lake, from reports we heard of the place whilst at Carlton, we decided to leave all my goods there, with one of our party to keep watch over them, and take on the goods only that were destined for Bishop Bompas. This accounts for our loads being lighter over this, the worst part of the journey. Well, there was nothing else to be done now but to return to White Fish Lake, and having reached it, the Archdeacon commended us to God's keeping in prayer, and soon after commenced his return journey, with his man, to Winnipeg, approximately, as the trail ran, about seven hundred and fifty miles. The poor old Archdeacon, when shaking hands with me for the last time, showed how keenly he felt the loneliness of my position. But that my readers may fully comprehend my position at that time, I must refer to some other events which were not mentioned in their proper order. At Portage-la-Prairie a school-teacher was engaged for work in Bishop Bompas' diocese, and he travelled across the prairies with us, and when we reached Green Lake we had rightly discharged our part of the agreement as

concerning his passage ; from there he was to be carried forward by the H. B. Company. He, like my interpreter, was a native of the country, and had been educated with him at the Bishop's collegiate school near Winnipeg, and consequently they were great friends. When the time came for them to part at Green Lake he demurred about going on alone, pleading as an excuse that he did not know the language of the Indians who would be most likely employed by the Company in taking him on, and so requested the Archdeacon to send my interpreter along with him as far as Isle-la-Cross, about two hundred miles farther on. This request was granted, though I failed to see the necessity for it, as he was as familiar with the Cree language as my interpreter was, and it was simply as a companion that he desired to have him with him ; so when the Archdeacon bid me good-bye, I only had with me the Indian I had brought from Winnipeg, and my position was this : my goods were lying in a heap on the ground near the lake, there was not an inhabited house nearer than Carlton, seventy-five miles away, and, to add to my anxiety and responsibility, all the oxen, five in number, were left with me, as the Archdeacon did not wish to be hindered on his return journey by oxen, as he and his man had each a horse and conveyance, and, being light, they could jog along and do twice the distance in a day that they could do if they had oxen with them. The ox goes one pace, whether loaded or light. In addition to the oxen, I had two ponies to provide food and shelter for during the winter.

It was on August 13th, 1874, that the Archdeacon left me at White Fish Lake, just three months after I had sailed from Liverpool, and now I became a responsible missionary, and thrown on my own resources ; and I will add here, for the information of those who look upon missionary work as an expensive hobby, and that it pays a man to become a missionary, that my salary, which was to be £100 per annum, only commenced on the day the Archdeacon left me alone on

the banks of White Fish Lake, and my personal liabilities on that date were just £80.

When we realised our position I did not give way to despair. "Nil Desperandum" had been my motto for years. So we harnessed up one of our oxen and hauled our goods into the midst of a bluff of fir-trees, and covered them over as best we could to protect them from the weather. This being done, we began making preparations to build a little house in which to store our supplies more securely. The first thing we did was to put our grinding-stone into position. To do this, we cut down two small trees about four inches in diameter (growing side by side), and after cutting the stumps as level as we could, at a height of about two feet from the ground, and driving a big nail on either side of the iron axle that passed through the centre of the stone to keep the stone in position, we attached the handle, and the stone was ready for use. The feeling of pride and satisfaction that thrilled our hearts as we gazed upon this, the first sign of civilisation that had ever appeared in that lonely wilderness, is better imagined than described; it seemed to give a homelike appearance to our surroundings. Having ground a couple of axes, we commenced the same evening to cut down trees with which to build a storehouse, and, as this building was only ten feet square, a few days sufficed to erect it. Grass was then procured with which to thatch it; the spaces between the logs that formed the walls were filled up with handfuls of grass rolled in clay. The building was then complete except the door. In order to make this we had to remove the boards from the sides of some of our carts, and having in our outfit nails and hinges, the building was soon completed, and our year's supply of food, clothing, etc., was protected not only from the weather, but also from the wolves which prowled about the place.

We felt now that we could safely leave our stuff and go about other work; but our greatest hindrance was our cattle.

It is the natural instinct of domestic animals in that cold country to remember the place where they were housed and fed the previous winter, and when the autumn comes on, no matter where they may be, if not closely herded, they will go away stealthily and travel hundreds of miles back to their previous winter quarters. And so it was with our cattle. On one occasion David, my Indian, spent a week looking for them. He tracked them through the swamps and different places, travelling parallel with the trail without once approaching it; this is their common method when in flight of deceiving their pursuers. We sent word to Carlton that we had lost our oxen, and a freighter, who was about to leave for Green Lake, was given a description of the animals and was told to keep a look-out for them en route. To his surprise, having ferried his goods across the river, our oxen came out of the bush, and presented themselves for embarkation. This, of course, was all unknown to us at the time. About ten days after we had lost them, a freighter came past our camp with a number of loose cattle, as well as a number in harness. It was those in harness that caught our eye, as they very much resembled those we had lost, so we crossed the little prairie and intercepted the man, when to our surprise, as well as delight, we found they were ours. The man told us that they were so determined to go back to Winnipeg that he had to harness them up and make them haul instead of his own cattle. The constant fear lest we should lose them necessitated a sharp look-out, which of course greatly hindered us in our work, and it was now we needed a third hand, and the folly of sending my interpreter with his friend was never more evident than at this time. Having completed the storehouse, our next work was to build a house for ourselves in which to spend the winter; in the meantime, we slept in my little cotton tent.

But now another hindrance occurred, and from a source we did not expect, for we had seen no Indians up to this

time, but one day when David (that was the name of my Indian friend and co-worker) and I were cutting down trees, we saw about a dozen Indians coming towards us, riding on horseback, and they were highly decorated with feathers and war-paint, and each carried a gun. They rode up to us at full gallop, and the chief of the party demanded of us who we were and what we meant by cutting down his trees. David acted as my interpreter, and told him who we were, and our object for coming among them. The chief at once said they did not want missionaries, and he wished to know what we had brought out in our carts, and it was with difficulty that we succeeded in convincing him that we were not there for the purpose of trade. If we would trade with them, he said, we might stay, but, if not, we were to lose no time in getting out of his country. I explained to him that I was not sure of staying in that place more than one winter, and that as soon as we had prepared our winter quarters and my interpreter had returned, I should travel east, west, north, and south, in search of a place suitable for the work I had in hand, and I named the different places I hoped to visit. But it did not signify what place I named, he declared himself to be the chief of all the people.

Then I thought I would try what a little flattery would do, at the same time being quite truthful in what I said. I told him how pleased I was to meet such an influential chief at the very outset of my work, and I hoped we should work together for the good of all his people, but it did not take with him, and he was bent on sending us out of the country if we did not conform to his requests. He said he expected me to pay him for the trees I was cutting down, and to give him a weekly supply of food as a sort of "ground rent," only he did not use that term, but that is what he meant. I declined to take possession on his terms, as I pointed out I had only sufficient food with us for our own wants, but I promised that if he would allow us to go on with



THE CHIEF OF THE PARTY DEMANDED OF US WHO WE WERE. (p. 66.)

our work and put no hindrance in our way, I would make a trip to Carlton about Christmas, and I would take him with me, and, as all the Indians were well known to the H. B. Company, if the officer in charge confirmed his statement, viz., that he was the chief of the whole countryside, I would then make him a very nice present. This offer was refused. He said he did not want to make such a long journey when the weather would be at its coldest, but I perceived he had other reasons than the one he gave for not wishing to meet the H. B. Company's officials in my presence.

After parleying for about an hour with the man, I began to get impatient, and so took up my axe and began to cut down some more trees. This was too much for the chief, and he peremptorily ordered me to desist. I explained that the winter would be upon us before we were prepared for it, and therefore we could not waste our time in talking when it was evident we could not come to a mutual agreement. David said, "Please, sir, stop working; the Indians are getting very insolent. I do not know the nature of the Indians out here, and they may do us some harm." I replied that we must not let them see that we were afraid of them, for if we did they would take advantage of our cowardice and impose upon us. Besides, we must remember "that He who is for us is greater than those who are against us!" And I said that he should explain to them that we are the servants of the God of all the earth, and that we are here at His bidding not to do them or their country any harm, but good, and I advised them to wait and see if my words were not true. Having interpreted these sentiments, the effect was evident in the face of the old man, and seeing this, I was encouraged to reason with him further, and said, "I have always heard the Western Canadian Indians well spoken of, that it is their boast that they have never shed the white man's blood, that they are open to reason, and that God has given them much common-sense. Now," I said, "it seems

strange, after having heard so much that is good and sensible about your race, that you should evince so little of the wisdom and goodness I had been led to expect ; what I advise you to do is to let us go on quietly with our work and remain here undisturbed until the winter's snow has melted, and in the meantime try and make yourselves acquainted with our ways and the object of our coming amongst you, and then, but not before, say if you still wish us to leave you or not, for it is so unreasonable to say you do not want us, nor anything we have come to do, until you have had an opportunity of proving whether it be good or not."

This seemed to appeal to his followers, and they thought it was only right to give us a trial, but the old chief was not for giving in so readily, and he asked me to give him something with which to make a feast when he got home, and then he said, "We will see you again." Feeling sure that we had more than held our ground, I gave him a little flour, some tea and sugar, a few dried apples, and a few pieces of tobacco, and away he galloped, followed by all his party save one man, and only this man remained, but why he had stayed behind was the question I asked myself and my interpreter, and the answer I received was this: "He says you do not appear to know the customs of the people in this country." I replied that it was hardly to be expected, as I had only been in it for a few days, and had never really met any of its inhabitants before that afternoon. This being interpreted by David to the best of his ability, the Indian informed us that he was next to the chief in authority, and that the chief, as soon as he reached his tent, would hand over the things I had given him to his wife, and, when cooked, all his followers would be invited to a feast in his tent, and he, being next in authority, was supposed to make a feast in return, and invite all the people, including the chief, to his tent, "but," he said, "I have nothing with which to make a feast of, so I want you to give me the same as you gave the chief, that I

may maintain the dignity of my position." Whether this man was speaking the truth or not was more than I could say, but I was very much impressed with his diplomatic way of stating his case, so I gave him the same as I had given the chief, only in smaller quantities. I made this distinction for two reasons: first, I did not want him to outrival his chief in the sumptuousness of his feast, and the second reason was a purely personal one and concerned myself only.

When he had taken his departure, we began preparing logs for our new house. This was to be a great improvement on the other building in size, anyway, though the material with which it was made and the architectural design were to be the same. This house was to be ten feet by fourteen feet inside measure, no floor except the earth upon which it stood, and no upstairs, just a box ten feet by fourteen feet, with a wall seven feet high, and a slight pitch to the roof. But our building operations did not progress so fast as we desired, the cattle continued to cause us delay, and the Indians kept paying us daily visits and making fresh requests, but I adhered to my promise to part with no more food, unless they brought us some fish or deer's meat in return for what we gave them.

The nights too were getting very cold, so cold that, having no stove for my little tent, I was unable to sleep in it, and we had to resort to other means for keeping ourselves warm, and this is what we did: we took three of our carts and placed them so as to form three sides of a square, we then bound the cart covers round the wheels, and covered up the carts completely with the green branches of the fir-trees, then we put poles across the open space at the top, and covered this with my tent, and branches on the top of it. The fourth side was open, but in front of this open space we kept a log fire burning throughout the night. On the 12th September, 1874, the weather became excessively cold, and on the 13th about four inches of snow fell, and our poor cattle, as well as ourselves, were very uneasy. We had not begun to put up

hay for our winter's use, and, being a stranger to the climate of those parts, David could not say if winter was really upon us or whether it was only a passing storm. The weather of the 13th was repeated on the 16th, and altogether we had about six inches of snow on the level ground, and the frost was so severe at night that an Indian who had been following a moose he had wounded during the day, and, being thinly clad and perhaps faint from hunger, was unable to reach his home during the night, was found frozen to death in his tracks the day following. I have spent thirty-nine years in the Saskatchewan country, but have never seen anything like it since. After this the weather very soon changed for the better, the snow melted away, and in course of a week from this time George returned to us from Isle-a-la-Crosse, and took charge of our cattle, also did a good deal of shooting, keeping our larder well stocked with wild rabbits and prairie chickens, and our work went on with a merry hum. Complete summer weather returned to us, and for six weeks I do not think we ever saw a cloud. We got all our hay cut and stacked and our house completed and a lot of other work done, which I will relate soon, before the winter really set in.

As soon as we began cutting hay which we found growing in abundance on some marshy land, adjacent to a river about three miles from where we had established our winter quarters, and called by the natives "Mis-ta-he-Seepe" ("Big River"), we received another visit from the chief demanding pay for the hay we were cutting. I refused his demand, saying the hay we were cutting was no use to him, as he had no cattle to eat it, and, if he should decide to keep cattle before another winter, the hay that would grow on the ground we were cutting now would be all the better for him next year, as it would be free from old grass. The next day, about noon, his son came to the hayfield with a message from his father, a message which he seemed rather loath to deliver. He began by

saying he was sorry our conduct the day before had necessitated the sending of such a message to us by his father as the one he was the bearer of. We encouraged him to go on, assuring him that we did not hold him responsible for any unpleasantness the message might contain.

"Well," he said, "I am sorry you do not know my father nor his power. My father has power over the wind, and the storm, and his message to you is this: If you refuse to pay him for the hay, he will not molest you; in the meantime you can go on cutting and stacking, and then, as soon as the winter has set in, and it is too late to cut any more grass, then he will cause a storm to arise and will scatter your hay in such a manner as to make it impossible for you to gather it up again, and then your cattle will all die of hunger."

I replied, "Tell your father that I am not very much impressed by his message, and shall continue our present work until it is finished, and shall patiently wait the execution of his threat; and if he can, and does, do what he has promised, there will be no necessity for me to take him to Carlton to have his statement about being a great chief verified, as I shall have all the proof I need to convince me that he is a very great chief, and, as the cattle will no longer be of use to me, and to save them from a lingering death, I will hand them all over to him to kill and eat whilst they are in good condition."

As my readers can imagine, the promised storm never came, and the chief did not eat my cattle. It was whilst we were cutting hay that George, my interpreter, returned to us and during his absence he had learned a good deal about this old self-instituted chief. The H. B. Company's officer in charge of Isle-a-la-Crosse district had asked him if we had come in contact with this old impostor on our way out. George said, "No." "Well, no doubt," he said, "your party will have to deal with him before you get back. He calls himself a chief, and on one occasion he demanded pay from my men

before he would allow them to pass through what he called his country. He is no chief at all, the people over whom he is supposed to rule are his four sons and his son-in-law."

So when George returned, I handed the old man and his family over to him to deal with them according to knowledge, and I and David went on mowing. A few days after this the same son came to see me again, but this time on his own account. He said that his wife had just given birth to their firstborn, a son, and she had a longing for some tea and a little flour, and she asked me to be kind enough to give her some. I said certainly, as this was quite another kind of request, and if he would go home with us that evening, I would make a parcel up for her that would do her good. He went with us, and I sent her a few pounds of flour, a little piece of butter, and some rice and sugar, and a can of condensed milk. The poor fellow's gratitude could be seen in his eyes as he thanked me for his wife, and so I discovered that in spite of their rough exterior, they were not void of sentiment, nor strangers to love and parental affection! Ever after this when this man spoke to me with reference to this child, he always called him "Ke Koos-sis-se-now," *i.e.*, "his and my son." The child is grown up now and is a parent himself, but as recently as two years ago, the father came to see me, not to beg, but to ask me to write out the date of his son's birth so that they might know when it came round and be able to distinguish it from other days, and think of the time when I first came among them.

After arranging with David as to the size and kind of stable to put up for our cattle, I left him to build it, and I and my interpreter began to explore the country. Our first journey was to Pelican Lake, a place which is seventy-five miles, I suppose, north-west of White Fish Lake, and as there was no beaten track leading to the lake, I had to hire a guide to take us there, and the man who showed himself willing to render us this assistance was the one who had described himself as

being next in authority to the old impostor. We rode on horseback, the horses carrying our bedding, food and cooking utensils, as well as ourselves, and the Indian walked in front.

The day was fine, but the way was rough, and as the sun was getting low, we began to look out for a good place to camp. Soon we found what we were looking for, but we came upon something else, which had such an effect upon the Indian that nothing could induce him to stay the night near the place. In the days of which I am writing it was the custom of the Indians to bury their dead, either up among the branches of the trees, or else by placing the body of the deceased on the surface of the ground and building a small log house over it, to protect it from the ravenous beasts that prowled about the country. Well, it so happened that just as we were about to halt for the night, our guide stumbled on to a comparatively green skull. There were no signs of a grave near by, and it was more probable that the wolves had scented a grave somewhere, and had broken up the house and devoured the body, but the head had been carried by them some distance away. The Indian in his wild state is a firm believer in spirits, in fact, anything and everything that is beyond his understanding is looked upon as a kind of deity, and therefore to be feared and propitiated, but we will speak more of this later on.

After travelling on for about two miles, the Indian prevailed upon to camp for the night, and whilst George and I were removing the packs, and hobbling the horses for the night, the Indian was engaged in collecting firewood and kindling a fire. Of course we Christians could wait patiently until supper was over before saying our prayers, but not so the Indian, for he said his, while waiting for the kettle to boil. Perhaps my readers will think it a strange sort of prayer that this heathen offered, but they must remember that this heathen had neither Bible nor any earthly friend to teach him how to pray. I could not join with him in his prayer, as I was

alike ignorant of what was in his thoughts as well as the meaning of his actions, until they were explained to me by my interpreter, and then I saw how much there was in his prayer that was true and good, and how many thoughts we had in common. This was his prayer: he took his pipe and very deliberately filled it with tobacco, and having lighted it, he took hold of the bowl of the pipe with both hands and stretching out his arms he pointed the stem of the pipe upwards towards heaven, and held it in that position for a couple of seconds, he then pointed the stem downwards towards the earth. The next action was to point the stem in the direction of his home where his family were, and then he pointed it inwardly at his own breast and lastly he pointed it in the direction of the skull. The time it took to go through these different actions was only about ten or twelve seconds, and then he smoked the pipe in silence. When he had finished his pipe, I asked him to explain the meaning of what he had been doing, and this is what he said: "I pointed my pipe to the sky, supplicating the aid of the great Spirit 'Keché Munnato' and then down to the earth supplicating the bad Spirit 'Muche Munnato' to protect my family, my friends and myself, from the wandering and perhaps angry spirit of that skull, which had been disturbed from its resting place." Thus far we have seen what some would call the "manual acts of his religion," now let us examine his prayer as it revealed to us the mind of the man. First it showed a belief in a living God, whose power and influence are for good, and that God can hear man's supplications. It also showed a belief in a wicked influence which was to be propitiated, but there was a great difference in the nature of these supplications: In the first instance he was asking the good spirit for protection from the power of the evil one, in the second he was beseeching the great source of all evil not to use his power to trouble him and his, during the hours of darkness through the agency of the wandering spirit of that skull. Apart from his knowledge

of the source of good and evil, he evinced in that petition an affectionate prayerful interest in those who were his by the ties of relationship; and I was thankful for another insight into the religious mind of the people I had come out to instruct. Perhaps some one who by chance may read this book will say: Why go out to teach people who have such a knowledge of right and wrong as that man appeared to possess, and besides, he did not neglect to pray, as alas! many do here at home! This supposed question will be answered in its proper place.

The next day we had to wade through a muskeg, which was about four miles wide. There was very little water to be seen on its surface, but the ground was very spongy, and at times the horses as well as ourselves would sink down two or more feet in the mire. At times I despaired of reaching the other side, but our guide assured us we should sink no deeper as he had crossed the muskeg many times before. The third day we reached the lake and saw about six families. We camped two nights with them and explained to them our object in coming to see their country round the lake. They did not seem inclined to be interested, neither did they care to show us their country. One man did take us a few miles in a certain direction, but it was my turn now not to be favourably impressed. They told us—whether true or false I cannot say that I was the first white man that had ever seen their lake. On our way out we shot two bears, and wounded a third, but could not come up with it and had to give up the chase. The Indian removed the entrails, and then we submerged the carcass in the river, selecting a shaded place, and the water being cold we found the flesh in perfect condition on our return; and being loaded up with bear's meat added much to the cordial reception we received from our friend David when we reached home.

After spending a few days at White Fish Lake, we started again for Green Lake, as I wished to see more of the country

at the north end of the lake than I had seen before; this time there was no priest in evidence, so I succeeded in getting an Indian to take us about and show us what he considered farming land, but I thought very little of it, especially when told that very often when haymaking time comes round the marshes are inundated, and those who cut the grass do so from over the side of their boats, and others pull it into the boat with rakes, and then when the boat is full they pull for the highland, and carry the hay ashore and spread it about to dry. It thus became evident to me that Green Lake was not a suitable locality either for growing grain or raising cattle, and so we retraced our steps back to White Fish Lake. The winter was now near at hand, so we made arrangements for capturing what white fish we could before the lake became frozen over, and we succeeded in staging about 250, and as these fish averaged about three pounds each we thought ourselves rich indeed.

As I have previously said my salary was £100 per annum, perhaps I had better state here the prices one had to pay for certain necessary articles if one dealt with the traders in the country; and the only alternative to this was to send to Winnipeg, our nearest market town, which was about 700 miles distant.

As bread is called the staff of life, I will begin with flour. Flour was 7½d. per lb., butter 2s. 6d. per lb., bacon, table salt, currants, raisins and dried apples were 2s. per lb. Print began at 1s. per yard and went up to 2s., and other articles of clothing in proportion. Common soap was 1s. per lb. Matches per quarter gross sold for 10s.—now sold in the Saskatchewan for 10d. Paraffin oil was sold at £1 a gallon—at the present time it is sold for 1s. 6d.

It is therefore easily conceived that very rigid economy had to be practised in order to keep within the limits of one's salary. In speaking of these facts to friends in England, the article that has been singled out as being the most extra-

ordinary in price is paraffin oil. Why, say they, it comes to us from that country—then why should it cost so much there? Here it is under 1s. per gallon. There were several reasons for paraffin being so dear in the Saskatchewan at that time: first, the place where oil was then found was nearer England than it was to us, and besides, the method of getting freight of any kind into the interior at that time was very primitive. Also, oil being such a nuisance to handle, it was charged at a double rate, *i.e.*, twice as much per cwt. as any other commodity—this latter rate was maintained even after steam-boat communication was inaugurated. In those early times paraffin used to be put up in square tin cans. Each tin held about four gallons, and two of these were put into one box, made of $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch boards, with a partition of the same material between each can; this partition was to keep the cans from chafing against each other. But as the method of conveying goods of any kind into the Saskatchewan was by carts, and as each cart could only carry 800 lbs. weight, and as it took seven to nine weeks to make this journey, it is evident that the freight rate from Winnipeg must be high; in fact paraffin cost £2 per cwt. from Winnipeg to the Saskatchewan, whilst other commodities only cost £1 per cwt. Then there was the cost of freight from the United States to Winnipeg, which was also very high. But the chief reason for paraffin being so dear with us was this—owing to the roughness of the roads between Winnipeg and Saskatchewan the carts frequently upset, scattering all their contents on the prairie, and the tin cans would spring a leak, and it often happened that in a shipment of oil to the Saskatchewan many of the cans would be half empty, and that which did arrive safely had to be priced so as to cover the loss caused by the leakage. There is still another reason why the oil was charged at such a high rate, *i.e.*, it was a source of much damage to other goods. For instance, if the other carts in the brigade were loaded with tea or flour and the wind blew the odour of the leaking paraffin

on to these carts, the tea and flour became tainted and their value reduced in consequence; flour sometimes became so badly tainted that it could not be sold.

About two weeks after our return from Green Lake an event took place which decided my future location, and my missionary work really began. It came about in this way. One Sunday afternoon my two companions and I were sitting outside the door of our little house when David exclaimed, "I see two Indians coming towards us on horseback, and they appear to me to be strangers," and in a short time they were off their horses and shaking hands with us. They proved to be father and son, and I thought I never saw a finer built man than the elder of the two. He stood over six feet high, and was well proportioned; the other was a youth of about sixteen summers. David at once set about preparing for tea, and we all partook of a frugal meal. Tea being over, the Indian and David smoked the pipe of peace in silence; neither George nor I smoked, otherwise we should have joined them. The pipe being empty, the Indian asked if I did not recognise him, and I said "No." He said, "Do you remember meeting a band of Indians a few miles this side of Carlton on their way out to the great plains?" I replied that I did. "Then don't you remember, just after passing the carts, an Indian came along on horseback, with a number of ducks hanging across the saddle in front of him?" and again I answered in the affirmative. "Well, I am that person. We tried to speak to each other, but neither understood what the other said, and so we soon parted. I wanted to know who you were, and where you came from and where you were going to. When I reached Carlton, I learned that you were 'praying masters,' and that you were looking for a place to settle upon, and for Indians to teach. I was sorry I did not know this when I met you, and I almost left my people to come after you, but when the trading master told me you would not stay at Green Lake, as he felt sure the country would not



I THOUGHT I NEVER SAW A FINER BUILT MAN. (p. 78.)



suit you, and as there seemed a likelihood of seeing you again, I went on with my people. I have travelled many miles since I saw you. I never had to go so far before to seek buffalo, and then we only saw a few. The buffalo are getting very scarce and our country is becoming very poor. When I think of the large herds of buffalo and other animals that used to roam about our country, and compare the state of things then with what they are now, my mind gets troubled. The wild animals may last my time out, but when I look into the faces of my children and grandchildren, my heart weeps for them, for I cannot see how they are going to live. I am not like many of my countrymen. I have seen this calamity coming upon us for years past, but some will not believe it even now, and I have had a longing desire to settle down and get my living like the white man, but I have had no one to teach me. I was at Carlton about eleven years ago when a Roman Catholic Bishop came along. He was on his way to Isle-a-la-Crosse, and the great trading master " (chief factor of the H. B. Company) " engaged me and my horses to take the Bishop and his party to Green Lake, and on the way the Bishop spoke to me about religion, and wanted to baptise me; I told him I did not know enough to be baptised, but I promised that if he would send a priest to live among us and teach us I would settle in some suitable place, and collect my followers around me. The Bishop was pleased, and said if I would be at Carlton the next summer about the same time of the year, he would arrange to have a priest there who should remain with us, and I agreed to do so. He tried hard to get me to be baptised before we parted, but I refused, not because I hated religion but because I did not know enough about it. The next summer came and I kept my appointment, and true enough a party of priests arrived from Winnipeg, and I made myself known to them. But they said they had no instructions to remain with any Indians at or near Carlton, but they would be pleased to baptise any children there might be in

my camp—in fact any adults too who would submit to be baptised. I was much disappointed at the Bishop forgetting all about me and his promise, and I told them so; however, I said I would wait another year and see what the Bishop would do then, and I refused to let them baptise any of my people until they had first been taught. And so it has been going on for eleven years; each year the Bishop or the priests renewed the promise and each time they made it they broke it, and I am still waiting for some one to teach us; quite a number of our children have been baptised by the priests, but not with their parents' consent; my son here being one of them. It happened in this way. Priests used to travel with the French half-breeds years ago, when they came from Winnipeg to hunt the buffalo in the plains, and these priests used to enter our tents when the men were away chasing the buffalo and the women were about their work making pemmican or dressing robes, and without saying anything to anyone, they baptised the little children, and it was only afterwards that we heard from the bigger children what the priests had done. I told the Bishop about this, and I said I wanted my people to be enlightened. I consider I have waited long enough, and I told the great trader so at Carlton, and he agreed with me. Well, we went on to the plains, as I have said, and when we got within a hundred miles of Carlton on our return journey I decided to leave my people, ford the Saskatchewan River, and come in search of you; I had no idea where I should find you until I reached Devil's Lake, when the 'Net-maker' told me where you were. I have said enough in the meantime, and I will listen to you now."

I told him my object in leaving the country across the great water, where the great Queen lived, and coming many miles to see his country was that the praying masters over there had heard from one of their Bishops that the Indians in the Saskatchewan country were likely, in the course of a few years, to come face to face with starvation, owing, as

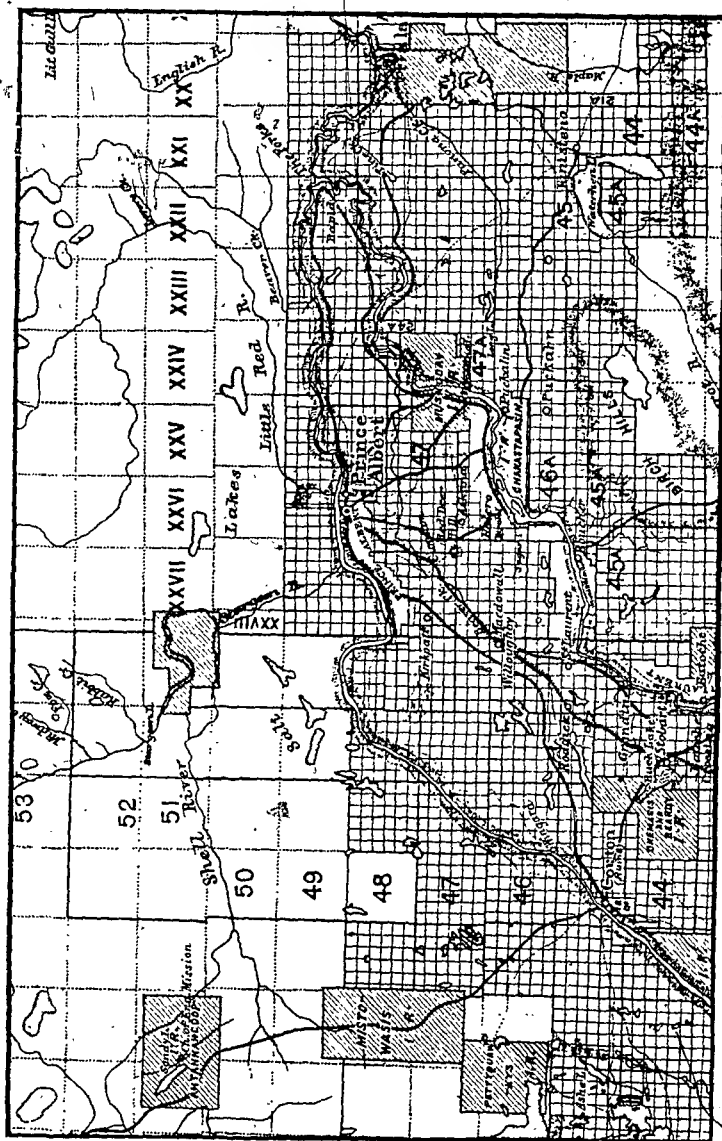
he had just said, to the disappearance of the wild animals, and this same Bishop had asked the praying masters to send some one who would live with these Indians and teach them, not only how to cultivate the ground and raise food from it, but also teach them to raise cattle which would to a certain extent take the place of the buffalo, and also teach the Indians how to make grease from the milk of the cow. This, the Bishop said, would attract the Indians around the missionary, and then he could have a school and teach the children to read and understand the white man's language, and so prepare them for the change that was bound to come over their country before the end of the present generation; and he could also teach the old people about "Keche Munnato" (the Great God) from His own great Book. I told him the praying masters in England had kind hearts, and they were sorry when they heard of the distress of the Saskatchewan Indians, and they had asked me if I would leave my home and friends and go out and live among these strange people, and try to learn their language, and teach them all those things that the good Bishop had suggested; and I said that I would go—believing it to be the will of the "Keche Munnato" that I should do so, and "here I am." The chief replied, "I am well pleased with what you say. My heart is touched by the kindness of people I never saw, and I believe 'Keche Munnato' wishes us to know all the things you have spoken about, and that is why He made you ready to come, and I promise that I will use my influence to make our new effort a success. As a pledge of my sincerity I shall leave my son with you for the winter and you can teach him what you wish, and I am only sorry my other children are too big to learn to read." The Indian then asked me where I intended to settle. I said up to the present I had not found a suitable place for a large settlement for, in addition to having plenty of good land, we would require extensive hay marshes close at hand, and plenty of big trees for building purposes.

and if possible, a lake or rivers where the people could catch fish occasionally. "Yes," he said, "all these things will be necessary, and I think I know of such a place." I said the only place I had seen was one we passed through on our way out from Carlton, and which would be about twenty miles south of where we then were. "That is the place I mean," he said. "But where are the hay-marshes?" I asked. He said, "All along the banks of the Assissippi River (Shell River), which is not very far from the road you travelled over." I proposed going back and looking over the country with him. He said that he would have to get back to Carlton as soon as possible to meet his carts, and then he would come with as many of his followers as were there, and pitch their tents along the roadside near to a particular bluff of dry pines, and if I came along at a stated time I should find them there.

This ended our conversation on that topic, and then we spent the rest of the evening in speaking about the wisdom and goodness of the Keche Munnato. I told him that ever since I had decided to give myself to the work of a missionary, I had asked Keche Munnato that whilst I was being prepared for the work He would, by His good Spirit, prepare a people for me to work amongst, and to-day I realised that He had heard my prayer and granted my request, and I wanted him to believe that God had been preparing him and his people as much as He had me for the great work that was before us. He assented, saying he hoped soon to understand these things better, but at present he was only like a little child in understanding.

We then read a chapter and had evening prayer and retired for the night. The next morning our new friend started on his return journey.

At a set time David and I visited the Indians at the place appointed and found about seven families camped on the spot indicated. We looked well over the country and found everything satisfactory. This locality was afterwards called



To face p. 82.]

THE SHADED SQUARES IN THIS MAP SHOW THE POSITION OF THE DIFFERENT INDIAN RESERVES MENTIONED IN CHAPTER XV.



both by the H. B. Company's officials and passing missionaries, "The Paradise of the West." It certainly was a very pretty place—in after years, when the Mission became established. In the centre of the Mission is a lake called "Sandy Lake" from its sandy beach; the lake itself is five miles long, varying from a quarter to half a mile wide; it is bounded on either side by a fairly high plateau and surrounded by hills, the hills being covered with birch, poplar, spruce and some maple trees, and when these put on their autumn tints, the aspect was fascinating. The Mission House was afterwards erected at the south end of the lake, and the bell, which was sent to me from friends in England, could be heard at the farthest end, calling the children to school, and the people to worship; but I find I am a little premature in my description.

I arranged to visit the Indians once a fortnight during the winter, and as soon as the snow had melted and we were able to use our carts we promised to abandon our present quarters, and pitch our tent on the new site. Consequently every other Saturday, I and George, or I and David, used to walk the twenty miles on snow shoes, carrying our knapsacks at our backs, and spend two nights and a Sunday with the people, returning home again on the Monday.

The Indians built themselves temporary shacks for the winter, and when not hunting furs, busied themselves in preparing logs for permanent houses.

CHAPTER V

SETTLING AT SANDY LAKE

THERE is one event which I must speak about now, as it refers to our first Christmas experience. When Christmas was getting nigh I asked my co-workers if they would like to have a plum pudding, and they both said they would. A pudding of any kind would be a treat to us, as we had not even seen one since we passed through Carlton on our way out four months previous. I asked if either of them could make a plum pudding, and they both said "No." "Well," I said, "I do not know if I can, but I remember hearing my friends in England say that the art in turning out a good plum pudding lay in the boiling, so we will make a pudding and boil it a long time."

As the time drew near, David prepared a quantity of dry sticks to keep the kettle boiling, and George and I made a pudding. We were not quite sure what was required to make a plum pudding, but currants and raisins we had none! Neither had we any suet, and bread crumbs and eggs were conspicuous by their absence. David said the roe out of some of our white fish would do as well as eggs—and certainly when beaten up they did improve the unleavened cakes that we lived upon—but I preferred baking powder to fish roe, though afterwards I believed I had made a mistake in using baking powder—perhaps I erred in using it too freely.

First I ripped up one of our empty flour sacks and cut

off sufficient to make a pudding bag ; the material very much resembled a piece of duck. This we damped and floured in the orthodox way, and placed it on one side in readiness. Then we thoroughly purified our wash-basin and put some flour into it, and to this I added a large tablespoonful of baking powder and mixed the two well together ; and then I suddenly remembered that I had brought Beeton's cookery book with me from England, and so went to my box to search for it ; but I might as well not have had it with me for all the use it was, for it told us we needed everything we hadn't got, and what we did possess it did not mention, except the flour ; and then it said something about bread-crumbs and grated carrots being used as substitutes ; but as we had neither bread nor carrots, we kept to the original and used flour. I set George to invent a substitute for currants and raisins, and this is what the genius did. He took some slices of American dried apples, of which we had a few, and cut these up into small pieces, some smaller than others, and the larger pieces he called raisins and the smaller he called currants ; so these formed the next addition. Then I remembered having seen something in my box of groceries, either curry powder or allspice, but I could not think which. A search, however, proved it to be allspice, so I put a teaspoonful of this among the other ingredients. Then one suggested a cup of treacle, and in it went too. We next opened a can of condensed milk in order to have it fresh, as we did not want to spoil the flavour of our Christmas pudding, and having followed the directions on the can as to the right proportions of milk to water, we made sufficient liquid to make the whole mixture into a fairly stiff paste, and then into the bag it all went, and we tied it up as tightly as possible, leaving no space for the pudding to spread, and as the kettle was boiling we deliberately put it into the water. We all took turns in watching the kettle to make sure it kept boiling, and at the same time to see it did not boil dry, and

to prevent this latter catastrophe taking place, another kettle filled with water was kept on the boil. This was kept up for four or more hours—in the meantime we kept peeping at the pudding to see how everything was going on, and we were thoroughly satisfied with the appearance of the pudding, and we felt confident that our success was assured. After having kept it confined in the boiling cauldron for the space of six hours, we thought we had persecuted the pudding sufficiently; so we took it out, and I shall never forget with what a thud it fell on to the table. Its confinement was such that we had a difficulty in finding the string, it was so completely buried in the pudding. It was not Christmas Day until the morrow, but we found the temptation so great that we could not resist having just a taste. "But what is the matter?" I asked David. "The knife is either very dull or the pudding is very hard." I examined the knife and found it all that a knife was expected to be, and we ultimately discovered that the pudding was a very hard one indeed. It was left to David to diagnose the cause. He said: "It's the apples and the baking powder that did it, sir; they both swell up when they are cooking. If we had not tied the bag so close to the pudding it would have been all right." Then I said: "David, we must be thankful that the bag was a strong one, for if it had not been, the pudding would have burst its bonds and got all over the pot, and then we should have had to have called it a custard and not a pudding." So in spite of all our failings we got a pudding, and one which lasted us a good long time!

As soon as the month of March arrived I sent David to live at Sandy Lake with the Indians, and in his spare time he was to cut fence poles for our proposed new field, and we hoped that we should be able to join him some time in the early part of April; but the spring that year was very late in coming, and the snow did not melt sufficiently to permit of our travelling before the 3rd of May, and then we crossed lakes and a

river on the ice with our oxen and loaded carts. We tried to begin to plough on the 5th of May but could not for frost, and it was not until the 10th of May, 1875, that we actually made a beginning. I must confess I doubted much if anything could be done in the way of farming in a climate like that, but I afterwards found that my first winter in the country was exceptional for its length and its severity, as I never again experienced such a late spring.

During the fourteen years that I stayed at the Sandy Lake Mission I experienced a variety of climatic changes, and one year I sowed wheat as early as the 10th of March. We did not do much seeding the first year as we had not the implements for breaking up the soil that are in use in the West at the present time. What we did was this. We got the Indian men and women to pulverise the newly ploughed ground with axes, chopping the sods in pieces and pounding them up with the head of the same instruments. The potatoes we planted I had sent to me from Isle-a-la-Crosse the previous autumn, as I could not procure them any nearer. The H. B. Company had a large garden there, and the officer in charge kindly sold me ten bushels, and in order to protect these from the frost we dug a deep hole in the middle of the floor of our dwelling house and lined it well with hay, and put the potatoes in there and covered them over with hay, and then David chopped some boards out of logs (we had not at that time begun to use our pit saw) with which to cover the hole to prevent anyone falling in, in the dark. Very often when examining these potatoes to see if they were freezing or not, I felt a strong temptation to take a few out and boil them for my dinner, but I brushed aside the temptation, and remained firm, and kept them all for planting in the spring. I managed to procure a few bushels of barley from a settler in the district of what is now Prince Albert. We only made one field the first year, both for the Indians and ourselves, and as the labour was mutual we divided the proceeds equally. After

the potatoes were planted and the barley was sown, I asked the Indians to indicate to me just where they each wished to build the following autumn, and having done this, I advised them all to go out to the plains and make as good a hunt as possible, and we would remain at the lake, enlarge the Mission field, and plough up land for each of those who had shown us where they intended to erect a house, and time permitting, we would plough up a number of other fields in different places, so that when other Indians came to us, as I hoped they would do in the autumn, I could present each family with a field as an inducement for them to settle. The Indian who came to us at White Fish Lake, and who was the cause of our settling here, was A-ta-kwa-koop (Star Blanket), whom we found to be one of the most influential chiefs in the Saskatchewan country, and speaking from past experience, I have no hesitation in saying a better Indian never roamed the prairies. This chief said he would not go out to the plains himself—he said he could not leave us, our kindness was so great. He said he had received many acts of kindness in days gone by from the traders; sometimes they made him valuable presents; but they had an object in doing it, namely, knowing his influence among the Indians they relied upon him to bring much custom to their store, but “Your kindness,” he said, “is different: yours is unselfish; you do not ask for or expect any remuneration from us for what you are doing; all you seem anxious for is that the Indian may learn to be good and be independent of the buffalo when they cease to exist. No, I will not leave you, but my two married sons shall go out to the plains with the rest of the people who are here, and I will send a letter by my son to a great friend I have in the plains, telling him what I have made up my mind to do, and invite him to come with some of his followers in the autumn to see and hear for themselves.” He said, “The name of my friend is Mis-ta-wa-sis (Big Child), and he, too, is a chief like myself.” So he did as he suggested, and this is the kind of



A HUNTER OF THE PLAINS IN 1874. (p. 88.)



letter he sent—it consisted of a plug of tobacco, and a verbal message by his son. When his son reached the plains and had learned from other wandering Indians where Big Child was camped, he went in search of him, and having found him, he handed the chief the tobacco, telling him it was from his father. The chief, being one of themselves, knew by this act that the young man was the bearer of a message, and so when the hunters had returned from the day's chase, he sent word to the different tents, telling the men he had a messenger in his tent from Star Blanket, and he invited them to smoke the pipe of peace with him and his friend. In due time they all presented themselves at the chief's tent, but not being able to get inside on account of their number, they all seated themselves in a circle on the grass outside. The chief being supported on either side by his head men, and the bearer of the message being seated inside the circle, the chief handed the tobacco and pipe to the man at his right hand to perform the ceremony of "filling the pipe." Having done this, he lit it and handed it back to the chief, who having taken three good pulls at the pipe, passed it to the one sitting next to him, and he in turn, taking the same number of pulls, passed it on to the next, and so on, until all had smoked the same pipe, and then all exclaimed "A-ha " (Yes), meaning they were ready to hear the message. Then the bearer, having received an encouraging word from his host, stood up in the centre of the circle and delivered the message. Having heard the words of the great chief Star Blanket they showed their respect by shouting out, "Ta-pwa, ta-pwa, Me-wa-sin " (It is true, it is true, it is good), though many of those who joined in the exclamation did not agree in heart with all the sentiments expressed in the message. Still, the response was good, for when those who went out from us in the spring returned in the autumn, they brought back with them several families which professed their allegiance to Star Blanket, as well as chief Big Child and fifteen tents of his followers.

Our first crop was not much to boast of, and the yield of potatoes was such that I felt we ought to put them all away for seed the following spring; but the desire was so great among the Indians to eat something that had grown from the ground where they hoped to make their future home, that I had to give way, and they each took home about half a bushel, and the name they gave them was Us-Kip-wa-wah (eggs of the earth).

As the Indians had brought home with them sufficient pemmican and dried buffalo meat to last most of the winter—augmented, of course, with what they could kill in the woods during the winter, such as rabbits and prairie chickens, rats and wild cats, bear and deer, all of which are relished by the natives of the country—the question of what they should eat did not concern them very much, and all hands set to work to build themselves winter quarters, except Big Child and his party, who had already spent the previous winter in the woods twenty miles south of Sandy Lake, and intended to utilise the same shacks again this winter. We now prevailed upon the Indians to put up a temporary log building, free of charge to the Mission, in which to conduct day school and Sunday services, and until Big Child left for his winter quarters about forty children attended school regularly. A few belonging to Big Child's band, not wishing to take their children from school, built themselves winter quarters near by, so as to have their children regularly taught.

During the past summer, in addition to ploughing, etc., we had managed, by working sixteen hours a day, to build ourselves a house sixteen by eighteen feet, with a thatched roof and boarded floor (and most of the boards used in this house were sawn by David and myself). During the past summer, also, my interpreter paid a visit to some friends in Prince Albert, and whilst there he met our Bishop, who was making the first tour of his diocese since his consecration, and as George had been a student of his whilst the Bishop held

the position of Warden of St. John's Collegiate School in Manitoba, the Bishop was agreeably surprised to meet him in the Saskatchewan, not having previously heard of his being there; and when George told him what he was doing in the Saskatchewan the Bishop at once said he would find other work for him to do—and so, without my acquiescence, he was taken from me and appointed catechist in charge of the church people in Prince Albert. My interpreter was not by any means pleased with the Bishop's actions, as he knew he was under an obligation, according to existing rules, to serve in one or other of the Society's Missions for three years at a uniform salary, and then at the end of that time, if the missionary with whom he had laboured could report well of his services, he would be at liberty to return to college and study for the ministry. But—whether through ignorance of these rules or otherwise I do not presume to say—all I do know is, that just at the time I needed my interpreter, not only in that capacity, but also to help me in learning the language, as well as to teach the day school, the Bishop took him from me, and David and I were left alone to battle with the work, which was growing apace. I went to Prince Albert to see the Bishop during the latter part of the summer and told him about my work, to which he was a comparative stranger (the reader will remember that it was at the suggestion of the Bishop of Athabasca that the Society had sent me out to begin work in the Saskatchewan), and he found for me a young half-breed, with very few qualifications, to take George's place, and he also arranged my course of studies with a view to ordination the following spring.

As Big Child and certain of his followers returned late in the autumn to their former winter quarters, I placed my new interpreter with them to teach their children, as well as instruct the adults on the fundamental truths of the Christian religion, and I taught the day school at Sandy Lake.

During the winter we had a visit from the Bishop, who

was accompanied by a country-born clergyman (now the Archdeacon of Saskatchewan), and the first C.M.S. Conference ever held in the Saskatchewan, or west of Winnipeg, was held at Sandy Lake Mission in my little single-room dwelling-house.

The object of that Conference was to inaugurate Emmanuel College for the training of native youths for the dual work of teachers and pastors, and the initial step was to ask the C.M.S. to sanction the removal of their missionary, the Rev. J. A. McKay, from Stanley Mission on the English River to Prince Albert, to help teach divinity to the native students.

There were three present at that Conference, the Bishop, Mr. McKay, and myself, and our request and certain other suggestions we made to the Society were approved of by it, including a special grant for the Divinity Professor, and the Bishop made Mr. McKay first a Canon, and then an Archdeacon, and appointed him to the Divinity Chair. I have heard on many occasions at our Diocesan Synods the origin and work of Emmanuel College discussed, and at times quite a feeling of jealousy was aroused among those zealous of the part they had taken in bringing the institution to its present status, but if I had cared to enter into the arena of discussion with them I could have taught them ancient history of which they were ignorant.

Having reached this stage of my work I think it desirable to make no further reference to it now, but to give my readers a description of the Indians as they were when I entered their country forty years ago.

This I will divide into headings, beginning with

THEIR HABITS AND MODE OF LIVING

When I arrived in the Saskatchewan country the prairie Indians had no fixed abode. They lived by the chase, and so pursued the buffalo wherever they roamed. Often they spent the winter on the bleak prairies, and the only artificial means

of keeping themselves warm was by collecting the dried bones of the slain buffalo, that were plentiful in those days, and using them as fuel. Grease in those far-away days was plentiful among the Indians, and I have been told by those who wintered on the prairies that they used to get a bleached buffalo head, and fill the holes where the eyes, ears and horns had been with hard fat taken from the recently slaughtered buffalo, and having placed the skull in the centre of the tent, they set fire to it, and as the bone became hot it absorbed the grease, and so kept burning for hours, giving out both light and heat.

In those early days the Indians, men and women, used to dress themselves in leather garments which they made from the hides of the buffalo. They removed the hair by a process of scraping, and toned down the hide in a similar way, and then by a process of washing and wringing, the skin was made pliable, and if needed for wearing apparel it was tanned by smoking, in this way: the skin was folded up and sewn into a sort of bag; this bag was suspended bottom upwards to a horizontal pole, high enough to allow the bag to touch the ground slightly, and the bottom was stretched out and pegged to the ground. Then very dry bark or decayed wood, which they gathered from the forests, and which was generally kept in stock and carried about by the Indians wherever they went, was placed under the bag and set fire to, and the bag was again pinned to the ground to keep in the smoke. This touchwood, or tinder, would smoulder away, giving forth a quantity of smoke, and after a short time the smoke could be seen percolating through the pores of the leather and this was kept up until the whole of the leather was thoroughly tanned by the smoke. The object of the treatment was this, namely, to prevent the leather from becoming hard and unwearable after having been made wet, through either perspiration or rain. Without this tanning the leather would dry hard and shrivel up, and it would be impossible to use the garment

again, but having been smoked, the leather could be dried, and then with a little rubbing the garment would be soft again, and as pliable as the day it was first made.

In the summer time the Indians used very little clothing; the men might wear a pair of leather leggings which would reach half-way up their thigh, and which were kept in their place by a string of leather tied to another piece, which they had fastened round their waist as a sort of strap; the only other garment that was worn was called a breechcloth, made either of leather or a piece of blanket about a foot wide; this was placed between the legs and the ends were passed under the belt fore and aft, to use a nautical phrase, the ends being long enough to hang down about a foot in order to keep the cloth in its place—but frequently the men dispensed with their leggings and were considered fully dressed if they wore a breechcloth only.

A man used to work in my field dressed in this fashion. I often wondered that his back never became blistered by the sun. Whenever I went near him he used to clap his hand on his shoulder and say, "Kis-sas-tao, boy" (It is hot), boy being the only word in English that he was able to say. This Indian was a Saulteaux and his name was "Sa-Koo-te-tah" (Pushed behind the tent-pole). This poor fellow and his wife were murdered out in the plains the following summer, and their bodies were found lying beside their cart; but all their belongings were intact, except their horse, which could not be found, so it was considered that the crime was committed by a Blackfoot horse thief.

The women clothed themselves with a sort of skirt, either from the same leather or a piece of blue cloth purchased from the traders, and the garment when made resembled a wide sack. A deep hem was made at one end, through which was passed a string of leather, and tied round the waist; the skirt was usually short, and seldom reached below the knee. In making themselves a sort of bodice they took a piece of

one or other of the materials mentioned, about two feet wide and four feet long, a hole was cut in the centre, through which they placed their heads, and having put on the garb in this fashion, an assistant was needed to make this costume complete. This was done by gathering the sides together and putting a few stitches under each of the arms to keep it from flapping about, and a few stitches here and there joined the jacket to the skirt. Sewing garments on the backs of women and children was neither uncommon nor inconvenient, because they seldom or never changed their garments until they were worn out. Then in many cases the old garment was not removed, but put out of sight by putting a new one on top. During a visit from a doctor to certain Indians in the Saskatchewan, for the purpose of vaccinating them, one of his assistants made a remark to the teacher about the thickness of some of their skins and said how difficult it was to find blood. The teacher, however, encouraged the assistant to persevere, saying he was not to be surprised if he came upon a lost shirt before he drew blood! I was not present when this remark was made, or I should have rebuked the teacher for his levity of speech, but it certainly used to be their custom not to discard a garment so long as it would hold together on their backs. The kind of dress that was worn by the Indians in winter differed only in this respect: in addition to their summer garb, they enveloped themselves either in a H. B Company's blanket or more frequently with a buffalo robe; these robes were made by the Indian women, and I believe were more difficult to make than leather, as all the work required to soften the skin had to be done on one side. Their tents were also made of the skins of the buffalo, made first into leather, and then cut and stitched together so as to make an evenly shaped "tepe." Women who knew how to cut and shape a tent well in this way were considered among the cleverest of their tribe. The harness used both for their dogs and horses were also made out of the buffalo.

skin, but in this latter case not so much labour was bestowed upon the dressing, as the material used for this purpose was more like parchment. Strings made from this kind of parchment were cut and used in making the network of snowshoes. In fact the buffalo provided, not only food and wearing apparel for the Indians, but also a substitute for iron, as, for instance, when the felloes of a cart became out of repair, and showed signs of coming apart, the Indian would take a strip of raw hide about six or eight inches wide and soak it well in water and then place it on the outside of the rim of the wheel, and with strings of thong, lace the edges, drawing them as near together as possible; this raw hide would shrink in drying and draw the felloes together and hold them as strong and stiff as if bound with iron. In damp weather, of course, the hide would stretch, but the wood would also swell, and when the weather was dry enough to cause the wood to shrink, the hide shrank with it and so kept the wheel tight.

The Indians were very fond of fresh meat, and this they ate without salt, sauce, vegetables or bread; the plain Indians liked their food properly cooked, they did not like it done to death, neither did they eat it raw, but as they had neither ice-houses nor cool cellars in which to keep their food, necessity taught them other ways. The Indians had three ways of preserving their meat, namely, by making it into pemmican, pounded meat, and dried meat. For the sake of brevity, I will say first how dried meat was made. When an animal was killed, the women would cut off as large a piece of flesh from the carcass as they possibly could, and then place it on a piece of parchment before them; they would then draw their knife right across the piece of meat parallel to the grain, making a gash about half an inch deep, and in a slanting direction; then they would take hold of the lip with the left hand and cut slantingly with the right hand, and as they cut across, they turned the lump of meat over, and then

another cut, and so on, until the whole of the piece had been pared away, so to speak, and instead of a lump of meat there would be a steak from one to three feet long. This kind of thing was repeated until all the meat on hand had been cut up into thin steaks, then a sort of stage would be erected and rods put across, and on these rods would be hung the slices of meat, and left there to dry by the sun; if the blue flies were bad, a small fire would be kindled beneath the meat; the fire would help to dry the meat, and the smoke would not only keep away the blue fly but also impart a pleasant flavour to the meat. When considered sufficiently dry, the women piled the dry steaks neatly one on top of the other until a pile was formed two feet long by one foot wide and one foot in height, and then this was bound round tightly with line made from the hide, and put on one side either for personal use or for sale. This is what was called a bale of dried meat; meat cured in this way and kept dry would last a whole year or longer, and when used it could be eaten just as it was or boiled, or toasted before a fire.

Pounded meat was made from the dried meat by beating it up with flails until it became as small as desired, and then stored away in bags.

Pemmican was made by beating either of the above until the largest piece became the size of a filbert nut; much of it would of course be like mincemeat; a whole skin made into parchment used to serve for the thrashing floor. The young men invariably did the pounding, and whilst this work was in process the women were rendering down all the fat they could get—even the bones were broken and boiled so as to get all the marrow fat they contained; others would be employed making bags out of parchment about $2\frac{1}{2}$ -ft. long and $1\frac{1}{2}$ -ft. wide; when sewn up, and when everything was ready, a proportion of hot grease was poured on to the top of the heap of pounded meat, and the whole was mixed up with wooden shovels, in the same way that men mix mortar in

England ; then when the grease was thoroughly mixed with the meat it was put into the bags and sewn up neatly, and this was called a bag of pemmican. The bag was not allowed to lie on one side more than a few minutes at first, lest the fat should settle to the underside, and the upper side should be dry ; so every ten or fifteen minutes the bag was turned over to ensure the whole receiving the proper amount of fat. When buying a bag of pemmican from a number of bags, one sometimes happened to get a bag that had ~~not been~~ properly attended to during the cooling period, and the result was that one side of the bag was practically all grease, and the other side dry cracknels. Buffalo meat cured in this way and kept dry would last for years. No salt was ever used in either of the above processes. By travellers, pemmican was considered a very convenient kind of food, as it could be eaten just as it was, and the only instrument required in the culinary line to make it fit for the table was a hatchet to chop it out of the bag, for it became as hard as mortar through confinement. Travellers used often to make a very rich soup with it by boiling a quantity for a certain length of time and then adding a little flour to make it thick. In my time, when we started growing vegetables, we made pies and stews of it, just in the same way as such things are made with the flesh of domestic animals.

Perhaps some may think I am dwelling too long on this subject, but the memory delights to linger on the happy days gone by, never to return, which were associated with the buffalo, and what they meant to the people of that time. These oxen of the prairie became extinct about thirty-six years ago, except for a few kept on preserves by the Canadian Government.

When the C.P.R. was being built across the prairies, certain half-breeds and Indians made a fairly good living by collecting buffalo bones and selling them to, I think, Americans. At every station one came to on the line large piles of bleached

bones could be seen waiting to be shipped away ; it was said they were for use in sugar refineries, but whether true or not I am not qualified to say.

THEIR RELIGIOUS BELIEF

The next subject I propose speaking about is the religious ideas of the Indians. They were not by any means unbelievers or irreligious ; they did not know about God's love as manifested through Christ, neither did they ask the great Father for anything in Christ's name, for how could they call on Him in whom they had not believed ? and how could they believe in Him of whom they had not heard ? and how could they hear without a preacher ?—and previous to that time no preacher had been sent. They were children of nature, and nature had taught them that there was a great Supreme Being, who had made all things and who controlled all things that He had made, and they called Him " Ke-che-Mun-ne-tō " (the Great Spirit), and sometimes " Kis-sā-Mun-ne-tō " (the Merciful Spirit). They also knew from personal observation, as well as from personal experience, that there was another powerful force at work in their hearts and in the world, whose tendency was towards evil, and this something they called " Mu-che-Mun-ne-tō " (the Bad Spirit), and in their untutored minds they regarded them both as objects of worship ; one the object of fear, and the other, one whom they could trust. But they were very superstitious and regarded anything and everything that was beyond their comprehension as a kind of deity, which had some influence upon their lives, and therefore felt themselves bound in some way to do them reverence. The medicine-man was a sort of high priest among them, and they pretended to believe in his incantations even more than in his herbs. This medicine-man was supposed to have communication with spirits which revealed to him hidden mysteries by means of dreams, and many of the careless ones left everything as to their present and

future welfare to him. They paid him well and he spoke to the spirits for them. Without desiring to make any animadversions, one cannot help noticing, in passing, the close resemblance between the minds of these non-Christian people and certain people of the present day who call themselves Christians !

The religiously disposed Indians prayed often as well as on special occasions ; for instance, if an Indian was going on a hunting expedition, he would most likely before starting speak to the Great Spirit, whom they also called Father, as well as to the spirit that was supposed to govern the actions of the particular animal they were going to hunt, and ask for guidance and success. I have heard it said that a Black-foot woman will take her child from her breast and place its little hand upon a block of wood, and then take an axe and deliberately chop off one of its fingers, and having done this, will hold it up to the sun as a supplicatory offering, with a request that her husband might return from his hunt with food for them to eat ! I have never seen such cruelty as this myself, and I am not persuaded in my own mind that such cruel acts are really practised, such heartlessness on the part of a mother towards her child being utterly foreign to my experience—and besides I should feel more inclined to believe in the woman's sincerity if she spared the hand of her helpless infant and mutilated her own instead ! Indians that I have had to deal with believed in sacrifice, and often in their heathen days deprived themselves of food, or even necessary clothing, to appease the anger of one or other of the spirits that were supposed to be angry with them. At certain seasons of the year they held high festivals : these feasts were generally held in the spring and autumn. One of the spring feasts was called the dog feast, and was patronised by Indians, principally who lived near to great rivers. The large rivers in North-West Canada are very dangerous, especially in the spring of the year. As all these large water-

courses take their rise in the south and flow northward, it will be easily understood that the melting of the snow and ice in the south will take place weeks before the ice that confines the water in the northern parts of the said rivers shows any signs of decay or weakness ; and the pressure of the water under this northern ice, which holds in check the floods from the south, becomes very great, and it often has happened in the past that without any apparent indication of the ice becoming weak, it has been suddenly lifted up and broken by the pressure of the undercurrent, and anyone who happened to be travelling on the river at the time would in all probability be drowned. Two or three years after my arrival in the country, nine of my Indians were on an island in the river near Prince Albert. It was in the month of April, and they were making maple sugar, when without the slightest warning the ice broke up, and after running for a short time it jammed and formed a barrier in the river, which caused the water to rise rapidly, and the island became inundated, and seven out of the nine were drowned, notwithstanding the island was not more than fifty yards from the mainland. I remember, too, standing on the banks of the Saskatchewan River at the Pas, watching two men crossing on the ice in the spring, when suddenly I noticed the men were passing by me as if floating downstream ; they were walking and chatting together, watching where to put their feet so as not to get wet—and perfectly ignorant of what was taking place, until I shouted to them that the ice was moving, and when they looked towards the land they saw they were being carried away ; the ice did not break up immediately, and they just had time to reach land before the rush of water and the grinding of the ice was both heard and felt. Had I not been standing on the banks of the mighty Saskatchewan at the time, these two men would probably have perished, and this brings back my thoughts to what I was saying about the dog feast.

Just before the ice broke up, as described above, the Indian used to take a dog, and after going through a certain ceremony, would break a hole in the ice through which the dog would be precipitated into the water under the ice, and so carried downstream and perish; this was to propitiate the spirit of the river, for they thought from past experience that the waters had some annual right to demand the sacrifice of life, and the life of the dog was sacrificed as a substitute for them and their friends!

There was another religious rite observed by the Indians in the past, which was held in the spring and in the autumn as well—it consisted of roasting an animal or bird, whole. In the spring it was generally the first goose shot after their return from the south, provided no bone had been broken in the shooting. A special tent was erected and other necessities provided, such as bunches of dried sweet grass, which had been gathered the previous autumn and tied up in bunches and dried in the house or tent. When this grass is burning it gives forth a pleasant odour. Everything being ready, the medicine-man and those whom he named would enter the special tent and sit cross-legged around the roasted goose, which had been brought in on a spit and placed in the centre, and after the medicine-man (their great high priest) had beaten his drum, and spoken to the spirits, all began eating the goose, picking the flesh off the bones very carefully with their fingers so as not to disturb a bone, and when the flesh had all been eaten the skeleton was intact. During this performance certain young men, who had been previously chosen for the purpose, whom we will call "Nethinims," took in their hands a bunch of the sweet grass, and having set fire to it marched round the outside of the tent singing an Indian dirge, and waving on high their sweet incense! Now, it has often been asked, from whence did the North-West Indians come? I am not aware that this question has been answered to the satisfaction of everybody, but comparing

their religious ceremonies such as the above with what we read in Exodus xii. 46, and Exodus xxx. 34-38, and Psalm cxli. 2, it seems to me that there was a time when these people were in closer touch with the people of the East than they are at the present time, and had a more accurate knowledge of certain religious observances mentioned in the Old Testament than they had at the time of which I am writing. Yea, some of their own legends indicate this. They had a story of the deluge, and a certain character who figured very prominently in the deluge, which can without any stretch of the imagination be taken as representing Noah. They also spoke of their wanderings in the North Land in these legends, and of their encountering difficulties in the way, the greatest of these being a wide expanse of water, and had it not been that some of their men had not forgotten their ancient cunning, they would have had to turn back to the land from whence they came. But these wise men constructed a very large raft by means of which they were able to continue their wanderings; in short, there is everything to show that they came from the land where the Bible was known and read, but owing to their wanderings and having no written word to guide them, the Bible story, as generation after generation passed on, became legendary, and so became corrupted. Still, I maintain there is sufficient in their religious rites and ceremonies to indicate from whence they came, namely, from Northern Asia via Behring Straits.

As I have already referred to the method adopted by the Red Indians in burying their dead previous to the advent of Christianity, I will now mention some of the customs they had with regard to their dead. Some persons call them heathenish customs, but when one has learned to understand the mind of the people, these customs appear to represent a different kind of thought, and compare very favourably with our own enlightened ways. For instance, when any one

lost a relation by death, on certain occasions, or at stated times, the bereaved would visit the grave and place on it a plate with some food upon it, and leave it there. The food thus taken would sometimes be a particular piece of deer or buffalo meat, or perhaps a piece of the first goose or duck they had shot in the spring. Now I know it has been said, by some who ought to know the Indians better, that the idea of the Indian was to feed the spirit of the departed, but I have not been able to make any such discovery; what I have found out is this: Firstly, they do it to show to their neighbours that they still remember their departed with affection, and secondly, that they hope in some way, which they cannot explain, their friend who lives in the spirit world will be made acquainted with what they have done, and perhaps even behold their acts, and be pleased and made happy by the knowledge that they still occupy a place in the mind and affection of those they once loved on earth! Strange notions do you say? Then let me ask, why enlightened Christians visit the graves of their departed ones, and plant flowers or place wreaths of bloom on them? Let them answer this question, for surely it does not matter to the dead whether their friends show their loving memory by placing flowers or food upon their grave, for the dead can no more be affected by the fragrance of flowers than by the sight of food. No! both customs are equally pretty and full of significance, but neither one excels in virtue!

The same thing applies to what is called the Wā-pin-na-so-win, which consists of hanging up, in the spring of the year, pieces of print or some other material on the trees and bushes near to where some one they had loved is buried (the wandering Indians had no regular burying place, but buried their dead near to the spot where they breathed their last, wherever that might be). This custom, like the other, gave effect to their feelings for the departed, their own senses could tell them that both the meat and the print remained where

they placed them, and had not been spirited away nor used by the one to whose memory they had been sacrificed. Now what do these children of nature teach us by their strange customs? Surely it is that they believe in a future state, and as they have not had the advantage of the Bible, or Christian teachers, to give them an idea of what that future state is, they can only associate it with the present, and whatever has contributed to their happiness here, they believe the same good things will exist in the life to come, only in a greater degree, and as nothing added so much to their comfort and happiness here as a successful hunt, they called the spirit world "The happy hunting ground." I once found an old gun near a tree not far from my house at Sandy Lake. The barrel was rusty and the stock disfigured by long exposure. I took it home and cleaned it, and during the process of cleaning, I discovered a rude figure of a skeleton scratched on the stock. I made inquiries if anyone had lost such a gun, and in a short time the image on the stock helped me in ascertaining the original owner, as certain Indians had seen just such a gun in the possession of a particular Indian; that Indian was none other than the old impostor that I encountered soon after my arrival in the country. Some said that he had placed it near my house with the image of death upon it for some sinister purpose, but be that as it may, it brought nothing but good luck to me, as I found it both light and a true carrier, and I used it for years for shooting wild rabbits. When I saw the old Indian, I asked him if the gun was his, and if so I was prepared to give it up; he said it was his, but he refused to take it, saying it was his Wā-pin-na-so-win, and therefore he could not receive it back. He said he was pleased I had found it and appropriated it to my own use, and added, the reason why he had represented death on the stock was that it might prove a sure killer. He looked upon this image as a sort of mascot, and one which was nearly as superstitious as another venerable

English custom of throwing salt over the left shoulder to avert a catastrophe. The Indians had also superstitious notions with regard to hunting, travelling, etc. For instance, when an Indian killed a moose, and the head had been removed from the carcass and stripped of what meat it contained, it was then placed on a stake or among the branches of a low willow-bush in the attitude of a moose looking on the ground in a drowsy condition ; this they wished to persuade themselves would be the attitude of the next moose they hunted, and would therefore come upon it and shoot it without having roused the suspicions of the animal that any danger was at hand.

Some Indians pretended to have medicine that would cause anyone pursuing them to fall lame. The medicine was placed on the road behind the pursued, and when the pursuer came up to it, he or his dogs were supposed to fall lame. The half-breeds, I think, excelled in this superstitious notion, and they practised it on each other when travelling from camp to camp in pursuit of furs. These half-breed pedlars generally represented rival trading companies, and every means was resorted to by them to steal a march on their opponents, and it was for the purpose of getting ahead of their rivals that this medicine was used. The medicine, as I have said, was placed on the trail over which their rival was expected to travel, and as he came running along driving his dogs at full speed and quite unconscious of any danger being near, all at once he, and sometimes his dogs, would be seized by sudden and severe pains in the leg, resembling cramp, and they would scarcely be able to continue their journey, and so the one who put the medicine on the road would have achieved his object and have all the business to himself when he reached the camp. On the following business trip to be made to the camp, perhaps the injured on the last trip would by stealth get on the road first, and then he would place the leg medicine on the trail with the hope of

checking the speed of his pursuer, and so this superstitious excitement was kept up. In order to prove to them that there was really nothing in it, I challenged all the manufacturers of "leg medicine" in the district to try it on me and my dogs, but no one would accept the challenge. Then I undertook to explain to them the cause of these different attacks of lameness of which they complained, and this was my argument: "You know you are both jealous of each other's success and you are always scheming to outdo each other, and in order to get to a certain place first you try to get off through the night, when you hope the other fellow is sleeping, and sometimes you succeed; consequently you go jogging along quietly, feeling your position sure. The other man finds out in the morning that you have got a lead on him and he harnesses up his dogs and pursues you with all the speed he can command, and in his anxiety to overtake you he overtakes both his own strength and that of his dogs, and striking the hard frozen snow so heavily with his feet, he jars the muscles of his legs and so experiences the pains you complain of." It was to the interest of the medicine-men to keep this superstition alive, and as this profession was associated with the mysteries of their religion they found ready dupes to buy from them.

From what has been said already about the religious character of the Indians, some may even think there was no necessity for sending a missionary to teach them. I was once asked by an American doctor, in mid-ocean, to describe the religious condition of the Indians as I found them, and having done so he exclaimed, "It seems to me that there was no necessity for your staying among them except for the purpose of learning fervency of spirit and diligence in prayer; for judging from what you say, they appear to excel us in their religious zeal." I replied: "I am afraid, doctor, that you are not right in your diagnosis this time, for like those Paul referred to in Romans x., they had a zeal

of God, but not according to knowledge. Besides," I asked, "what did these Indians pray for? Exactly the same as the unenlightened Gentiles did in the days of St. Paul, whose thoughts were confined to this present life only, saying what shall we eat, or what shall we drink, or wherewithal shall we be clothed. It is true they believed in a future state, but it was a vague sort of belief and not according to knowledge. God had planted within them, as I believe He has in every man, an apprehension of something to come, as well as a holy fear of unfitness for participating in that something. But this knowledge, being imperfect, led them to make sacrifices; they felt themselves deficient—coming far short of what was required of them—and so they felt compelled to punish themselves in some way in order to appease the anger of the spirits. It is true they admitted in their prayers that Ke-che-Mun-ne-tō was also a great Father, and spoke of Him as such, but to them he was only Father by creation and not by redemption, for what could they know about redemption, not having heard 'redemption's story'? Besides, their worship was actuated by fear and not by love. They feared this and they feared that, and so asked the spirits for protection from the objects of their fear; therefore the need for enlightenment and the work of the Christian missionary is obvious, namely, to teach them the story of redemption: That whilst they were yet sinners God gave Christ to die for their redemption, that He was their propitiatory sacrifice, and that Christ was theirs by faith, and with Him God would freely give them all things; and that the heathen should know this, it becomes the duty of every Christian to take part in proclaiming the good news to them!" And although much of my work at the first may appear to be of a purely secular character, it was only a means to an end, and that was to bring the Indians within the sound of the Gospel, and that this secular part of my work fulfilled the purpose for which it was intended will be explained later on. But in

order to convince the doctor from his point of view that the Indians needed a missionary I found it necessary to repeat a story as it was told to me by a woman, one of my own Indian converts about the year 1880, but which on account of its repulsiveness I would fain leave out of this book, nevertheless as it shows the wretched state of ignorance they were in, in spite of their religious sentiments, I deem it advisable to repeat it here.

On two occasions during the ten years previous to my entering the Saskatchewan country, the Indians had been visited by that loathsome disease smallpox, and not having been vaccinated many of them fell a prey to the disease. It was estimated that more than half of the Indian population of the prairies died from its effects. The result of this state of things upon the minds of the poor Indians can be better imagined than described. They became so terrified when they realised its infectious nature, that as soon as one showed signs of having taken the disease, those who were well got their things together and pitched off to another place, leaving the afflicted person behind to die alone or get better, as the case might be, and those who died were in most cases left unburied and their bodies were devoured by the wolves! The woman mentioned above had lost all her children except one, though she herself had not taken the disease, and this child, a daughter, was nigh unto death. She told me the rest of the band had pitched off, fleeing as it were from the plague, but as this was her last child she felt she could not leave her, and so remained by, to do what she could for her until the end came. As she sat there watching, she began to ask herself what she had done to displease the Great Spirit, because she regarded this affliction as having been sent to punish her for some wrongdoing, and then many things came into her mind which she had done in the past, which at the time they were committed did not occur to her dark mind as being wrong, but now in the face of death, she felt the Great Spirit

was justified in punishing her in the way he had. And she asked herself what could she do to appease the anger of Ke-che-Mun-ne-tō, and the only thing that came into her mind was, sacrifice; she must sacrifice something. But what had she got for sacrifice? She had neither money, nor clothes, except what she had on, and she did not possess a single animal; what, therefore, could she do? She loved her child, her only child, and she did not want it to die, and then in her distress of mind she spoke to Ke-che-Mun-ne-tō, and told him, she deserved all the sorrows He was placing upon her, but why should her children suffer for her wrong-doings? And she pleaded for the life of her child, and then her mind went back again to sacrifice, and she told Ke-che-Man-ne-tō, that if He wanted life, she would give her own if by so doing the child might live. But how was she to sacrifice her own life? Something told her it would be wrong to take her own life, and looking round she espied the body of one who had died from smallpox lying in the tall grass near by, and it came into her mind to place her life in the hands of the Great Spirit who made and governs all things, and by contamination with the dead body she tried to give herself the disease. Having told the doctor what she actually did, he at once exclaimed, "She must have died." I replied, "No, she did not." "Then," he said, "it was a miracle that her life was spared!" "Yes," I said, "I quite agree with you, Doctor, it was a strange sort of prayer, and a strange kind of sacrifice this poor unenlightened woman presented to God, but it was not lacking in sincerity, a sincerity which is necessary for our petitions to reach the throne of grace, and although it was not emphasised in the way God required, yet He heard and answered her petition. The woman suffered nothing from her rash act, and her child was speedily restored to life and health, and to make this narrative complete, this woman with her husband and daughter came and settled in my Mission at Sandy Lake. They put themselves under

instruction, and in due course all three were baptised and the girl, who was then grown up, was lawfully married to a Christian Indian and all became communicants. And now, Doctor," I said, "after having heard this true story, in which I have included the sincerity of that heathen woman, do you not think there was a need for further enlightenment, and that my presence among them was amply justified?" "Yes!" he said with emphasis, "I never saw it in that light before, but I cannot help remarking that the sincerity of that heathen woman puts us to shame, for where would you find a Christian mother ready to take such risks for her child as that woman did?"

CHAPTER VI

THE CREE LANGUAGE, CUSTOMS, ETC.

PERHAPS this book would not be considered complete without some slight reference to the Indian language, especially that which is spoken by the Cree Indians. This Indian language is very expressive, though there are certain words in English for which there is no equivalent in the Cree tongue, the words "Thank you" being one phrase; but it must not be taken as indicative of their ingratitude. The nearest way they have of expressing their thanks is by saying "Tap-wā Kit-ut-tume-hin" (Truly you have pleased me), but to the English mind this ~~does not convey the idea of returning~~ thanks; they simply state that they are pleased with what you have done for them. The expression is altogether too passive to be appreciated by one who does not understand the mind of the Indian. After they have learned English they become very profuse with their "Tanke, tanke," "th," being a sound not in the Plain Cree, the Indians find it difficult to acquire. The reason why the Indians have no expression equivalent to "Thank you" in English is because they do not expect to be thanked for anything they do spontaneously for another. For instance, when an Indian returns home from a successful hunt he at once begins to think of the poor around him, and he instructs his wife to cut off certain pieces of the meat he has brought home, and then either he or she will distribute them among those for whom they are intended,

and on entering a house will say: "How! oma-Ke-pā-me-ye-ten" (See, I have brought you this), and the recipient will reply: "Tap-wā-Kit-ut-tume-hin" (Truly you have pleased me). The feeling among them is this: when a person does anything for another without having been importuned by the one for whom the act is performed, the doer, or giver, as the case may be, having acted on his own initiative, he did according to his own pleasure, and having done it to please himself, he has received his reward. They appear therefore to be actuated by the principle that "It is more blessed to give than to receive"—a lesson many a professing Christian has never learned, though it is a principle taught by Christ and inculcated by St. Paul. When, however, a person supplicates another and receives what he asks for, then the supplicant feels under an obligation to express his pleasure in a more profuse way, because in this instance the giver did not act on his own initiative, and therefore was deprived of the pleasure of so doing. Still, as I have said, they have no single word in their language equivalent to thanks. Of course the way is open for them to show their appreciation of a favour by returning one, which in some cases is done, but when they carry out the Saviour's injunction in Luke xiv. 13-14, it is not. I have heard people say how dreadfully long the words are in the Cree language, and the reason for this is: the Indians are adepts at compounding words, and some of these long strings of syllables stand for a whole sentence in English, and not expressing only the name of the thing, etc., but will at the same time tell its use, and the kind of material of which it is made. Take this as an example: "Too-too-sah-poi-oo-pi-me-oo-se-che-kun-a-tik," which in English is expressed by the short word, churn; but churn is rather indefinite, as the word churn, standing alone, may be either a noun or a verb, and if meant as a noun may be used for a variety of purposes, and may be made of iron, wood or earthenware, but there is no room left for doubt

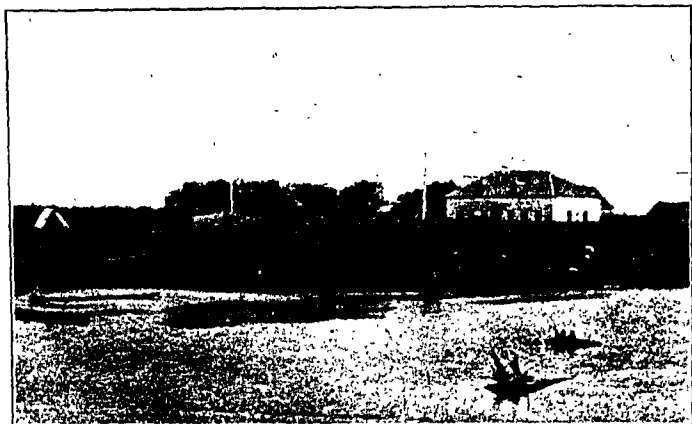
as to what is meant in the Cree word as written above. Now I will write the words separately that are used in compounding this one long word. "Too-too-sah-poi" (milk), "oo" (his), "pi-me" (grease), "oo't" (his), "ah-pu-che-che-Kun" (instrument), "mistik" (wood). The "t" is added for the sake of euphony when followed by a vowel. The first four words, you will notice, are unchanged except for the "t," but the last two are slightly changed, for, instead of "ah-pu-che-che-Kun," "oot" is followed by "se-che-Kun," and this is followed by "ah-tik" instead of "mis-tik." These changes make the compound word sound more euphonious and easily pronounced. The reader will have noticed that the words in the sentence are just the opposite to the way we should put them in English. The Indian says: "Milk his grease, his instrument is wood," which really means a wooden instrument for extracting butter from milk.

"Mut-choos-tā-wā-pin-num-mook," imperative, expresses the phrase: "Cast them into the fire," "Kā oo-Kis-Kun-nohum-mo-wa-kun-im-im-mit-uk-ook" (Ye shall be My disciples).

In giving names to places their method of compounding words is greatly in evidence; take, for instance, Saskatchewan. This is an Indian word slightly corrupted; the proper way of writing the word in Cree is Kis-sas-Kat-che-wan, which means "rapid-flowing stream."

"Wu-pas-Kwā-yak." Here is another instance. This is the Indian name given to a place in the lower reaches of the Saskatchewan, and it means a strait or narrows passing between two points of land covered with wood. Here, for once at least, the Indian scores one against us for brevity of expression.

The Indians had no written language till the advent of missionaries among them: they, however, sometimes drew a rude picture of an animal with a piece of charcoal on a piece of birch bark. This they would tie to a stake on the banks of a river near the water's edge to notify any of their friends



THE FIRST MISSION HOUSE BUILT AT THE PAS. (See pp. 253, 294)

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THE GENERAL CONFESSION, AS PRINTED IN CREE SYLLABICS IN
ARCHDEACON HUNTER'S CREE TRANSLATION OF THE PRAYER-
BOOK. (p. 115.)

who might by chance pass that way that the animal they had drawn had been killed by them, and that the meat was still lying in the bush, and the passers-by would understand from this, if they were in need of food, they could help themselves. In spite of these unwieldy words which we have just been considering, it will be a surprise to many to hear that the Indian language possesses an unwritten grammar, with declensions and conjugations as perfect as any of the civilised languages of the present day: and if anyone would like to see the flexibility and scope of the Cree verb, I recommend for their perusal Archdeacon Hunter's book on the Cree verb (S.P.C.K.). The adjectives agree with their nouns in number, case, and gender; in fact, the whole language is so constructed that each part of a sentence dovetails into the other, and a native cannot use his own tongue ungrammatically without noticing the mistake, and hence it is that the Indian children, as their vocabulary becomes enlarged, speak freely without making grammatical blunders. The Indian language, however, can only boast of two genders, masculine and neuter—or rather animate and inanimate—the feminine being referred to as "he." This is very noticeable among the illiterate half-breeds and Indians who have learned to speak English imperfectly. David, my faithful old friend and co-worker, whose English was very imperfect, used frequently to make this mistake. He knew there was a distinction, but was not sure how it came in, and often when speaking to my wife about me he used to refer to me as "she," and when speaking to me about my wife he referred to her as "he," and until one had become familiar with his mistake it was often difficult to follow him in his discourse.

The Indians' method of expressing preference is very similar to that of the ancients, *e.g.* "Jacob have I loved, but Esau have I hated." This seems to contradict the character of God, as revealed in the New Testament, for there we are told God hateth no man, but the phrase is one of preference

only. God preferred Jacob to Esau. Now, if you were speaking to an Indian who had two children, and you asked him which he liked the better—if he had a preference—he would say, pointing to one "Owa-ne-sa-Ke-how" (this one I love); then, pointing to the other, he would say: "Owa-ne-puk-wa-tow" (this one I hate); not that the parent really hated the latter as we understand the meaning of the word hate, but that he preferred one before the other.

Again, their method of reckoning time is very similar to that which we find in the New Testament; take, for instance, the time our Saviour was in the grave. It is spoken of as three days, yet in reality, it is not more than two nights and one day; but the length of time during which He was buried linked the first and third days together, and just so do the Indians measure time. In speaking of an event that is past they include the day when the event took place, and the day when they were speaking about it. Here is an example: Supposing an Indian left home on a Monday evening, and you asked his wife on a Wednesday morning how long it was since her husband went off, she would say: "AKwa-nisto-Ke-se-Kow-us-pin Ka sip-wā-tāt" (It is now three days since he went off).

The readers will associate this account of the Indian mode of expressing preference and calculating time with what I have said about the home of their ancestors, and form their own conclusions as to whether or no the Indians of North-West Canada had any connection with the people of the East.

The Indians name their children, not necessarily after themselves, but more frequently from some personal mark on their features or some other characteristic, or, perhaps, from some event, celestial or terrestrial, that happened about the time of their birth. I had Indians at Sandy Lake named after the particular shape of their noses, such as "Broken Nose," "Crooked Nose," "Goose Nose," and "Bay Nose." We should regard them as offensive nicknames, but not so

the Indians, for they are a matter-of-fact people, and see no reason for taking umbrage at the truth. Very often the name of the child would be changed as it grew up, especially if it developed some characteristic, be it good or bad, cleverness or stupidity. One child, as he grew up, developed very plain features even for an Indian, and he received the name "Ma-ya-tis" (Ugly), and he is known by that name at the present time, and is more proud of it than otherwise. The first man I baptised, of whom I shall have much to say by and by, had his name given to him when a child. His dear old mother told me that when he was a little boy he was very fond of playing hide-and-seek with her, concealing himself in all sorts of places in the tent, and then suddenly reappearing, and so she called him "Ka-Kasoo" (the hider), and as this name was not in any way offensive, he retained it for his surname when he was baptised. One man, owing to his great appetite, acquired the name of "A-ya-mus-kin" (glutton), which among ourselves would be considered offensive. The chief "Mis-to-wa-sis" (Big Child)—why so called I do not know, because he was a very little man, and if big for his age when young he must have stopped growing when quite a youth—had another name among the Indians of the prairie; with them he was known as "Pe-wa-pisk-Moos-toos" (the Iron Buffalo), from the fact that when following hard after a band of buffalo his horse stumbled and threw him on to the horns of a buffalo bull, which proceeded to throw him up into the air, but he eventually escaped without having sustained any great injury, and when his friends discovered that he was alive and unhurt they gave him the name of "Iron Buffalo."

Chief Star Blanket, the one I have already mentioned, also possessed a dual name; his first was given to him when a child from the fact that his mother dressed him in a blanket which was ornamented with stars; his second name, "Mis-se Min-na-hik" (Big Pine), was given to him on account of his

size and strength; the latter he displayed in carrying heavy loads across the portages, when in company with the voyagers who used to fetch the H. B. Company's freight from York factory on the coast of Hudson's Bay for the interior post.

There are a few more Indian customs I should like to write about before returning again to the subject of my own work among them.

Polygamy was very much in vogue among the plain Indians during the buffalo period, and the cause for this is not difficult to understand. In the patriarchal days the only way they had of showing their wealth was by the increase of their flocks and herds, and the necessary servants to look after them, and the tent life in which they passed their days not being suited for keeping a staff of domestics, for convenience sake, and for the sake of propriety, the lord of the tents took to himself more wives, which gave the women greater freedom in the tent than they otherwise could have enjoyed. Now the Indian in the days when the buffalo were plentiful was similarly situated, and in order to become a successful and prosperous hunter he required to have a number of horses and carts, and the more of these he possessed the more help he required in the shape of young men to chase the buffalo and women to dress the robes, etc., and preserve the meat in the way that has already been explained; and as it was more convenient and more remunerative for a man to be able to carry on his business by members of his own family than by hired help, he took unto himself two or more wives, and reared his own hunters in his own tent. But when the buffalo began to get scarce, and the Indian found it as much as he could do to feed a small family, the practice of having more than one wife at a time began to die out, and at the time I entered upon my missionary career comparatively few of the Indians had more than one wife.

The custom of acquiring wives among the Indians was rather peculiar; of courtship there was little or practically

none, and it frequently happened that a woman did not know twenty-four hours before she was declared to be the wife of an Indian that she was likely to be his wife. If an Indian saw a woman that was pleasing to his eye, and in other respects apparently suited to make him a wife, he would speak to her father about her, but more frequently to her elder brother, if she had one, and promise him a horse, or perhaps two, if he would intercede for him with his sister, and if the father or brother was in need of a horse or two, the suitor's claim would be speedily assured, and the girl would be notified of the fact. Girls in those days had practically no say in such matters, they were parted with by their relations as though they were of no more consequence than a horse or an inferior animal. As marriages were thus lightly contracted they were easily dissolved, for as soon as a man became dissatisfied with his wife he put her away, and she was free to marry again. I am sorry to say that this method of giving and receiving daughters in marriage prevails to too great an extent at the present time, even among Indians and half-breeds, who ought, owing to their education and Christian training, to know better; but I am glad to say I have met with young Indian maidens who considered themselves too important to be consigned to a man without their consent, and by asserting their will avoided an unhappy union. I have had many a time to explain to certain of the shallow-minded Indians the different position they are in now with regard to marriage from what they were before embracing Christianity. Then a man put away his wife for any imaginary cause, and no law among themselves could prevent it; but now the law is binding as "long as both shall live." I remember a woman who lived with an Indian at Sandy Lake. Her husband was very far gone in consumption, and knowing that he was not likely to live very long, she refused to be lawfully married to him, although they were both baptised, because she was under the impression

she would not be allowed to marry again after his death ; so I read and explained to her Rom. vii. 2-3, and then they were lawfully married.

In the days long since past, chiefs and other important Indians were very particular as to whom their daughters married, especially if she was an only daughter. There is a very pretty story told—and it is said to be historic—about a chief, his daughter, and her lover, and I hope it will not be considered too long to be repeated here. It is to this effect. A very great chief, who lived some generations ago, possessed an only daughter, of whom he was very fond ; the girl was both good looking and clever, and excelled in the Indian arts ; she could preserve meat, and cook it well, make the buffalo hides into leather and robes, and she was skilled in bead and porcupine quill work ; in short, she was a thoroughly accomplished Indian maiden, and in consequence of all these virtues she had many suitors from among the braves. But there was only one she really cared for, but he had not distinguished himself in any particular way, so this young man, in spite of his nonentity, emboldened only by the sentiments of true affection, ventured to approach the chief and ask for his daughter. The old man said it was against the principles of a chief to give his daughter in marriage to one who had not distinguished himself in battle for his skill and bravery, but as his daughter and he appeared really to love each other, he would only place this barrier in the way of their coming together, and if he for his part fulfilled the agreement, he, the chief, would give his consent to the marriage. He then told the young man to make a journey, alone, into their enemy's country and bring back with him a stipulated number of scalps taken by his own hand, and on his return, if successful, he should marry his daughter. The young man, having considered the chief's conditions, thought very little of the risk to his own life, knowing that life meant nothing to him apart from the woman he loved, so he determined to face

the risks, and being encouraged by the maiden, and receiving an affectionate embrace, he started on his perilous journey.

That the reader may understand what those risks were it is necessary for him to be told the method to be adopted by the lover in order to get possession of the scalps. First, then, be it understood, there were no guns in use among the Indians at that period; the only weapons they possessed, both for attack and defence, were a bow and arrow, a tomahawk with a stone head, pointed at both ends, a knife-like instrument for removing the scalp, and a shield made from the raw hide of the buffalo, so that warfare in those days was carried on at close quarters. Now, being single-handed, it was not likely that he would attempt to raise the ire of a whole band, and encounter their combined skill and strength, so what he had to do was to resort to stratagem by concealment, and having located a band, lie in wait for stray members, so that he would not be opposed by more than one, or at most two, at a time. Now it may not be uninteresting if I describe what is meant by a scalp, and how it was obtained. The custom among the Indians from time immemorial was for the men to wear long hair just like a woman—in fact, the longer the hair the more it was prized—and they parted it down the middle, and the hair on either side of the head was braided into a large plait which hung down over the front of their shoulders, and the hair that grew on the back of their head was braided into one large plait, and this hung down the back; this was called the scalp plait, which was so much coveted by their enemy.

In order to get possession of this the owner had to be overcome—not necessarily killed, but knocked down and stunned—and whilst lying in an insensible condition his adversary would rush up, and, seizing the scalp plait in one hand, he would run the point of his knife-like instrument round the back of his head, cutting through the skin, and then, by a sudden jerk, he would pull the plait from the head

with the skin attached. The hair was then tucked under the belt of the victor, and he continued on the warpath; and, as it is understood that no Indian would submit to being scalped without making a desperate effort of resistance, there was great risk of losing one's life in attempting to procure a scalp. This risk the hero of this story had to run, and his risk was increased by the number of scalps he set himself to capture. Having carried out his plan successfully, and having procured the number of scalps asked for by the chief, he commenced his return journey after an absence of some months. When he arrived at the place where the chief was camped when he last saw him, he found he had pitched off to a place several miles further up the river, but being able to borrow a birch bark canoe from another Indian, he started paddling up stream in search of the camp. The day was well advanced when he began the journey, and night came on before he had paddled many miles, but as neither darkness nor fatigue seemed to affect him on this occasion, he continued paddling on. About midnight he came to a part of the river which was bordered on both sides by tall trees, and the darkness became intense, and whilst enveloped in this intense gloom he heard a voice calling from out of the woods, and he stopped paddling and called out, "O-wān-na ka tāp-wāt" (Who calls?), but as no further sound reached him he began to paddle again; but no sooner was this done than the voice called to him again, and this time the voice seemed to resemble that of his intended. He put ashore and inquired with vehemence who it was, and what was wanted; but, alas, no further sound was forthcoming, and after three such interruptions he continued his journey in silence. At daybreak he reached the end of his journey, and having secured his canoe to a tree, he ascended the banks of the river, and on reaching the top he saw the tents in the distance. As he approached the encampment he heard the sound of weeping, and as he got nearer he saw signs of mourn-

ing around the chief's tent, and for the first time since he started on his hazardous journey his heart felt faint. Still, he went on, and having reached the tent went in and this is what he saw. The chief and his wife were sitting there with their hair hanging loosely about their shoulders (a sign of mourning among the heathen Indians), and around the tent sat relations and friends "weeping with those that wept." On one side of the tent a buffalo robe hung suspended from the tent poles, screening off a portion of the tent, and in that portion screened off was lying the remains of some one, but who he could not say. Squatting himself down in the tent he remained silent a few minutes, as is the custom in the presence of death, and then he rose and going over to the chief shook hands with him and presented the tail of scalps, and asked for his daughter. After the salutations the old man, unable to speak for emotion, pointed to the screen, and then the young man knew the worst. After giving way to violent weeping, in which all present joined, he asked the chief what time his loved one ceased to breathe, and if at any time during her last hours she showed signs of remembering him. The chief answered: "Last night just as the moon rose her spirit left her, and just before she died she mentioned your name three times, and called for you to come quickly to her." The young man then related his experiences on the river—how he had heard the voice call to him three times—and then it was understood by all that her spirit had taken up its abode in the woods until the time came for it to enter the spirit world, which would take place after the body was buried. The brave young hero then shook hands with the chief and friends, lifted the screen and planted a kiss on the forehead of his loved one; then, descending the banks of the river, entered his canoe and paddled back to the place where he heard the voice calling to him, and committed suicide by drowning—that his spirit might accompany the spirit of the departed into the spirit world.

Many people have thought that the Red Indian is a very unemotional sort of being, and that he receives pleasure and pain with the same stoical indifference, but there are very fine exceptions among them. In commemoration of this event, so the story runs, the Indians changed the name of the river, and called it "O-wā-na-ka tāp-wāt oo-se-pe" (Who Calls River), literally "The river of one who calls." Then when the French traders, who were, I believe, the first white people to commence business in that part of "the great lone land," had entered the country, finding this name too difficult for them to pronounce, they inquired the meaning of the word. Having learned this, and not wishing to change the meaning, they gave it its equivalent in French, and called it "Qu'appelle" river. Qu'appelle in French means "who calls?" This name is known far and wide at the present time, for, apart from the river, there is a station on the C.P.R. called Qu'appelle station, and there is a diocese called Qu'appelle, with a bishop who bears the same name; and when any one, after reading this historic story, speaks of either the district, the diocese or its bishop, perhaps their thoughts will go back across the ages; but more especially will they think of the hero of this imperfectly told story, and in thinking of him will express a hope that both he and his beloved are resting at peace somewhere in the keeping of the Great Father of Spirits, with whom we are told do live all the spirits of the just.

Sailing into the cloud land, sailing into the Sun,
 Into the crimson portals ajar when life is done?
 O! dear dead race, my spirit too,
 Would fain sail westward unto you.

(From "Flint and Feather," by Teka-hi-on-wa-ke, the Indian poetess.)

There is one more Indian custom I would mention, though I believe it is rapidly dying out; but perhaps, as the Indians become more and more civilised and adopt the white man's customs, they will have cause to regret it; that is, if there be any truth in the eccentricities attributed to the proverbial

mother-in-law. It was the custom among the Indians in the days gone by, for a son-in-law and mother-in-law never to speak to each other, and the same custom applied to the daughter-in-law and her father-in-law; not that there was any unkind feeling towards each other—on the contrary, it was a form of etiquette, a method of showing their mutual respect. The general word used by them when speaking of each other was "Ne-mu-na-che-ma-kun" (The one whom I spare). If, as I have said, English relationship of a similar kind is sometimes as troublesome as reported, would it not be well for the peace of such families if they took a leaf from the red man's book and spared each other's feelings by mutual silence! I cannot help thinking that the Indian carried this mark of respect too far. The first time I had an opportunity of seeing it in operation was in the winter of 1875, whilst I was living at White Fish Lake, when an Indian, the eldest son of the old impostor, came to see me about some member of his family who was ill at the time. David and I accompanied him home, and as we were going along we saw an old Indian woman coming towards us from the direction we were going, and owing to her advanced age, she looked more like an animated bundle of blankets than anything else. The Indian saw who it was at once, and in an instant left the trail and hid himself in the bush, and there he remained until the old woman had passed and was nearly out of sight. David, knowing something of this custom, though at that time it was rather antiquated with him, began to joke the man about his actions when he caught us up, and asked him why he fled into the bush so suddenly, and the man replied, "That was my Mu-na-che-ma-kun" (my mother-in-law) and therefore unbecoming of me to pass near to her on the trail." I have often been in an Indian's house when he returned from some distant place and was the bearer of a message for his mother-in-law, and I have heard him deliver this message to his wife in an audible tone, and the old mother-in-law, sitting on the other side of the room

could hear all that was said, but appeared to be taking no notice, and then when the message had been delivered to his wife, she would turn to her mother and say "Ne-ka" (My mother), and the old lady would reply, "Mah! kā-kwi Ne Tan-nis?" (Behold! what is it, my daughter?), meaning that she was all attention. The daughter then repeated the message over again direct to her mother, and after hearing the news through her daughter, if it occurred to the old lady to ask a question, she did so through her daughter, who repeated it to her husband, and so this roundabout way of carrying on the conversation continued until the old lady's curiosity was satisfied.

It occurs to my mind that there are two or three more Indian customs I ought to relate, before passing on to the story of my life's work. I will begin by speaking about a law the Indians made for themselves to regulate the method for attacking a herd of buffalo. It is evident that if any single person could begin the attack when he liked there would be the same rivalry that existed among the fur traders referred to on a previous page, as every man would be trying to steal a march on the others, and this would spoil the success of the whole band, for, as soon as one man exposed himself and began the chase, the whole herd of buffalo would at once begin their stampede, and would probably not stop again until they had put thirty or forty miles between themselves and the band of Indians, their pursuers. So the law they made was this. When a herd of buffalo had been sighted, the band of Indians would search for a secluded spot for the purpose of pitching their tents. Then the chief of the party, after consulting his leading men, would name the time for assembling. This would be indicated by the position of the sun in the heavens. In the meantime, every one made the best preparations he could for the chase; his weapons and ammunition would be attended to, so that nothing should be lacking or out of order, and above all, the best horses would be saddled and held in readiness, so that when the exclamation "Akwa, ākwa!"

(Now, now!) was heard, all the horsemen would mount their steeds and the charge would be made simultaneously. The hunters would be followed with horses and carts accompanied by a noble army of butchers! Once the word was given to start, every man became a law unto himself, he could resort to any methods he liked to get near the buffalo, and was not under any obligation to discontinue the chase, and he only stopped when his horse became exhausted. One thing appeared to me as very remarkable as it proved beyond a doubt the Indian's powers of discernment. If a band was of ordinary size, there would be perhaps twenty horsemen chasing the buffalo at the same time, and each one firing and dropping his animal as they continued the chase. Sometimes if a hunter had a good mount, he would kill six or eight animals before his horse gave out, and these would be lying in different parts of the prairie from a few hundred yards to a mile or more apart, and besides his own animals there would be dozens of others lying about in all directions, yet in spite of this confusion each man would go back and conduct his party with the carts to the very animals he had shot down! In the excitement of the chase one would have thought it impossible for anyone to distinguish one animal from another, as all were of the same colour, but each Indian made a mental note of the exact place the arrow or bullet pierced the animal that caused its death, as well as the condition of the ground where it fell; and all this he did as he went galloping along, loading and firing at the same time. Now, if any man dared to steal off and begin the chase on his own account, the law of the land was that all his carts, harness and tents should be taken from him, and burnt before his eyes. Perhaps some will be inclined to think the penalty was out of proportion to the offence, but it is only ignorance of the facts that would lead them to think so. Take for instance a band of forty or fifty families all going out together to make what was called their "Fall hunt," that is, the final hunt before winter set in. Every one of these

families would be hoping to procure sufficient meat, etc., to carry them through the winter without having to return to the plains and expose themselves to the cold biting winds that swept the prairies during the winter months, but if, through the inconsiderate act of one ambitious hunter, all their hopes were frustrated, it meant that all these families would experience very severe hardships during the winter. The Indians knowing this, they made a law that was likely to prevent such inconsiderate acts. Some one may ask, "Was this law ever put into action?" I have been informed by eye-witnesses that it has been, and with good effect!

I have, I think, spoken of the Indians' fear of darkness. It was thought by them that the spirits moved about under the cover of night, and so in order to keep them away, or to distract their attention from such gloomy thoughts, they congregated in certain tents every evening, about sunset, and commenced singing and beating the drum, making a most hideous noise, and this they kept up until daybreak the next morning, when they felt safe in going to sleep; and as they seldom had urgent business to attend to, they did not get up till the day was far advanced.

I remember on one occasion, I think it was my third year at Sandy Lake, a number of Indians were camped about one hundred yards from my house, when about noon we were alarmed by the firing of guns and the crying of women and children, and going over to ascertain the cause of the excitement, in breathless silence they pointed to the sun, and looking up I saw it was undergoing an eclipse, and having asked what that had to do with their shooting, etc., I was told that the women and children were afraid the spirits would steal the sun from the heavens, and so the men were shooting at the sun to frighten the spirits away; another proof of the truth of what I have already said, that the Indians regarded anything, whether in heaven or on the earth, that was beyond their comprehension, as associated in some way or other with spirits.

CHAPTER VII

MISSIONARY LIFE AT SANDY LAKE

I.—REMINISCENCES OF MY MISSIONARY WORK

DURING the winter of 1875 and 1876 I taught my own day school, in order that my new help, when he came, might be at liberty for work at Big Child's camp.

Teaching school, in addition to the work of learning the language, reading for my deacon's orders, and a variety and multitude of other things accruing to the work of starting a new mission, kept me more than busy. On every alternate Saturday, or as often as I could, I visited Big Child's band and gave them religious instruction, and as this band was located twenty miles from Sandy Lake, I used to return on the Sunday evening to be ready for my day school on Monday morning. During the autumn of 1875 the Rev. J. McDougall, a Wesleyan missionary, arrived at Carlton on his way to Edmonton, and was the bearer of a very important message for the Indians from the Government of Canada. It was to this effect: The Great Queen-Mother knew that her Red Indian children had roamed the prairies for centuries and had subsisted on the fruits of the chase, and the country of their nativity had been left undisturbed by the white man during all those centuries, but now in the providence of the Great Spirit, their part of this great country, like the rest of it, was undergoing great changes. The buffalo were becoming less

plentiful and the influx of the white man was gradually becoming greater, and therefore, to protect her Indian children from any undue encroachment from the palefaces, she proposed sending out one of her wise and trusty servants to make a treaty with all the Indians of the great Saskatchewan country, some time during the summer. Due notice would be given as to the date and the different places named, when and where meetings would be held, and that in the meantime the Indians were to elect their chiefs, decide which chief they would belong to, hold meetings, and come to some understanding among themselves as to the terms of the treaty they would be willing to make with the Queen's servant. This, as the reader can imagine, caused no little excitement among the Indians, as it was an event the fruition of which meant an entire change for the Indian, both as regards his mode of living and scope of action; but this will be further explained by and by.

I met Mr. McDougall at Carlton, and my friend the chief factor of the H. B. Company told him what my hopes and ambitions were. Mr. McDougall gave me very little hope for success, saying they had tried to get the plain Indians to settle down in other parts, and make their home in one particular place, so that school and Church work could be carried on, but had not succeeded, and so long as there was a single buffalo to be hunted, the Indians would continue to follow it until it was killed, and he advised me to fall in with my friend's plans, namely, to make my home near the Company's post, and instruct the Indians whenever they came in to trade, and when absent following the buffalo, I could act as a sort of chaplain to the Company's people. I admitted that from what I could learn of the actions of missionaries of all the Churches who had settled in different parts of the country their policy had been to establish their mission near to a trading post, a sure rendezvous for the Indians, but the work I had in view, and which I believed God would prosper, would attract

the Indians around me, and once they understood and appreciated the benefits of a settled life, they would take to it kindly, and by living among them and showing them, by example as well as by precept, how to live a civilised and Christian life, they would catch the infection which would ultimately lead to a new life, morally, socially, and spiritually. "Well," said Mr. McDougall, "there is nothing like being at a white heat with ambition, and as you appear to be full of hope, it is farthest from my mind to say a word that will tend to lessen your zeal or destroy your hopes, so I wish you much success and a hearty God-speed."

I never had the pleasure of meeting Mr. McDougall again, for, some time during the following winter, he went out with some natives of the country to hunt the buffalo in the neighbourhood of Edmonton. A very severe storm overtook them on a Sunday, the party got separated, and Mr. McDougall perished on the prairies; his body was afterwards found and, I think, buried at his mission near Edmonton.

On the 9th January, 1876, I was ordained deacon by the Right Reverend John McLean, D.C.L., the first Bishop of Saskatchewan, in the first English Church built in the Saskatchewan, and I was the first one he had ordained since his consecration. I understand that when Bishop McLean was ordained to the priesthood, he had to preach the ordination sermon, and he took for his text Hebrews vii. 11. When I was ordained deacon I had a similar experience, and my text was 1 Timothy, i. 12. "I thank Christ Jesus, our Lord, who hath enabled me for that He counted me faithful, putting me into the ministry." The day was very dull, and as the Church was only imperfectly lighted, I found it impossible to see my sermon, which, by the way, I had written out for the occasion, so I took it up and held it in my hands like a book, and stood with my back turned to the side window in order to get as much light as possible, but without success; so I had to put my manuscript down and trust to memory, and the

Spirit's guidance. Only those who have been placed under similar circumstances know how difficult it is, having relied upon their notes for guidance, to be deprived of them. It is like one who is making his first attempt to swim; there is a good deal of splashing and plunging without much progress. I did not, however, utterly fail, and when the service was over the Bishop congratulated me on my coolness and said I did remarkably well under the circumstances and promised that the next Sunday I spent in Prince Albert I should not be handicapped in a similar way. The following day I returned home via Carlton, and camped the third night at Snake Plain, the place where Big Child and his followers were spending the winter. At the service held that evening I baptised seven of the school children—these were my first baptisms. Soon after reaching Sandy Lake I baptised in my house Ka-Ka-soo and his two daughters, and another man. Ka-Ka-soo received the name of Peter, and like his namesake of old, he was the first man to carry the Gospel message to the Gentiles of the plains. More will be said about Peter later on.

As soon as the snow had melted, Big Child with his followers and the teacher returned to Sandy Lake and at once began to prepare logs for future buildings, and cut down fence poles, etc., with which to enclose a field, and many an axe (literally) I had to grind. When the frost was out of the ground every one became busy, and having no teaching to do since the arrival of the teacher from Snake Plain, I was able to get about among the people and with practical help and advice assist them in what they were doing.

Big Child had a daughter married to a Scotchman, a retired servant of the H.B. Company. This man was beginning to farm at a place called Lily Plain, which is eighty miles from Sandy Lake by the trail. This man was in a position to help his father-in-law with seed, grain and potatoes. The difficulty with the chief was, having joined us late in the autumn, he had no land prepared, but rather than see the seeds spoiled

and the people disappointed, I allowed them to use three-fourths of the Mission land under cultivation. The Indians had no oxen at that time, and as their ponies were not accustomed to pulling a plough or harrow, they did not take kindly to the work, consequently our two teams of oxen were heavily wrought, and practically all the tilling of the soil was done by them. All the wheat and barley I sowed broadcast myself. In the meantime, news had reached us that the Government official would meet the Indians in the neighbourhood of Carlton about the middle of August; consequently the Indians were anxious to get to the plains, complete their summer's hunt, and return to Carlton in time to meet the Commissioners. I, too, was equally impatient to get through the work, as I had other business pending, which would need not only my personal attention but my actual presence, and as the other partner in this important transaction was living in Winnipeg, between six and seven hundred miles away, and as the contract between us could only be rightly and duly ratified in Winnipeg, I was put to the necessity of making another long trip across the plains, in order to complete this transaction. The evening before I started on my journey, Big Child came to see me, and to my grief complained bitterly about having to stay another day at the Mission, in order to finish planting his potatoes, and added he thought I might have done that for him. I told him that had I not given him the use of the Mission field, he would have been in a much worse plight, and instead of railing at me in the way he was doing he ought to have been here to thank me for what I had done for him, as nearly all our time and labour had been devoted to him and his band, and I told him he had so hurt my feelings, that I felt if it were not for the other chief and his party I should find it hard to return to the Saskatchewan, and he left me at that. Star Blanket and his followers came later on to wish me a pleasant trip and to thank me and my co-workers for what we were doing for them. The old chief said he should still

remain at the Mission during the summer and keep guard over the fields. For some reason or other the Indians had got it into their heads that, because I was making a trip to Winnipeg, David, whose home was there, would also go with me, but when they understood that David and the school teacher would remain at the Mission, they felt greatly relieved. There were distinct reasons why I should not take either of my assistants away from the place, had I felt myself at liberty to do so, which I did not. First, the school, which was an important factor in our work, must be kept going, otherwise the children might lose interest in it, and that branch of our work receive a set-back. Second, David's services on the Sunday could not be dispensed with. He had acted as my interpreter ever since George was taken from me, and now I relied on him to continue the services in my absence. Let no one think that the religious part of our duty had been neglected during our rush of secular work, for such was not the case; school had been regularly taught and religious truths instilled into the minds of the young, and Sunday services had been regularly held in my room, in the open air, and from tent to tent.

David, being my senior partner, was left in charge of the Mission during my absence, and a part of his work was to erect a small house at the end of my present dwelling house, which the reader has been informed was a single room. This new building, 18ft. by 16ft. was for his own and the schoolmaster's accommodation, as I expected the contract I was about to enter into would necessitate greater accommodation than that which I had been accustomed to.

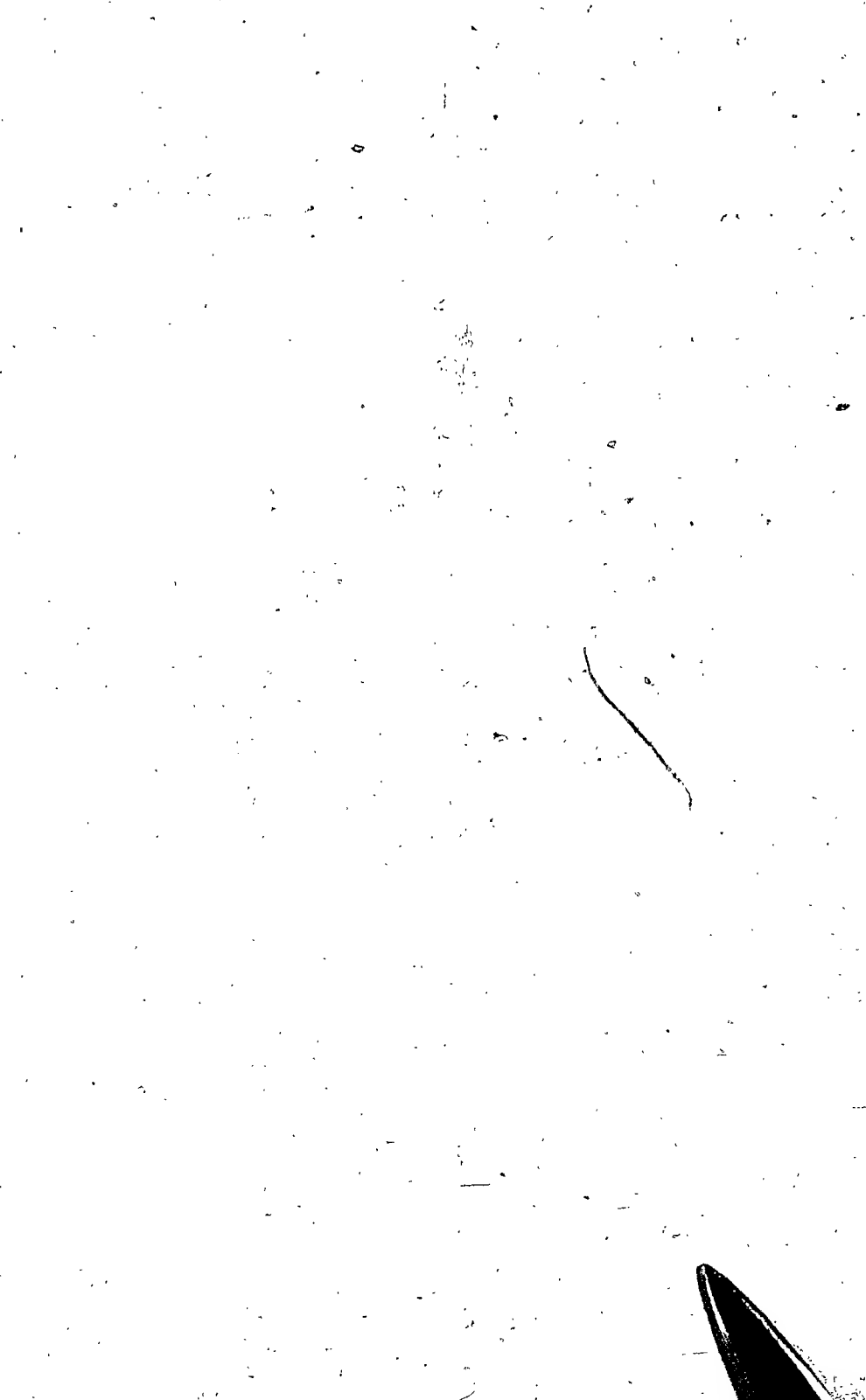
I made a very early start in the morning for Winnipeg, taking with me a team of ponies, a light wagon and one Indian. Big Child with his band were camped about half a mile from the Mission and not far from the road I had to travel over. Just before I came opposite to his tents, I saw some one sitting among the tall grass near the road, smoking a pipe apparently

in deep thought. This turned out to be Big Child; he came up to me, gave me his hand and tried to smile, though it was evident in his expression it was not a happy smile, there was a tinge of either shame or regret about it; and he asked me not to think any more about what he had said the previous evening, and added, "You will come back, won't you?" "Yes," I said, "I should have come back, even if I had not seen you this morning, but now that you have shown an interest in me, I shall have more pleasure in returning, and I hope to spend many years with you and your people if God spares my life." I then told him the object of my visit to Winnipeg, and this gave him great satisfaction as he felt assured I meant to prolong my stay among them, and so we parted.

It is needless to describe my journey into Winnipeg in all its details, we accomplished the journey in one month. I called at Touchwood Hills on my way in, to see my brother missionary and his wife, who had a little son to show me, of whom they were very proud, and after spending a day and a half with them, speaking together of each other's experiences, and of the loving kindness of the Lord, revealed to us in many ways since we parted two years before, I resumed my journey.

My stay at Touchwood Hills was prolonged on account of a twelve hours storm, which for violence and duration was very exceptional for that time of the year, being the middle of June. In many places the snowdrifts were three feet deep. There is an old saying, "What is the good of having a friend unless you use him," and I imagine my missionary brother was familiar with this saying, and thought it an opportune time for putting it into effect, and so he asked me if I would take a horse and cart for him to Winnipeg and bring him out a load of "shop things." This was rather a big favour, considering the distance there and back would be over six hundred miles, but as I had a man with me I concluded he could drive the horse and cart and I could drive my own team, and I consented.

Everything went well until we reached Fort Ellis, the place where we met the grasshoppers on our way out in 1874, and here we were delayed three days by incessant rain; the result of this was all the country through which we had to pass was very soft, and the streams very much swollen. On our second day out we came to Birdtail Creek, now known as "Birtle" and we found the stream very deep, and the current was such that it looked as though the horses would be carried off their feet as soon as they entered the stream. Still, some one had forded the river since the rain, as the tracks of a conveyance going down into the water clearly showed, so without any alarming apprehensions I drove into the river. The banks were rather steep and there was quite a dip as I entered the water, and before I knew what had happened my horses were swimming, and the water had entered my wagon box, and I sat on the seat half up to my knees in water! I managed to keep my horses' heads directed towards the landing on the opposite side, but before reaching there, I found them getting farther from me, and my reins in consequence getting shorter, and I asked myself what was the cause of this, and had not long to wait before the cause was revealed. Now, in order that the reader may understand, I must describe how the wagon was made. The wheels, reach, and pole were made like an ordinary wagon, and on top of the axles were the usual bolsters or rests, and at each end of these bolsters was attached an upright piece, these pieces were for the purpose of keeping the body of the wagon in its place. When the body or box, as it is called in the West, was not required it was simply lifted off; there were no bolts to hold it in its place, its own weight was sufficient under ordinary circumstances to keep it in position. Now what had happened to my wagon was this, the water had lifted the box off the front bolster and it was rapidly gliding off the hind one, and it would soon have been carried away down stream with myself on board, when something happened which saved the situation. It was





WITH A GOOD DEAL OF ENCOURAGEMENT THE HORSE MANAGED TO GET ON THE BANK. (p. 137.)

this. When the box got clear of the front bolster, the upright pieces at the ends appeared on the surface, and fortunately the force of the water caused the bolster to turn round bringing one end near to the front of the wagon box, when, much quicker than I can tell how it was done, I leaned forward and seized the upright piece with one hand, and by keeping firm hold of this I prevented the box from being carried off the hind axle, and I thus saved both myself, wagon box and all it contained. My man who followed after me had worse luck, for he failed to keep his horse's head up stream, and so was carried with the stream, and before I had landed and had time to look around he had passed a bend in the river and was out of sight. I could not leave my horses as they were very restive, so I unhitched them from the wagon, removed their harness and turned them loose to graze. Just as this was done I saw my Indian come out from the willows about three hundred yards distant, and seeing I was safe, he called me to his assistance. On going to his aid I found he had managed to save his horse by guiding it on to a shallow point on a bend in the river, but the bank was too steep there for the horse to get out with the cart, so we detached it from the cart, and then with a good deal of encouragement the horse managed to get on to the bank. We then began to make a slope in the face of the bank by kicking down the top edge with the heel of our boots, and after displacing as much of the soil as we could, we tied one end of a rope to the shafts and the other end we tied to the horse's tail (there were no docked horses in the country at that time). Then my man entered the river again and raised the shafts of the cart to keep them clear of the bank, and I encouraged the horse to pull, and very soon everything was on the top of the bank.

When we got our conveyances together our first thoughts were about the condition of our food, bedding, etc., and I shudder now as I relate this incident of our journey, to think of our feelings when we discovered that all our bread, tea,

and sugar had been literally spoiled, and not only so, but our bedding was in such a state that we had to take it down to the river, rinse and wring our blankets before we could think of drying them. This meant our remaining where we were until the next day, and that night I dared not go to bed as my blankets were not yet dry.

The next three days we travelled through a flat country which was literally under water, and for three consecutive nights we could not find a dry spot on which to pitch our tent, so had to lie down in our wagon box. The greatest disaster was the loss of our food, practically everything was lost, and what we lived upon for five days would be hard to tell. My health suffered much in consequence of this long fast, and long exposure in damp clothes, and I was very unwell when I got to Winnipeg, but I had other things to encounter before we reached there.

We had no further mishaps until we reached Headingley twelve miles from Winnipeg. Settlements were being formed in this locality, and as we were driving along we saw a very suspicious looking mudhole right on the road, and we also saw that the fence on one side of the road had been taken down, and that a road passed through the field, but as it led in the direction of a farm-house, we took it for granted that the road was a private one only, and so we drove straight on, when to our horror, the horses and conveyances became almost smothered over in an almost bottomless pit of miry clay. The horses could not move their legs, and owing to the strain in trying to extricate themselves, they exhausted their strength and so they threw down their heads in the mud as if they preferred to die rather than live. Of course we quite expected they would become choked in the puddle and so we hurriedly chopped down arms full of willows and placed them under their heads to prevent such a catastrophe happening. After waiting about half an hour, we saw a man coming towards us with a wagon and yoke of oxen, and seeing

our predicament, and having with him a long rope, he helped us out in this way. We had already detached the horses from their conveyances in order to set them free in case they managed to get on their feet—but as I have said, they were not able to get up—so after tying the rope to the hind axle of the wagon, and then to the hind parts of our conveyances, the oxen pulled these out from behind the animals—this was done to prevent the horses breaking the pole of the wagon and shafts of the cart in their struggles. We then took the oxen and wagon to the other side of the hole and doubling the rope we tied it round the neck of one of the horses, placing the rope under the head, so as to keep it from doubling under the body. Everything being ready the man drove on his oxen so as not to jerk the rope, and in a short time all our horses, one after the other, were standing on firm ground. The safest way to pull an ox or a horse out of a hole or ditch is by the neck. The rope must be tied so as not to tighten round the neck, and the strain must be gradual and straight, and then no harm will happen to the animal. But our work was by no means completed, the condition of our horses, harness and conveyances can only be imagined, and we spent the rest of that day and all the next in trying to wash off the clay from our horses, etc. And every time the sun dried them, they had the appearance of having been white-washed and it was in this condition that we drove through the town of Winnipeg, and on to St. John's College; the white glitter on everything seemed to indicate that we were either going to, or returning from a wedding, and for the matter of that, they gave a right impression, for the object of my visit to Winnipeg on this occasion, was to be married.

In due course I was married at St. John's Cathedral, the officiating ministers being two of its dignitaries. My wife's brother, the Rev. W. Moore, one of the three ordained on our first arrival in Winnipeg, being very ill in "galloping" consumption, cast a gloom over what otherwise would have

been a happy event. One of the horses I had purchased for my return journey proved to be badly broken, and was given to bolting, and a few days after our marriage very nearly made me a widower. Not knowing her restiveness, I drove up to Winnipeg, and left my wife sitting in the conveyance holding the reins whilst I went inside a store to settle an account. I had taken the precaution of tying the horse's head to a post erected in front of the store for such purposes, but when I came out everything had vanished. Upon enquiry, I was told that a horse had broken its halter line, and turning round suddenly had thrown the conveyance over; the lady who was in charge had been picked up insensible and carried into a butcher's shop on the opposite side of the street, while the horse had been captured and taken in hand by a farrier. I went to the shop indicated and found my wife, though much bruised, had no broken bones, and the doctor assured me that after a couple of weeks' rest, she would be able to start for the West. I was thankful for this encouraging news, which proved to be correct; the horse was not hurt apparently, but the axle and wheels of the conveyance were much bent.

After spending three weeks at Winnipeg, making purchases, we commenced our homeward journey. We had with us, in addition to the Indian, a young English schoolmaster, whom I had engaged for Sandy Lake. I had on this occasion three oxen and carts and a light single rig for use in the Mission when I returned, besides the wagon and cart that we took in. The single rig was drawn by Black Bess the runaway, and as was only to be expected, my wife was too much afraid to ride behind her, so I rode and drove alone, and Mrs. H. rode in the wagon and drove the team herself. The other two had charge of the rest of the carts. The journey was slow and tedious for the first eighty miles but after that we made better progress. The old horse I had brought with me from Touchwood Hills was a

failure, refusing absolutely to take his load up a hill, or pull it out of a hole. I afterwards heard my missionary brother had only just purchased the horse, and therefore knew nothing of its qualities further than the vendor had seen fit to disclose, and refusing to pull was one he happened to forget! After about a week on the road the black mare became as docile and tractable as a lamb, and quite affectionate towards my wife, and behaved as though the handfulls of grass she pulled for her were so much sweeter than that she had to bite for herself, and would constantly rub her shoulder for more. Mrs. H. was so won over by the mare's affections that she ventured to drive her alone, when my presence was required elsewhere.

When we reached Fort Ellis, the chief factor of the H. B. Company having heard our complaint about the horse belonging to the missionary at Touchwood Hills, said he would lend us one to use in its stead, and after reaching the Mission it could be handed over to the trader in charge of the post there. We had now one spare horse, so when we got within, as we thought, sixty miles of Touchwood Hills, we decided to drive on, leaving our men to follow after. In addition to the black mare I also took one of the other horses from the team, putting in its place the other spare horse, and so we started driving one horse and leading the other. My intention was to make them-haul time about. No one noticed at the time we started that the second horse was ill, and the first indication I had that something was wrong, was, when I started the black mare to trot, the other horse hung back, and the only way to get her out of a walking pace was to tie her beside the mare in harness and touch her up with the whip, but I soon saw from the dull look in her eyes and drooping ears that she was feverish, and so we had to content ourselves with going a little faster than a walking pace. When we left the carts in the early morning, the weather being fair, we brought no bedding with us, and only food

sufficient for our midday meal, but owing to the condition of our second horse, we did not reach the trading post, which was twelve miles nearer than the Mission, until noon the following day, and so we had to camp on the ground lying under the conveyance, using the knee rug for our mattress, the seat cushion for our bolster, and my coat and an umbrella with which to cover ourselves. Fortunately, the night was warm and fine, and if there had been a few millions of mosquitoes less, we might have passed a fairly comfortable night, but as it was we had altogether too much company, and so we had a riotous time. Going to bed without one's supper was not pleasant, but getting up in the morning and having to proceed on our journey without breaking our fast was decidedly objectionable. One did not like to be heard complaining so soon after one's marriage, but I believe we both thought at that particular time that the composition of our first moon of married life was not properly portioned out—that considering our recent experience with others of a similar nature en route, in conjunction with the upset at Winnipeg, we had more moon than honey!

We did not spend much time with our friends at Touchwood, as our carts were not very far behind us, and nothing of importance happened until we reached the South Saskatchewan river, where we met several French half-breeds who knew me, who informed us that all the Indian chiefs with their followers were camped about five miles south of Carlton and near to the trail. Messages were dispatched to the Indians telling them of our arrival, by what is known there as Mokissin Telegraphy, that is by native runners. It is quite amazing to the uninitiated, the distance that news is carried by relays of these messengers in an incredibly short time. The result of this message was, that when we approached the encampment, the Indians were anxiously awaiting our arrival, partly to hear what news we had to give as to the whereabouts of the commissioner, and partly to

see ourselves, and after a wonderful amount of handshaking, etc., etc., owing to the fact that I had to hold a sort of reception for my wife, we prepared to continue our journey, as my plans were to take Mrs. H. home to the Mission and leave her there with David, returning by myself to the encampment, and remaining with the Indians until the treaty was completed.

The Indians are a very outspoken race, and do not hesitate to say what they think of people, and sometimes their remarks are such as might reasonably be considered rude by the pale-faces when no insult is intended. My wife's hair, like that of the rest of her family, became silvered in early life, and when the old Saulteaux (the one I have spoken of before as working in my field, and clothed only in his breech cloth) presented himself to shake hands with my wife, with no other clothes on than what I have described, and after passing the usual salutations, he asked me again if the woman with me was my wife, and having answered him in the affirmative, he exclaimed, "*Aye-wa- Ke-Kin Me-to-nā-a wa-pis-te Kwa-nāt noo-to-Kwāo*" (It is remarkable, she is a white-headed old woman). When I interpreted to my wife the compliment he had paid her, she took it good-naturedly, and complimented him on his elaborate get up, adding that he must be on very good terms with the mosquitoes to be enabled to go about with so few clothes on. This repartee caused a good laugh among the other Indians at "Push behind the tent pole's" expense.

We then bid them farewell, and proceeded on our journey home. On reaching there, my faithful old friend David had a great surprise for us, for over and above the work he was supposed to do, he had partitioned off one corner of my eighteen by sixteen foot room, thus making a bedroom seven by ten feet, which of course was very thoughtful of him, but it made the rest of the room rather small, considering the use it was put to, viz., kitchen, dining- and sitting-room. But David's thoughtfulness did not end there, for besides

the room, he had made a plain wooden arm-chair for his new mistress, which for size was more than ample, though the design and workmanship were very primitive, but we valued it, not for its workmanship, but for the kindly spirit and affection that prompted the labour.

There being no Indians at the Mission, I only spent one day there, and then returned to the encampment south of Carlton, so Mrs. Hines was practically left alone at the Mission, as during the daytime both David and the new teacher were busy among the hay. I remained some days at the camp before the commissioner arrived and stayed some days before the treaty was completed. I had open-air services among the Indians at different times, and on one occasion I was fortunate in securing the services of the commissioner's interpreter, and on that occasion I preached to the Indians from the 7th and 8th verses of the 4th chapter of Paul's Epistle to the Philippians.

The treaty being concluded satisfactorily to nearly all parties, certainly to all those who were responsible for its terms, the commissioner went to Battleford to meet other Indians there.

But, before leaving, he complimented Star Blanket and Big Child for the wisdom and reasonableness of their terms, saying he should adhere to those terms in any further treaties he might make with the Indians of the West. I have hinted that some of the Indians were dissatisfied with the terms of the treaty; what they wanted was a large sum of money down, besides an annuity. They cared nothing about receiving help from the Government in the shape of cattle, farm implements and things of that nature; many of them had no intention of becoming agriculturists at that time, and saw no use for such things, but the chiefs named had been told, and shown the use of farming, and they realised that their only hope for existence lay in becoming farmers.

I have not before me a list of the items mentioned in the

treaty, but the principal ~~aspects~~ were these: each chief had the privilege of choosing any part of the country he wished to settle upon with his followers. The amount of land granted to each band was to be governed by the number of Indians belonging to the band, and the provision called for 640 acres, or one mile square, for every five heads. For instance, if a chief represented 500 people, little and big, his reserve would include 100 square miles of country. They were not obliged to take the land in any particular shape; they could take it any length or width they liked, provided the boundary lines did not include more land than they were entitled to. The Government also pledged itself to pay every chief five pounds a year, and each of his four councillors three pounds, and every other man, woman and child one pound, and these annuities were to continue so long as the "sun shone and the river flowed." All deaths were to be recorded for the purpose of removing their names from the list of payees, as well as all births to be added to the list each year. It is from these official documents that the census of the Indian population is taken, and from which it is known whether the Indians are on the increase or otherwise. They were also promised a certain number of work-oxen, cows, farm implements of all kinds such as were used at an early date, with seed grain and provisions to a reasonable extent for a limited number of years. The chiefs were also promised that as soon as their people desired to have their children taught, and the number of children was such as to justify a school being maintained on a reserve, the Government would make a grant of £60 per annum towards the teacher's salary and it also stipulated that the choice of such teachers should be left with the Church whose agents were doing missionary work on any particular reserve.

They were also promised an annual supply of net twine, and ammunition for hunting purposes; all these promises have not only been honourably kept by the Government but

very much more has been given to the Indians than they were entitled to by treaty rights. The reason for this liberality on the part of the Government was the sudden failure of the buffalo. When the treaty was made it was thought that the buffalo might last for a number of years, and so the Indians would continue, partially at least, to live by the chase, but owing to a sickness technically called the mange, which made its appearance in the country about the winter of 1877-8, which attacked both the buffalo and the Indian ponies, and as all their hair came off, many of them died from the effects of the cold as well as from the sickness itself. Some of the Indians lost heavily, Star Blanket's brother lost every pony he possessed, ten in all, and the poverty of the Indians for two or three years was most deplorable. Many of the Indians had not yet begun to do any farming and these suffered most, even my own Indians were driven to great straits, for whilst they had a few bushels of wheat, many of them did not possess a horse with which to take their grist to the only mill in the country, which by the way, at that time was one hundred miles from Sandy Lake. This is how they used the wheat, they roasted it whole in a frying pan, and ate it as though one might eat roasted coffee. It was exceedingly dry, and not being accustomed to a farinaceous diet, their constitutions suffered and consumption became very prevalent, and the decrease in the Indian population for a few years was very rapid. I have seen my Indians take their ponies, dying from the effects of the mange, kill them and boil their bones in order to get a little fat, with which to grease the wheat, when roasting, in order to make it more digestible. Those were trying times for the missionary, as well as for his people; parsons in the West at the present time can form no conception of the life and privations of a missionary at that time. Perhaps I may be pardoned for saying it, but many a time when starving Indians have called at our house to see us, my wife and I have felt compelled to share our scanty meal

with them and very often these hungry Indians, after taking two or three mouthfuls of food would ask for a piece of paper to wrap the rest in, and when we have remarked they did not eat like hungry people, they replied, "We are very hungry, but so are our wives and children, and we wish them to have a taste of food too."

I know such consideration on the part of an Indian for his family is not credited by some people; but those people speak from imagination, I speak from personal knowledge.

I have often seen depicted in books an Indian family on the trail. The man was represented as walking in advance, carrying only his gun, and the woman following after with her infant child on her back, and drawing a flat sleigh behind her with another child wrapped up in blankets riding on the sleigh, besides other belongings such as a kettle, frying pan, etc., and people have gathered from such pictures that the woman is the man's beast of burden, and that he is indifferent to the comforts of his wife and family. But this impression in the majority of cases is quite erroneous, for instance, when a family such as described above starts on a journey, they invariably have very little food with them, perhaps scarcely enough for one meal, and the journey they are undertaking will occupy some days. It is therefore obvious that they will depend for food on what the man can shoot as they journey along; but what chance will he have of shooting anything if he keeps to the beaten trail, which often leads across lakes of considerable size? The answer is, none whatever. Therefore what is done is this. The woman keeps to the beaten path across the ice with her children, etc., and the man leaves the trail and follows the shore, keeping near to the woods, and in this way he hopes to shoot a partridge or two or a few rabbits, and if fortunate, he may track a larger animal and succeed in killing it. Before he separated from his family, they arranged a meeting place, where, whoever reached there first would wait for the other. If the

woman arrived first she would kindle a fire and commence melting snow to obtain water with which to make some tea if they were fortunate enough to have any, and also to cook the flesh it was hoped her husband would bring. If he was successful, there was general rejoicing among the family, but if unsuccessful, there was quiet submission to the irony of fate among those of intelligence, but the little ones would be heard crying for food, and it was this plaintive wailing of the children for something he had not to give that touched the heart of the Indian father more than any hardships he might be called upon to bear himself, and it was for their sakes that the father travelled miles out of his way among the loose snow, and the mother was contented to carry her burden, and draw her sleigh!

There may have been and undoubtedly were, exceptional cases among the Indians (just as there are among white people), who cared little what their families suffered, provided they got through life easily themselves, but the generality of Indian men I have come across were just as ready to bear their share of the burden of life as the women, in fact their willingness was mutual.

I have also heard some very unjust remarks made about the Indians by white people who, if they had known better, would have refrained from making them. For instance, during the Saskatchewan rebellion of 1885, a number of young men in the city of Toronto volunteered for service in the West, and during their brief stay there they saw a few Indians, the weaklings of their nation, who had not the strength of character required to resist the temptations of the designing pale-faces. These they saw loafing about the saloons in the different towns they visited, and when they returned to Toronto they told their friends about these Indians, saying they were fair samples of the Indians as a whole. As many of these young men were well connected, their evil report materially interfered with our work, namely—

those ladies and others who had helped us in our Indian work by gifts of clothing, etc., began to show signs of failing interest. It so happened that I had occasion to pay a visit to the cities in the Eastern provinces about that time, and one of the clergymen for whom I preached had two sons who had been to the West as volunteers, and they among others had brought home this evil report. As we walked home from church together he said, "Your report of the Indians this morning differs very much from the report brought home by the volunteers, and as there will be two at the table with us to-day, I shall be glad if you will listen to their statements and correct them if they are false." So, whilst at dinner, they were asked to tell what they knew about the Indians. They repeated what I have already said, but admitted that they had not seen very many of such Indians themselves, and they also said they had not been out to any of the reservations where the Indians lived and where the missionaries were at work. "But," I said, "you are reported as having either said, or the way you told your story led your hearers to understand, that the drunken Indians you saw were fair specimens of the whole and I appeal to those present if such was not the case," and my host admitted that such was the impression they had received. "Well then, that being so, you have been guilty of a great injustice, not only to the Indian race, but also to the missionary cause. In the first place, I shall not attempt to deny your statement about the few you saw, because I know there are a few Indians from every tribe who suffer themselves to be led away by white people, and give way to excessive drinking, but we read in St. Matthew's Gospel, xviii., 7th verse, 'Woe unto the man by whom the offence cometh.' Let me ask you who is the cause of these Indians offending, and upon what do they get drunk? Is it not stuff manufactured, imported and sold to them by the white man? And to speak more plainly, not only for money is it sold to them but in certain cases for what is of more

value than money, the souls and bodies of the Indian maidens? You of course during your short stay in the country could not be expected to learn all these things, and the people with whom you associated, if they knew of them, perhaps would not care to speak to you about them; but what I do blame you for is for making such sweeping assertions knowing so little about the facts as you do. I saw only yesterday (Saturday) about 2 p.m., on my way to the Polson Iron Works, in crossing Front Street, four women and three men, well dressed, probably factory hands, staggering about the street, almost too drunk to tell which way they were going, and their language was vulgar in the extreme. Now, if, on my return to my Indians in the Saskatchewan, I related this incident to them, and in such a way as to give them the impression that these four women and three men were a fair sample of all the people in Toronto, should I be doing justice to the people of this fair city; or, to make it more personal, should I be doing justice to the people who worshipped with us this morning in your father's church? I am sure I should not, and I am equally sure that by spreading such reports about the Indians as you appear to have done, you have most unjustly wronged the Indians, and cast a slur upon missionary work."

To counterbalance the weak-nature of some of the Indians referred to by the volunteers, I will relate here a fact which happened some years before I entered the country. At that period liquor used to be smuggled into the North-West territories by the American traders for the purpose of barter. These traders knew from experience among Indians on their own side of the border line, that the natives fell a ready prey to the "Firewater" (intoxicating liquor), and, when under its influence, would part with their last robe, or even their swiftest horse, just for one more drink, and so for the sake of gain they tried the same thing on with the Canadian Indians. The H.B. Company, in order to compete with these rival traders had to fight them with their own weapons and so

took to selling liquor. Well, this went on for a number of years, and the Indians became very much demoralised, and the majority appeared utterly incapable of reforming themselves. They not only impoverished themselves and their families, but they did many cruel deeds whilst under the influence of liquor, which made them feel ashamed when sober. So Star Blanket and Big Child, before I knew them, held a council at which it was decided to petition the Government of Canada to prohibit the sale of intoxicating drinks in the Indian country. This petition was drawn up I was told by my friend the chief factor, and forwarded to Ottawa, and the Indians' prayer was granted, and this was the origin, known to a comparative few, of the Prohibition law in Western Canada, a territory which included all that part west of Manitoba and east of the summit of the Rocky Mountains, and from the divisional line dividing the U.S.A. from Canada to the North Pole, including Hudson's Bay. Of course it was only to be expected that owing to the great area under Prohibition and the number of ways and means for getting liquor into the prescribed district, the traffic would not be altogether stopped for a few years, and in order to enforce the law, a company known as the North-West Mounted Police was inaugurated and despatched to the West to police the country. But my object in relating these facts is that my readers may understand there were Indians in their natural state who possessed both character and powers of discernment, and who could exercise them to good effect. I need hardly say, that the once proscribed area is now deluged with intoxicants, for just as soon as our modern civilisation entered the country, petition after petition was forwarded to Ottawa, and the Government had no peace until the old law was abolished and the free importation of liquor allowed. The statutory law still prohibits the sale or giving of liquor to an Indian, as, according to the treaty, the Indian is a ward of the Government, and a minor in the eyes of the law; but I much regret

to have to relate that this law is only very feebly enforced, and those Indians who wish for intoxicants can and do get them, as often as they choose. Indians who have been tried and fined by magistrates for having liquor in their possession, knew the said magistrates drank more gallons than they did gills, and so found it hard to reconcile law with justice, and I believe certain magistrates in passing judgment on the Indians were not altogether insensible to their own guilt, and realised the voice of conscience saying to them, "Physician, heal thyself!"

But I find myself again speaking of events in their wrong order as to time, and I must return to what took place immediately after the treaty was made.

THE EFFECT OF THE TREATY ON OUR MISSIONARY WORK

Some of the Indians went at once to the plains to make their autumn hunt, and others returned to the Mission to make hay and gather in their crops, and our day school was reopened. Big Child and many of his followers went to the plains, and whilst there discussed their future location with his sons-in-law, and others, and they all advised him to take a separate reserve and not form one Mission by settling at Sandy Lake. So when the Chief and his party returned in the autumn, they halted at Snake Plain, and sent for me to meet them there and look over the country with them. I complied with his request and we all made an elaborate inspection. The soil I found to be even better than the soil at Sandy Lake, and hay marshes were abundant, but timber for building purposes, and fishing lakes were conspicuous by their absence; yet, notwithstanding this, they decided to make their future home there. They then came on to Sandy Lake to gather in their potatoes and stack their grain, and some of the band remained at the Mission that winter, but the Chief and some of his party returned to Snake Plain. The result of this move

was, I had two Missions to look after instead of one, which also necessitated the employment of two school teachers. The young native school teacher again spent the winter with Big Child, and the young Englishman I brought out from Winnipeg taught the school at Sandy Lake. In addition to keeping the two day schools going, it meant that regular Sunday services would have to be provided at both places, but as by this time I could manage fairly well without an interpreter, either David or I went as often as we could to Snake Plain.

During the early part of this winter, the Indians at Sandy Lake erected a large log building which served the double purpose of school and church. The walls were made with round logs and the roof was covered in with sods, but as it was built by the Indians at their own charges, one did not feel inclined to find fault, either with its design or workmanship. This building did duty for three years. At the end of my second year in the Mission, I had only spent about £3 of the grant made by the Society for the purpose of erecting mission buildings. The reason why I was not in a hurry to erect substantial mission buildings was, that I was waiting until the Government surveyor had been sent out and had located the reserves, and then I should feel sure that the locations we had selected would be inside the limits of the survey, and so permanently secured to the Indians. Being released from the work of school teaching, except from giving the Scripture lessons, I used to go from house to house and tent to tent with my chalk and blackboard teaching the young men and women, in fact any who were willing to learn, the syllabic characters, and it is surprising how quickly many of them learned to read.

Perhaps the most apt pupil I had was Peter Ka-Ka-soo. He became so efficient that the winter after he was baptised he volunteered to teach the characters to his fellow countrymen when out hunting together in the woods. He did it in

this way. When he and the others pitched off for two or three weeks at a time to hunt the fur-bearing animals, they lived in a tent in the woods, and during the long winter evenings the men with Peter used to sit around the tent, a fire blazing in the centre, and with the use of a small blackboard, Peter taught them the Cree syllabic alphabet. When his pupils had learned the signs fairly well, he would come to me for any pieces of blank white paper I could find, and short pieces of lead pencils, and these he distributed among his class as they sat around the tent fire. He would then write a short note and hand it to them, and having read it, they would each write him an answer with the materials he had given them, and they all became so interested in making the "paper speak" as they called it, that sometimes the morning star would appear above the horizon before they fell asleep.

Before starting for the plains the following spring, Peter asked me to allow him to take some hymn books and a few copies of daily family prayers with him, so that he could keep our own people in constant touch with religion, for, he said, they will need it, as all those they will meet on the plains will be heathen, and they may be tempted to join their heathen friends in their pagan ceremonies. I was very much pleased with his suggestion and obtained some of the books he required from Archdeacon McKay. When those Indians who had gone out with Peter had returned, I learned from them what he had done. They said, "We all rested on the Sunday, we did not hunt or do any unnecessary work, this our heathen friends found strange; then at stated times in the evening we used to congregate together and sing hymns, and Peter would read some of the verses and prayers you had marked for him. The singing used to attract the other Indians around us and they wanted to see the paper that spoke such fine words, and when they had become interested, Peter used to get into one of the empty carts and tell them about the Great Spirit and His Crucified Son, and what it was to be a

Christian. Most of them were glad to hear such nice words and handled the paper that spake the Indian language, and they agreed that it was 'truly wonderful' (*Tapwā-Mamus-kach*). This kind of work Peter did every time he went to the plains, and he only ceased going there when the buffalo became exterminated. And so it came to pass that within three years of the commencement of my work at Sandy Lake, one of my converts, the first man I baptised, had become an evangelist, and many a heathen heard the good news from Peter's lips for the first time, and some never heard it from any other lips but his. What impressions were made in the minds and hearts of those who heard him, the Judgment Day alone can reveal, but may we not hope that when Christ comes to gather up His own, that Peter will be there and some at least of those to whom he spake of the Saviour's love.

About the time of which I am now writing, events were taking place on the continent of Europe that greatly agitated my Indians, especially those belonging to Big Child's band. It had reference to the Turko-Russian War, and more particularly to that feature of it when the British fleet was ordered to approach Constantinople. We only had an occasional mail at that time, and it appeared that since my last visit to Snake Plain, the news had arrived at Carlton (our nearest post office), and contained reports of which I will write. A few days before my arrival the French half-breed traders had brought the news to Big Child's camp, that England was going to war with Russia, and there was very little doubt about the British being conquered. The illiterate French half-breeds of that day were always glad to be able to say something disparaging about England and the English people. It is thought by some that this feeling of antagonism to the British on the part of the French Canadian is rapidly disappearing, and I sincerely hope it is, though, personally, I have my doubts about it, so far as it refers to the half-breed

class of French in the West, who are very illiterate, and depend for their outside news upon their spiritual advisers.

Well, when I paid my visit, I found the people intensely anxious to see me and to hear my opinions upon the subject in question. The Chief asked me, "If the English and Russians went to war with each other, did I think there was a chance of the Queen's forces being defeated?" I replied, saying, "The Russians were powerful inasmuch as they were very numerous, and it was possible they might prove too strong for the British!" "What!" said the Chief, "We were not surprised to hear what the French traders said about the English being overcome, but we are very much surprised to hear you express doubt about the success of the Queen's forces." I asked him "Why?" "Why," he said, "you have come all the way from England to teach us to pray, and we do pray every Sunday at least, that our Queen may vanquish and overcome all her enemies, and you tell us that God hears and answers prayer, and now, when your faith is put to the test you express a doubt about it. You stand before me and my people self-condemned." In order to recover myself from such a false position as I was supposed to occupy, I had to explain to them that there were such things as national sins and national punishments; I referred them to what I had already taught them from God's book about His dealings with the Jews; how that so long as they remained true and faithful to Him, one man could chase a thousand, but when they turned their backs upon God, and forsook His laws, He allowed their heathen neighbours to capture their land and rule over them; and so it may be still, if God sees that England is a nation requiring punishment, He can use the Russians for that purpose, but our duty is to pray fervently that God will look graciously upon our nation, and in the event of war, He will avert such a calamity.

The Chief thanked me for my explanation, adding they had much yet to learn, and turning to his people said that

was one reason why he was reluctant to leave Sandy Lake, because when there the missionary was always at hand to give them advice or medicine when they needed it, but having removed to Snake Plain they had deprived themselves of such frequent favours.

I had felt all along that the Chief had been influenced by some one to leave Sandy Lake, or rather the Mission, against his will. This will be further explained later on. I might add here that the Chief was not baptised when the above conversation took place, for he, like several others, was a polygamist at the time. I was not allowed to baptise any man living with two wives, but I could baptise the two women, as rather than exceeding the orthodox number of husbands they were contented to share one between them. I always encouraged the Indians who lived with more than one wife to attend the services and send their children to school; and by and by; when God showed them what to do, I felt sure He would make them willing to do it. The reason why we felt bound to act considerately towards such people, was, they had taken these wives before they had heard of the law among Christians, and they had raised families by them both, and to bring pressure upon them, to make them put away one woman and her family was what we found hard and unreasonable, and so I gave them the same privileges as the others, as far as the law would allow me.

CHAPTER VIII

II.—MISSIONARY LIFE AT SANDY LAKE (*Continued*)

Many of my best Indians were men who had two families, and they have told me time and again that before they had heard about Christianity they could have cast off one or even both their wives, with their children, without the least compunction, but Christian teaching had given them another heart; it had made them love their wives and their little ones, and to cut them off and cast them adrift would be like cutting off a part of themselves. I could, of course, have told them about the "Right eye, and right hand," but thought it wiser to leave them to the guidance of the Holy Spirit, who, without a single exception, did all things well. In the case of the Chief, his wives were sisters, and the younger was over fifty years of age at the time of which I am writing, and the children of both families were grown up. The elder sister was nearly past doing work of any-kind, and it was thought among themselves that the younger of the two was the better able to attend to her husband, so the daughters of the elder sister made arrangements to take their mother into their homes and keep her, and so the matter was amicably arranged among themselves.

This is what took place in every case that came under my notice, and in a few years there were no polygamists among them. There was no definite rule as to which wife should be retained—sometimes it was the elder, and sometimes the

younger. It all depended upon which woman had the greatest number of small children depending upon her, and this was the one common sense told them had the greatest claim upon the husband.

It did not mean that because an Indian woman left her husband that he ceased to take any more interest in his divorced family; not in the least. He still remained a father to his children, which did not altogether end when the woman got married again.

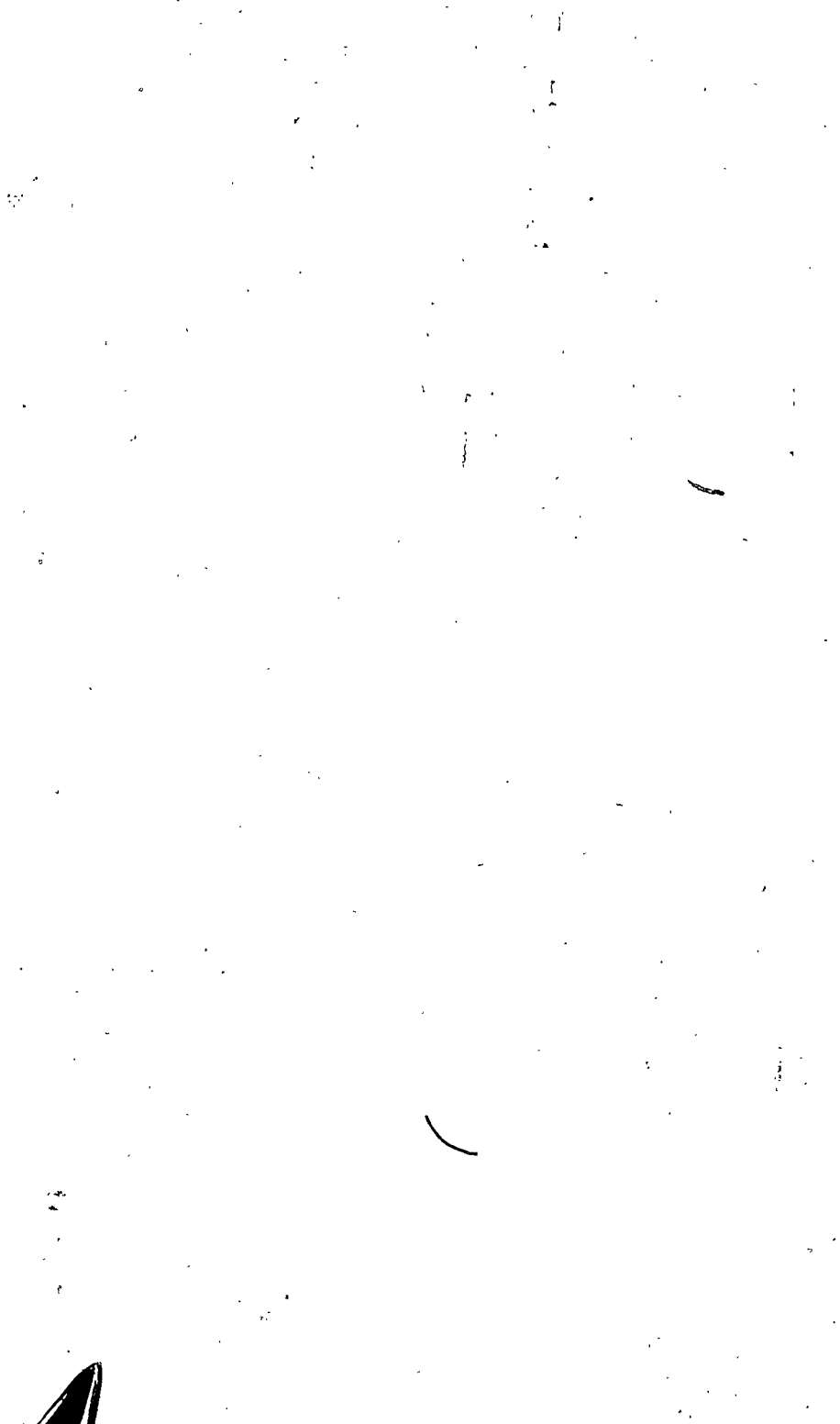
About this time I had quite a strange experience, one which I think may be described as almost unique among the clergy. It was this. One of my Indians at Sandy Lake paid me a visit, and remained rather longer than I thought was necessary, considering the conversation that passed between us, but I felt sure he had some object in staying so long, and, in order to help him unburden his mind, I suggested that if he had nothing more to say he had better be going, as I could not spare him any more of my time. He said he had come to see me on some very important business. Then I replied, "Proceed to business at once." "Well," he said, "it is about six months since my wife died, and, just before she left me, she said in the presence of witnesses that, if I remained single until the following spring, I was to get married again, and, as the leaves are already big on the trees, I have come to see you and hear what you have to say about this." "Well," I said, "it seems rather soon to take another wife, but there is no law to forbid you doing so, and knowing how you are situated with no one to look after your little children, it might be wise to do as your wife said, provided you can find the right sort of woman for your wife." "I thank you," he said, "for the information you have given me. I wanted to know if I was at liberty to marry or not," and again there was silence that seemed to speak louder than words. I said, "Have you anything further to say?" "Yes," he replied, "I want you to select a wife for me." "Why," I said, "I,

should not care to undertake such a responsibility, for if I named a woman and you married her and afterwards she did not please you, you would most likely blame me in some way or other for your unhappiness." "No, I should not," he said. Then I said, "In the first place I do not know whether you want to marry an old woman or a young woman, and I must have something to guide me in making a selection." "Well," he said, "I do not want to be troubled with an old woman, and I do not suppose a young woman would care to be troubled with me; I want a woman about my own age." I was more than pleased with his remarks, and thought they savoured of much premeditated thought, so, knowing a widow woman about his own age, whom I had noticed taking great interest in his bereaved children, I mentioned her name as being a suitable person. "Ah!" he said, "I knew you were always guided by the Great Spirit in all you undertake; that is the very woman I have been thinking about, and how could you have known this, unless the Great Spirit had guided your judgment?" "Well," I replied, "I am glad that you look at it in that way; now you had better go and propose to her." "No," said he, "I cannot do that. If I knew she would say 'Yes,' I should go, but she might say 'No,' and Indians never like to have their petitions rejected when they go on business of that nature."

Then I asked him what he intended doing. "Why, sir," he said, "I want you to propose for me!" Well, I was in a fix! but having yielded so far to his request, I felt bound in some way to go on to the end. So having obtained my wife's permission, I called on the widow at my earliest convenience and explained matters to her, taking great pains to make her understand I was proposing for the other fellow, and not for myself. Yes, I assure you, necessity was laid upon me to do this, because, as I have said, men in those early days did have two wives, and she might think I had some sinister motive in speaking to her about the subject



TAKING GREAT PAINS TO MAKE HER UNDERSTAND I WAS PROPOSING FOR
THE OTHER FELLOW AND NOT FOR MYSELF: (p. 160.)



of matrimony. My mission was successful, and in due course they were lawfully married, and the union proved a happy one. Before leaving this subject I would like to ask any of my clerical readers if any of their parishioners ever had such implicit confidence in their judgment and tact as to trust them with negotiations of such a delicate nature as this one entrusted to me?

The work of the Mission at Sandy Lake went on apace. In addition to day school and regular Sunday services, we had a week-night prayer-meeting, at which hymns were taught and sung, and I had a night school for adults, at which geography was largely taught. The old people, though unable to read, were greatly interested in looking over the map of the world and comparing the size of one country with another, and the area of the land generally with that of the water.

One of the councillors was very much disappointed with the size of the British Isles; he had formed an idea that, as the power and wealth of Great Britain were everywhere spoken of, the country must necessarily be very large, and it was some time before he could be made to realise that the England he saw on the map was the home of the Great Queen. After looking seriously at the great expanse of water lying between the continent of America and England, without an island to serve as a landmark to navigators, he said, "The men who navigate the ships that sail from this country to England must be very wise men." "Yes," I said, "but what makes you say so?" "Because," he said, "it seems so wonderful to me that they do not sail right past England without seeing it." I thought there was a good deal of irony in his remarks, though quite unintentional on his part, for, after studying the map for some time, looking at the colours in different parts of the world which indicated the British possessions, the conclusion he came to was that England was not only the home of the Great Queen, but it must also be the home of

Ke-che-Mun-ne-to (the Great Spirit). I told him that God dwelt in the hearts of His faithful people in every land, and as there were a large number of people in Great Britain who really loved and served God, I had no doubt it was for their sakes and in answer to their prayers that He was pleased to bless our nation with prosperity, and extend our opportunities for greater usefulness by increasing our possessions, and he quite agreed with me that it was so!

One thing very greatly puzzled them and which they found hard to believe, and that was the rotation of the earth on its axis, or even that the world is a globe. They naturally thought the world was flat and rested upon something, and when I showed them that its globular shape was proven by the fact that vessels starting from the same place and sailing in opposite directions, after due time met on the opposite side. This, I explained, would not take place if the world was flat, for then the longer the vessels continued to sail without altering their course, the farther apart they would get. This they appeared to understand, and some of them agreed that if what I told them was true about the vessels meeting on the other side, the world must be round. But one old man could not reconcile this fact with the action of the water, for, according to my theory, he said, the lakes and rivers would be empty once in twenty-four hours, and people would not be able to stand, but would be found lying on the ground clinging to something to hold themselves from falling off the earth! I then tried to explain to him the action of the two forces centrifugal and centripetal, but either my Cree vocabulary was not sufficiently large, or his powers of conception were not equal to taking in what I said, but he became, as he thought, suddenly inspired with an idea, which, if put in action, would surely convince me that the earth was flat and stationary. So he filled a small pail with water and placed it on the top of my gate-post, saying, "You see that? Now, if the earth turns round as you say, in a short time

the water will begin to spill over the side, and before morning the pail will fall off the post." I asked him if he thought it was impossible to turn the pail over without spilling the water? "Certainly," he said. I then took hold of the handle, and, swinging the pail rapidly over my head a number of times, I put it on the ground to let him see the water had not diminished. He at once exclaimed, "I can do that." "Certainly," I said, "but can you tell me why the water did not spill when the pail was bottom upwards?" "Yes," replied he, "it moved so fast that the water had no time to fall out." "That is only partly true," I said. "Now, supposing it was possible to move the pail in a straight line with its bottom upwards a hundred times faster than I made it spin over my head, would the water keep in then?" And after a few moments silence, he said he did not think it would. "Quite right, and the reason why the water would not keep in under such conditions is the forces that I spoke about could not operate properly. Now, in swinging the pail round and round the tendency was to throw the water away from me; this force is called centrifugal, but, in the case of the pail, the bottom kept the water from spilling out." "But," he said, "there is no such bottom or cover to the rivers and lakes to keep the water from being thrown out of them." "Yes," said I, "there is, only it is invisible." "What is it?" he said. "It is the atmosphere that surrounds our globe and presses on the surface, and the swifter the rotation the greater the resisting pressure and this is called centripetal, and Ke-che-Mun-ne-to has made these two forces so as one shall counteract the other, and so we are kept steadily on the globe, notwithstanding that we move round so rapidly." The poor old Indian bent his head, a sign of reverence, and said, "Ke-che-Mun-ne-to Tap-wa" (Truly God is great), and so the work of enlightening the Indians went on from day to day, and the object we had in view was the glory of God.

The Indians at Big Child's camp were also improving in

knowledge, and many there, too, were already baptised, but, of course, living twenty odd miles away from the central part of the Mission, they could not receive so much attention as those at hand. Big Child excelled all the other Indians in his enthusiasm for hymn-singing; he was too old to learn to read, but he had no difficulty in committing the words to memory, and when he sang, he sang as unto the Lord, making melody in his heart, and, having said this, I have said all. He had a tremendous voice which got beyond his control several times in each verse, and personally I found it difficult to keep to the tune if he happened to be singing anywhere near me. But our work did not end even here. Another chief and his followers, living seventy-five miles north of Sandy Lake, had also heard of our doings and had paid us several visits, and pressed me to visit them occasionally at Stony Lake, the place where they resided. This I did in winter, but there was no summer road cut for a conveyance, and so I could not go in summer, even if I had possessed the time. On one occasion the Chief and about seven or eight, of his men arrived at the mission just as we were beginning to seed our land, and they expressed a wish to be able to do as the Sandy Lake people were doing. "Well," I said, "you are on your way to Carlton to trade your furs; I will send a note by you to the H. B. Company's chief factor, who is giving out supplies to the Indians for the Government, until such time as special agents are appointed, and I will ask him to give you as many potatoes as you can manage to carry on your backs, as far as Big Child's (thirty-two miles), and David, who is there with my oxen, helping the Indians to put in their seed, will put them in his wagon and bring them on here, and I will find a place in my field in which to plant the potatoes."

The Chief was as delighted as if he had already harvested a big crop, and so they started for Carlton. I do not know how it happened, but the chief factor gave them eight bushels

of potatoes, eight bushels of barley, one plough, one harrow, a set of whiffle-trees and a chest of carpenter's tools. This latter item in itself weighed two hundred pounds. (According to the articles of treaty each chief was to receive a chest of carpenter's tools, including a pit-saw.) In addition to the above, they received two hundred pounds of flour, fifty pounds of bacon, and a certain quantity of tea and sugar, to enable them to do their farming. The nature of the Indian is, if he is friendly disposed towards anyone, not to refuse anything that is offered to him by the other party; to refuse a thing so offered would be regarded among themselves as a sign of enmity, and so, following out the rules of their own etiquette, the chief accepted all that was offered to him without making the chief factor understand they were on foot, and had no beast of burden with them. Having ferried their goods across the river, they then became face to face with the difficulty of getting them to Big Child's. That they must carry them on their backs was certain, and it was equally certain they could not remove more than one-third of what they had at one time. The plan they finally adopted was this. They carried a load each, about a mile or so, and left it there, and then went back for another load, and, having deposited it with the first load, they made their final trip bringing up the remainder, and so they kept on until they had landed all their stuff at the place where David was working, and from there to Sandy Lake they were conveyed in my wagon. On their arrival at the Mission they told me that the chest of tools had given them most trouble, being too heavy for one man to carry by himself. They made a rope by twisting a number of young willows together and tied them round the box. They then inserted a pole under the willows, and, placing each end of the pole on a man's shoulder, they managed to carry it in that way. But even then, they said, it was difficult to carry, and their shoulders became sore from the swinging of the suspended load. Having arrived at the

Mission, they were anxious to proceed homewards, as they had already exceeded the time they had promised to be absent from their families, and they very much feared they would be in great straits as regards food, as they had not much to leave with them when they parted. In consideration of this fact, I arranged with them to remain one day at the Mission only, to plant their potatoes after the plough, and then go on to their families, and David and I would sow the barley for them after they had gone. I told them not to bother about coming down to hoe their potatoes during the summer, we would do that for them, but if they were successful in killing a few moose or deer during the summer, instead of doing nothing whilst the meat lasted, to commence cutting out a road for a conveyance between Stony Lake and the Mission. This they promised to do, and they kept their promise, and ever afterwards when they came to the Mission they brought either dried fish or deer's meat with them, and spent two or three days each time working at the road, and in due course they had so improved it that I could visit them during the summer months.

On my reporting to the Government what they had done, they gave them two yoke of oxen and a wagon to help them cultivate the land at Stony Lake. A few years after, owing to changes that took place at Big Child's, I built a school chapel at Stony Lake, wherein a day school and Sunday services were regularly held, and the teacher appointed to take charge of the work there, under my supervision, was one of my first scholars at Sandy Lake. He, too, in addition, to teaching school and taking Sunday services, received the appointment under Government to dispense simple medicines to the band, as well as show them how to farm, and his salary from the Government was, if I remember rightly, £80 per annum. This same Indian is school teacher and lay reader to the same band of Indians which, after amalgamating with another band, removed to Big White Fish Lake, where, it

will be remembered, I spent my first winter in the country, and he is there at the present time doing faithful service. Before passing on to something else, I might say that this same Indian, when about twenty years of age, taught one of the schools for settlers' children near Prince Albert, and he was afterwards sent 400 miles from his home to teach one of the Indian schools in the Pas district, and the Government Inspector, after examining his school, wrote to the Bishop of the diocese requesting more teachers of his ability and zeal. This man and his cousin, who also became a school teacher, were among my first pupils at Sandy Lake, and on one occasion, when all the rest of their friends, in response to an invitation to attend a feast at Devil's Lake, given by the old impostor and another heathen from Pelican Lake, accepted the invitation—not as they said to take part in the ceremony, but merely to have a good meal—these two boys refused to go, and hid themselves until the rest of the band had gone, and then they came into the forest where David and I were preparing logs for a permanent mission house, and when David asked them why they had not gone with their parents and friends, they said, "After what the missionary said to us on Sunday, we felt it would not be right to expose ourselves to the temptations of a heathen feast."

To return to the Stony Lake Indians, it is necessary to say that I had again to give up a few acres of mission land which I had intended to use myself, for sowing the barley the Indians had brought from Carlton, but the pleasure it gave them to feel they were actually beginning to be farmers was to me an ample reward.

That autumn we had a very good all-round crop, in fact, the amount of wheat and barley was such that we despaired of being able to beat it all out with sticks, so our thoughts went back across the ages to primitive times and people who were similarly situated as ourselves, and we studied their methods of beating out the corn. We decided to adopt one

of their methods, which we thought we could improve upon, that is, we decided to tread out our grain, but, instead of using the slow dirty ox, we proposed using our sprightly ponies, and instead of making a thrashing-floor on the ground, where a considerable amount of soil must unavoidably become mixed with the grain, we decided to make our floor on the ice, and this is how we made it. We went on to the lake and marked out a circle on the snow about thirty yards in diameter, and we then cut holes through the ice along the circle about fourteen feet apart, and, when these were made, we placed two posts or pickets in each hole, and, holding these in an upright position, with a block of wood between each two, to keep them a certain distance apart, we scraped the snow and loose ice into the hole with our feet until the pickets would stand alone, and then we went on to the next hole and did likewise, and after one night's frost the pickets stood as firm as growing trees. The next morning we hauled some fence poles to the place and began to build a fence around the circle by placing one end of a pole between one pair of pickets, and the other end between the next pair, and, starting from the ice, we kept on going round and round until the fence was about five feet high. We next set to work to shovel all the snow out of the circle, and swept the ice clean. We also built a small circle leading out of the larger one, but in this case we did not clean out the snow, as this was intended only for the horses to rest in whilst the men attended to the straw and grain, which will be understood as we proceed with our description. Having finished both the "corrals," we hauled the sheaves from the stacks to the thrashing-floor and placed them in position in this way—the butt end of one sheaf we placed against the fence poles, with the ears pointing towards the centre of the circle, and the next sheaf was placed opposite the last, but reversed, that is, with the ears overlapping the ears of the other sheaf, and so we went on, placing the sheaves close together until

we had completed the circle, and, having cut the bands, the time had arrived for putting our horse-power into action. So we opened the gate which connected the two corrals; and drove in the ponies, eight in all, and having guided their heads in one direction, we began driving them round—the fence on the one side and the slippery ice on the other kept the ponies from leaving the sheaves, and, much quicker than it takes to say how it was done, the horses had become accustomed to their work and trotted along as though in harness, and about twenty circles sufficed to tread out the grain from the upper part of the sheaves. We then drove back the ponies into the smaller circle to rest, whilst we turned over and shook up the straw, and, when this was done, the ponies were again turned in, and the trotting recommenced, and in an incredibly short time all the grain was trodden out. Again the horses were turned into the smaller circle and the men began shaking up the straw with their forks to allow the loose grain to fall out of the straw, and then the straw was thrown over the fence. Then fresh sheaves were brought and placed in position and the same method adopted. It took two large loads of sheaves to make a double course around the circle. When the grain, chaff and short straws got to be about six or eight inches deep, they were all shovelled into a heap in the centre, and in a few hours we had quite a large heap of such a mixture in the centre of the floor.

Those who have never tried to thrash grain in this way can scarcely believe how much can be done in one day, but the tedious part of the work still remained to be done, and that was to separate the grain from the chaff, etc. We had no machinery for such a purpose, so we had to do it by the help of the wind, and this necessitated our being exposed to a fifteen or twenty miles an hour wind, blowing across the face of a frozen lake, which, to say the least, was not very agreeable. Well, the next thing to be done was to make a sieve, which we did in this way. We took half a raw hide of a

domestic animal which had been killed for the winter supply of meat. An Indian woman removed the hair from the hide and made the skin into thick parchment. We then took some 1 in. by 9 in. boards and nailed them together, thus making a frame 4 ft. by 2½ ft. ; then, having soaked the parchment, we stretched it tightly across the frame, nailing it securely all round, and, as the parchment dried, it became very tight, and, when quite dry, I ruled lines on it lengthwise and crosswise about 1½ inches apart. I then went to my gun case and took out my wad cutter, and, having placed the sieve on a log with a level top, I proceeded to punch holes through the parchment where the lines I had ruled intersected each other. A sharp decisive blow made a clean cut in the parchment, and the holes were about five-eighths of an inch in diameter. We then nailed a short piece of wood to each side of the frame for handles, and our sieve was complete. We next made a hole in the ice away from the land to ensure our getting not only the full benefit of all the wind there might be at the time, but also to avoid an eddy in the current of air, as often happens near the shore. Having inserted a long pole in a slanting position, we connected the sieve to the top of this pole with a rope, and the machinery for cleaning the grain was complete. After the wheat was ready for grinding we had one hundred miles to haul it to the nearest grist-mill, the round journey occupying seven or eight days. Farming under these conditions was not very encouraging nor yet very profitable, but it became a work of necessity with us, and had to be done.

The Government surveyor arrived in due course (1878) and the two sites we had chosen for our reserves were officially defined and the permanent home of the Indians was established.

My wife and I having occupied my bachelor's quarters up to this time, I determined now to build a dwelling-house. Not only was our house a small one with no conveniences, but our

furniture was equally humble; the only chair we possessed was the one made by David, already referred to—the rest of us sat on empty packing cases; the only table we possessed was also home-made and was minus paint. The log walls of the house were chinked with mud and were very uneven. There was only one window in the house, and in order to lighten up the walls, we papered them with newspapers; but this papering soon added a disreputable appearance to our room from the fact that, the walls being uneven, the paper did not touch all over, and the slightest pressure on the hollow places caused the paper to break.

To ensure getting a well-built house, I engaged a carpenter from Prince Albert. This man was an excellent tradesman but so delicate that he was unable to do a fairly good day's work. But if the flesh was weak the mind was strong, and he refused to work for less than £12 per month and his board. The first business was to erect the frame of the building, which, by the way, was 22 feet by 16 feet, with upper rooms; this part of the work was done by David and the carpenter.

The next thing was to plane and edge the boards; this was very hard work, as the lumber had been badly sawn, and it took the carpenter a whole day to dress twelve boards. I had no building for the man to use as a carpenter's shop in which he could work and keep his material dry, so we constructed a bench on one side of the schoolroom, which it will be remembered also served as a church *pro tem.*, and he worked on one side of the building and I taught day school on the other side, as at that time I was without a teacher, the young Englishman having left Sandy Lake; and it was now that I got an insight into the mysteries of carpentry, for, whilst teaching the children, I kept an eye on my mechanic, and learned many things from him which I found useful in after life when erecting churches and schools in other parts of the diocese. It must be remembered that when I entered upon my missionary career I knew practically nothing about

carpentry or carpenter's tools, as the following will show. When David and I had completed our first little house at Big White Fish Lake, we took one of our carts to pieces in order to get boards with which to make the door, but these boards were neither planed nor edged, so in order to dress them I went to my tool chest and took out a set of plane irons, and finding them rather dull, we proceeded to grind them. David turned the stone and I took up one of the irons to grind, but my man, knowing more about such things than I did, said: "That is not the piece to grind, sir; that piece goes on the top and throws out the shavings—the other is the piece that cuts." "All right, Dâvid," I said, "but as this piece is rather rusty we will keep it on the stone long enough to polish it up, and then we will grind the other piece"; this I said more to conceal my ignorance than anything else, as I had no idea at that time which was the blade and which was not, though no doubt I should have found out as soon as I began putting them together.

My next mistake was made at Sandy Lake. Having made a board for use in the school, it was necessary to paint it black, but paint I had none; but I discovered that the people who supplied the chest of tools had put a small packet of lamp-black inside; how they intended me to use it I cannot say, but it occurred to me, however, that I could make a black paint with this by mixing it with oil.

The only oil I had with me was castor oil, which I had taken out for medicinal purposes, but as we should not require very much just for one small board, I decided to use it; so the process of mixing began, and, when thoroughly assimilated, I painted the board. The mixture gave the board a very glossy appearance and I put it in a shady place to dry. But for some reason or other my paint did not appear to dry in the least, so I put it outside so that the sun could shine upon it, but even then it would not dry, and so finally I brought it into the house and kept it close to the fire; but the hotter it

got, the greasier it became, and so by degrees I found out that there was more in paint oil than its name, and that castor oil would not do. I had then to scrape it all off and try mixing lampblack with paraffin oil, and although this combination lacked substance, it did dry, and we were able to make use of our blackboard.

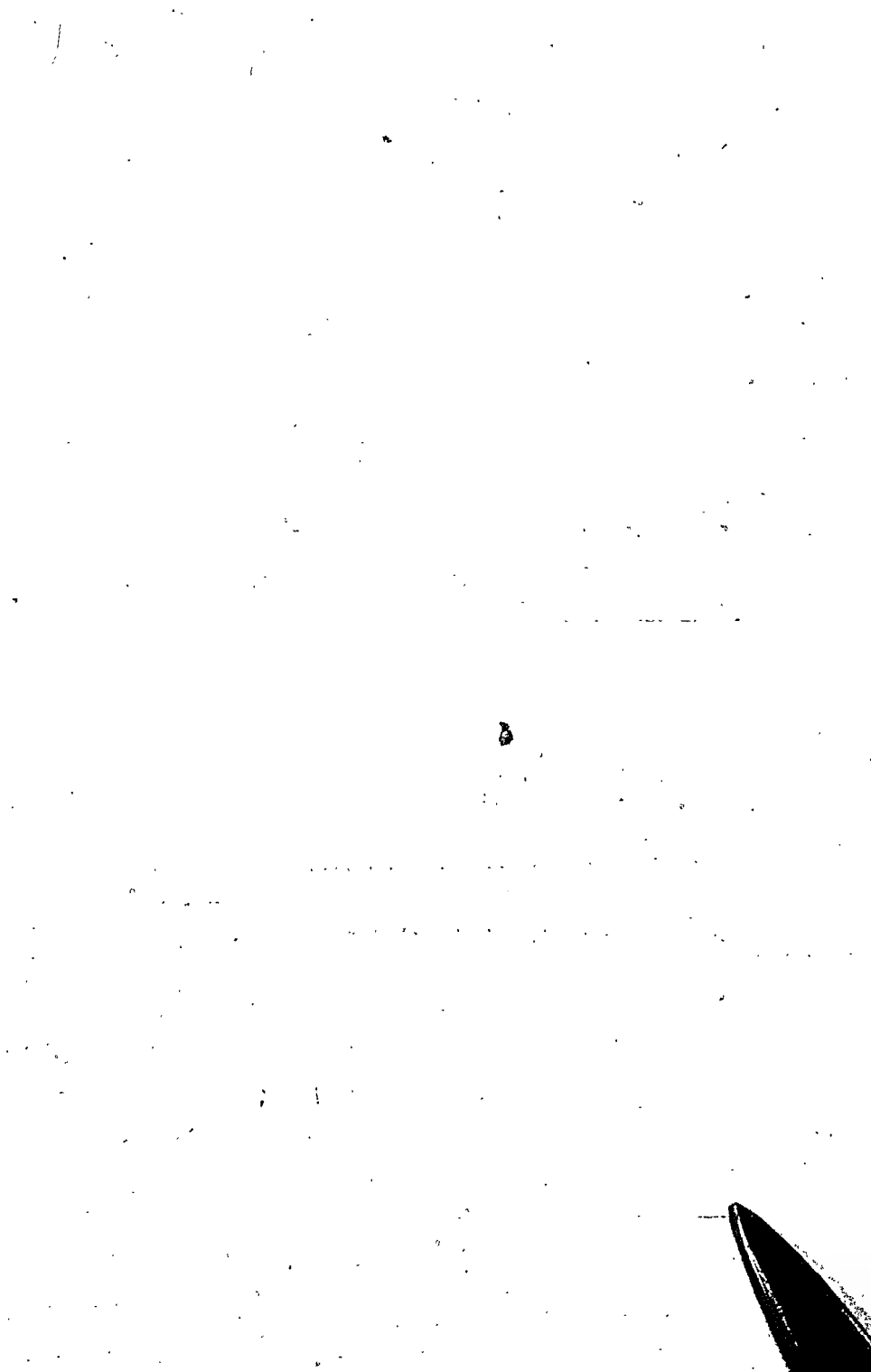
The school at Big Child's was now taught by a very energetic young man, a first cousin of the present Bishop of Rupert's Land. He did good work there, and the people liked him very well. The Indians at this mission felt the loss of the buffalo like those at Sandy Lake, and for a few years suffered from shortness of food, and I fear often troubled my co-worker with their constant importunities. Unfortunately, most of these Indians went to borrow, not liking the idea of begging, but unfortunately for my friend, they did not keep their promises about returning the equivalent in some shape or form. He would not have minded this in a few extreme cases, but when the business became pretty general, it was more than his exchequer could stand. So on the occasion of my next visit he told me of his difficulties. "Well," I said, "the psalm for next Sunday is the 37th, and the 21st verse speaks about borrowing and not paying back again." So I advised him when reading the psalm to emphasise the 21st verse, and see what effect it would have on his parishioners, and he promised to do so. The next time I visited his mission he told me that he not only emphasised the verse, but had been guilty of repeating it two or three times during the reading of the psalm! "Well," I said, "and what was the result?" He replied, "It was most satisfactory, for by noon on Monday there was only one Indian on the reserve who had not paid me back in full." It was therefore evident that they preferred to be in want, rather than be considered wicked.

This teacher remained with me two years. The first year he taught on Big Child's reserve, and the second at Sandy Lake, and I found him very obliging and willing to do anything

at any time to help on the work, and often in the cool of the evening he would go with me and help plough up some new land for a newcomer who had decided to settle at the Mission, and when the new house was in course of erection he helped considerably on the building; in fact in those early days missionary and teachers alike had no stipulated hours for work, but whatever our hands found to do regardless of time, we did it with a good will and with all our might.

During his two years service with me he received the call to give his life to the work of the ministry, and he left me to become a student at Emmanuel College, where he was soon after joined by the young Englishman who also served his first two years in the work with me at Sandy Lake. At the time of writing he is a Canon in the diocese of Saskatchewan, and if it is not presumption to rank myself among the seers, I should say he will in a few years be an Archdeacon. George, my first co-worker, was made an Archdeacon twenty-five years ago. A cousin of my friend, who read Psalm xxxvii. to advantage, followed him as teacher at Snake Plain, where he remained two or three years, and when he left me it was also to become a student at Emmanuel College, and after his ordination, found work in the Western States of U.S.A., where he has a mission at the present time.

The mission house at Sandy Lake being completed, my next work was to build a new Church, and I engaged another carpenter from Prince Albert to help me. But by this time I had become fairly efficient with the hammer and saw, and with David's assistance, which was nearly as good as that of an extra carpenter, we were not long in erecting this building. One thing aided us greatly in the construction of the Church, viz., a saw mill had recently been erected in Prince Albert, which not only made boards but dressed and finished them for whatever work they were required. To get possession of these, however, necessitated a journey of two hundred miles with oxen and wagons, but this was a mere item compared





ST. MARK'S CHURCH, SANDY LAKE. (p. 175.)



STOPPING-PLACE ON THE SANDY LAKE ROAD. (p. 175.)

with the trouble of getting them sawn and dressed by hand. The pattern of the seats was my own design, and all were made by David and myself. The Church being ready for use, we occupied it at once, though we had to wait some time before the Bishop could dedicate it. The delight of the Indians at having a new and proper Church in which to worship was evident in all their faces. At a meeting, held a day or two before the opening, to arrange about the sittings, the Indians decided of their own accord that the women folk should occupy the seats on one side of the aisle and the men folk on the other, and this is the practice in the Sandy Lake Church at the present time, that is, it was so two years ago.

Our Bishop's time was much taken up with raising funds for his diocese which took him much from home, so the dedication of the Church had to be postponed for some time, as also the taking of my priest's orders. This latter event took place on March 7th, 1880, and the following summer, if I remember rightly, the Bishop, with Archdeacon McKay, visited Sandy Lake, dedicated the Church and held the first Confirmation. In the absence of records, I cannot say positively how many partook of the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, but I think the number of confirmees was considerably over fifty, I think fifty-eight. This took place about four years after the Bishop's first visit, when he found me living in a single-roomed house, and no baptised Indians around me.

In giving a name to the Church I did not forget my promise made at New Jersey, the first Sunday we spent on the continent of America, and I called it "St. Mark's," after the name of the Church we worshipped in on that occasion. On the Monday following the dedication, etc., the Bishop held what in England would be called a reception.

Before writing a further account of the Bishop's visit, I thought it advisable to make a journey to the C.M.S. House, Salisbury Square, and search the records, to find, if possible,

the Bishop's own account of his visit, and I am glad to say that with the aid of the librarian, we found the report we were looking for, and I shall give it here *verbatim et literalim*. The Bishop's report can be found on page 566 of the *C.M. Intelligencer*, September, 1881, and is as follows:

"The Bishop of Saskatchewan has sent the following interesting journal of a visit lately paid by him to Asisippi:

"May 6th, 1881.—Started from Prince Albert in company with the Rev. Canon Mackay, C.M.S. Secretary. The same day we crossed the Saskatchewan at Carlton, and camped about a mile beyond the river.

"May 7th.—Continued our journey. About 3 p.m. we reached Snake Plain (Big Child's reserve). It is a very fine section of country, well wooded and watered, the soil being good and well adapted for farming. We had service in the chief's house—thirty persons present. I addressed them at some length, explaining the work that the C.M.S. had done among their brethren at Red River, Moose, Athabasca, and throughout Rupert's Land generally, and expressing my regret that in their anxiety to have a separate missionary stationed at Snake Plain, the chief and some of the people should have separated themselves from Mr. Hines' Mission, and invited a Presbyterian minister to come amongst them after all he had done for them. The service was conducted in Cree by Canon Mackay. I was much pleased to notice how heartily they joined in it.

"After service we left for Asisippi (Sandy Lake) which we reached the same night, and where we were hospitably entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Hines. The country through which we passed was very beautiful, and contains a great deal of good farming land. The reserve at Asisippi is well chosen, and possesses every natural advantage in the way of wood, water, and good soil, to render it a most desirable location for the Indians. The Mission buildings are excellent. The Church is a neat substantial edifice—just what I should call a

model Mission Church. It owes much of its neatness to the personal efforts of Mr. Hines, who did a great deal towards it with his own hands. The dwelling house is commodious and comfortable, strongly and neatly built, and likely to last for many years. I cannot help thinking that independently of the comfort of the missionary, it is a great point gained to have a neat and comfortable mission house. It becomes in some sort a model for the Indians. In the neat, tidy appearance of some of their small dwelling houses, I recognised the effect of the excellent example set before them by Mr. Hines.

"*Sunday, May 8th.*—Morning service in the Church (St. Mark's), at 10.30 a.m. The service was conducted in Cree by the Rev. Canon Mackay, and the Rev. Mr. Hines. I was pleased to notice the ease and clearness with which Mr. Hines read the service. He has mastered the language so well that he can now preach in it and converse with the people readily. My sermon was interpreted by the Rev. Canon Mackay. I then confirmed fifty-two persons, including 'Star Blanket,' the chief of the Asisippi Indians, and two of his councillors. Of these, eight were from the Snake Plain reserve, one being a councillor. The latter, an old man, walked the whole distance of twenty-five miles to be present at the service. In the afternoon there was a second service, when Canon Mackay preached, and Holy Communion was administered to twenty-eight persons. I stated that I would be glad to meet the heads of families in the School House on Monday.

"*May 9th.*—A meeting was held of the heads of families in the School House. There was a full attendance. I addressed them with special reference to the progress made at Asisippi, and the state of things at Snake Plain reserve. I pointed out that the fact of eight persons having come all the way from that reserve to Asisippi to be confirmed and to partake of Holy Communion, was a sufficient proof that they valued their connection with the Church of England Mission, and that, therefore, both Mr. Hines and myself felt that it would

be his duty to visit and exercise a pastoral charge over these members of the Church, and any others who might prefer remaining in connection with the C.M.S. Mission.

"I then invited any of the Indians present to narrate their experiences and give their views. The first who stood up was the councillor from Snake Plain. He said, 'I am much rejoiced at the prospect of the Mission being continued at the Snake Plain, I love the Church of England, her services, her teaching, and her Prayer Book. I never miss an opportunity of attending the Church at Asisippi for Holy Communion, though I travel twenty-five miles to do so.'

"The next speaker was 'Star Blanket,' the chief of the Asisippi Indians. He is a fine intelligent-looking old man, and has used his influence among the Indians in forwarding the work of the Mission. He said, 'I am glad to see you. My heart has been full of thankfulness these two days. I was once a poor heathen—ignorant of God. I heard the truth of the Gospel through Mr. Hines. For a time I was unsettled, but now I believe in the Saviour, and never have any desire to return to my old ways. In the old times I have camped on the very spot where the Church is now standing. I was then engaged in hunting or making war. I thank God for what I see to-day. I regard the building of the Mission as God's work, and the coming of the Bishop seems to be the completion of the work. The Indians of my band have the same thankful feelings as myself. With God's help I will give all the aid I can to the Mission as long as I have strength to sit up. I do not claim credit for turning my people to the Christian religion, it was their own work.'

"'Star Blanket' was followed by his brother, Jacob Susukwumos, a councillor. He said, 'I, too, am thankful for what I see to-day. I almost cried yesterday when I saw the Bishop and two clergymen in our Church. I have been not only a heathen, but a conjuror or medicine man. I knew every heathen superstition; I paid to be taught all the

mysteries. God has seen fit to change my mind, and I am now a Christian. The change must have come from God—it could not have come from myself. God showed me that I was in the power of the evil one, and that I could only escape by coming to Jesus. Both I, and the others here, were brought to the Saviour by God's blessing on the teaching of Mr. Hines. I heard in Church yesterday that heathen superstitions were crumbling away, and that Christianity is growing and spreading. I believe this is true. I am thankful to see the Church completed and the mission growing so strong. I remember that in my heathen days I once camped with my wife and child on the very spot where the Church door now is. I felt very lonely—just like a beast, for I knew not God. I little thought then, though no doubt God had ordained it, that in the very place where I sat, the Church would be built, and that my wife would be the first buried there. She was then, like myself, a poor heathen, but before she died she was brought to Jesus, and was a baptised member of His Church. Her favourite hymn during her last illness was :

“Alas! and did my Saviour bleed,
And did my Sovereign die?”

“When he had finished Peter Kakasoo (the hider) rose and said, ‘From the first time I heard the Gospel I believed it and tried to follow it. My constant effort has been to help the progress of the work. I hope we shall receive a supply of Cree prayer books in the syllabic character. They are much wanted in the mission.’

“On inquiry I found that this Indian was the first man baptised at Asisippi by Mr. Hines; that he then became a Scripture reader to the Indians in the plains, and that he has been a great help to Mr. Hines.

“The chief ‘Star Blanket’ now spoke again. He said, ‘While I was still a heathen some of my children were baptised by a Roman Catholic priest. I was away on the warpath

when the priest came to my tent and baptised my two children. My wife told me of it on my return. From time to time the priest came to my ~~camp~~, and baptised one after another of my children. I, myself, was never at home when he came, and both my wife and myself remained heathen. My children as they grew older were never taught anything by the priest. They grew up quite ignorant of Christianity. Once I happened to be at Carlton when the Roman Catholic Bishop came there and hired me for a journey. When we camped at night the Bishop asked me to ~~come to~~ prayers. I said I knew nothing about it—that I did not know what prayer meant. The Bishop asked me if I hated religion, and I said I knew nothing about it. I asked the Bishop what was the use of the priest baptising my children and then teaching them nothing. I also said that if the Bishop would send some one to teach them I would allow it to be done. The Bishop promised to send a priest as teacher in about a year from that time, but I waited eleven years and no teacher came. At last Mr. Hines arrived and began to teach from the Bible. I invited him to be our minister. In a short time he established his mission here. Some time after this I again saw the Roman Catholic Bishop. He told me I had done wrong in going to a Protestant minister. I replied that the Roman Catholic priests had done nothing but baptise my children—that they had let them grow up without giving them any instruction, and that he, the Bishop, had not kept his promise to send a priest as teacher. After I invited Mr. Hines to stay with my band, I spoke to the Snake Plain Indians, and they all agreed to join in receiving instruction from him. I, myself, and wife and one of my children have been baptised by Mr. Hines. Four of my children, who were baptised by the Roman Catholic priest, were instructed by Mr. Hines and confirmed yesterday.

"Before the meeting closed the chief's brother stated in conversation that not one of the children baptised by the

Roman Catholic priest had ever received any instruction from him. All that they know has been taught them by Mr. Hines and his native helper, David Stranger. The councillor from Snake Plain added that his children, six in number, as well as himself and wife, had also been baptised by Mr. Hines.

"At the close of the school house meeting, service was held in the Church with second confirmation, when six persons were confirmed, who did not arrive in time for the confirmation yesterday. This makes fifty-eight persons on this occasion at Asisippi.

(Signed), "J. SASKATCHEWAN."

There are two or three things mentioned in the above report that seem to require a few words of explanation from myself. The word Asisippi, for instance, appears in the Bishop's report for the first time in this book. Asisippi was the original name of the Sandy Lake Mission. I gave it that name, not only because it is an Indian word which looked nice in print, and was not so difficult to pronounce, but because it is the name of the river that flows through the reserve and means in English "Shell River." (Asis, a shell, and sepee, a river.) But we had no post office here and the name was not officially known. In the meantime a settlement sprang up in the outskirts of Manitoba, 400 miles from us, but near to a river of the same name as our own. This latter place, being favoured with a post office, its name was registered in the annals of the Post Office, and the result was that all letters, etc., addressed to me at Asisippi, notwithstanding Saskatchewan was included in the address, were always sent to Asisippi, Manitoba, as that was the only Asisippi on the Post Office list. The result was our mail used to be sent there and accumulate, and no doubt much of it never reached us, so we had to change the name, and instead of calling it after the river that flowed through the reserve, we named it after the lake inside the reserve, and on the

shore of which the mission stands, and the mission has been known as Sandy Lake Mission for the past twenty-five years.

The Bishop in his report has referred to the trouble at Snake Plain; it arose in this way. I have already said that these Indians knew they were less favourably situated than the Sandy Lake Indians, owing to the fact that in case of sickness or any other need, they had no missionary at hand to run to for medicines, etc., and as the two chiefs, Big Child and Star Blanket, were, and always had been, considered co-equal by the H.B. Company, the former felt now that he held a less favourable position than Star Blanket as regards the Church. He therefore wished to have a minister of his own, and wrote the Bishop to that effect. The Bishop replied saying it would not be fair to the rest of the Indians, to place two ordained men so close together, when so many bands had not even a school teacher living among them. He said the object of the Church was to spread out her few agents so as to give all the Indians a chance of hearing the "good news," and then, when this had been done, if men and means were at our disposal, to fill up the vacant spaces with ordained men.

The Bishop also pointed out to the Chief that he and his band knew where we had established our mission as they had lived there for a time and farmed the mission land, but afterwards, for reasons over which the mission had no control, he decided with his followers to locate at Snake Plain. But even then the Church did not forsake them, a teacher was at once found to teach their children and conduct services, etc., and the missionary and David Stranger visited them as often as they could. And not only so, but David and the mission oxen had helped them to cultivate their first fields at their new location.

The Bishop's reply, however, did not satisfy Big Child and some of his followers, and being incited to persevere in their demands by the Chief's Scotch son-in-law, and others,

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they wrote again, threatening the Bishop to leave the Church and invite a Presbyterian minister to live among them, if he did not comply with their request. The Bishop replied to that letter saying that under no circumstances would he consider the idea of sending them an ordained man, even if he had one to spare, which he had not, because if he yielded under pressure of that kind he would have other Indians adopting the same method for getting their demands met; therefore if they were so inconsiderate and ungrateful for what the Church had done for them, they must do as they had suggested; but he did not hesitate to tell them, that if he rightly understood the spirit of the leaders of the Presbyterian Church, he felt sure they would not for one moment entertain the idea of complying with such a request.

The Bishop was right, so far as the heads of the Presbyterian Church in Winnipeg were concerned, but he did not know their local man who was intriguing to get possession of the Snake Plain Mission. If the Bishop had stated our case to the Presbyterian Mission Board in Winnipeg, the matter in question would have been checked in the bud, but he did not, and the authorities there only knew what their local man told them, and the result was, they supplied him with funds at once to build a mission house and Church on the reserve.

From May, 1881—the date of the Bishop's visit—to July, 1882, I continued my visits to Snake Plain as requested, and whenever I spent a Sunday with them, the majority of the Indians attended my services and the Presbyterian minister had very few at his, and not liking this, he came to see me and asked me to conduct my services in his Church in the morning, and he would occupy the pulpit in the afternoon, as the people, he said, were too few to be broken up into two congregations. I told him he should have thought of that before he came and settled at that mission, "besides, it would be a waste of Christian time and Christian usefulness to keep you here just for one service a week. However,"

I said, "I am leaving shortly for England, and when I return perhaps some other arrangement can be made."

On my way to England, August, 1882, I called at the Presbyterian College in the city of Winnipeg, and saw one of the leading representatives of the Church there, and he was both surprised and grieved at their own actions, when he heard the true account of what had taken place, and he gave me his word of honour that if the C.M.S. would make them a reasonable allowance for the buildings they erected, he would see that their man was sent to work among other Indians who were without a Christian teacher.

On reaching England, I spoke to the C.M.S. secretary for North-Western Canada, and explained matters to him, and I told him what the Presbyterian professor had commissioned me to say.

It goes without saying that our secretary, who had been following our work among these Indians with much interest from the first, was much upset when he heard what had taken place. After a little discussion he asked me if there were any heathen Indians in the neighbourhood of Sandy Lake that I could give my spare time to, if I gave up the work at Snake Plain to the Presbyterians. I told him of the Stony Lake Indians and others north of Sandy Lake, and hearing this, he advised me, seeing the Presbyterians had established themselves at Snake Plain, to give up that mission entirely to them, and extend my efforts among the unevangelised. So it came about that the Snake Plain reserve became a Presbyterian mission. As soon as it was known that my visits to Snake Plain were to cease, several families left Big Child's band and came to live at Sandy Lake.

With reference to the confessions made by the Indians and tabulated in the Bishop's report, perhaps I may be permitted to say that I have listened to scores of such statements during the years I have served in the mission field, and my earnest prayer is, that their names may be found

recorded in the "Book of Life," when the "Books are opened."

It will hardly be necessary for me to refer again to the Snake Plain band, further than to inform my readers that apart from helping the Indians to establish themselves on their new reserve, and providing for their Christian and secular instruction, I baptised the Chief and his two wives (after they had separated) and about three-fourths of his whole band of followers before the mission was handed over to the Presbyterians.

It is only right to say that my wife rendered very efficient help in making the work at Sandy Lake and elsewhere so successful—for in addition to dispensing medicines she held classes for women, at which prayer and the reading of portions of Scripture occupied their right proportion of time. The subjects taught were cleanliness, sewing and knitting; this latter item was entirely novel to the Indians, and what added so much the more to its interest was that they were taught to make garments from the wool that had grown on their own sheep's backs—for be it understood that in addition to keeping cows, poultry and pigs, I also introduced sheep among them and taught the men how to shear them, and some of them became quite efficient in the work.

Some of our Indian women became experts at knitting and won prizes at different competitions. We sent one Indian woman's work, which consisted of gloves, stockings, cross-overs and comforters to an exhibition held at Ottawa, two thousand miles from our mission, and her work gained for her about three pounds in prizes, which included knitting needles of all sizes, crochet hooks and tatting shuttles, with several pounds of the finest coloured fingering wool that could be obtained.

Having demonstrated that sheep could be raised with profit in that out-of-the-way place, the Government soon afterwards presented each of the bands under Big Child and

Star Blanket with a flock of Merino sheep, but as this class of sheep was not encumbered with very long wool, they took to wandering and sometimes were found miles from home, and many of them fell a prey to the wolves, etc., whereas the sheep imported by me being of the Leicestershire breed, they were contented to remain near home with the satisfactory result that neither I nor the Indians who shared them with me, lost one, either from wolves or drowning.

During my peregrinations among the Indians, Mrs. Hines was left very much alone, and until she had learned the language sufficiently to understand what the Indians said to her, and to make them understand what she wanted to say to them, she was often placed in a ridiculous and difficult position. On one occasion, a heathen Chief called for something he had left in David's keeping, but when he called, David was not at home and my wife knew nothing of the affair; all the Indian could say that was intelligible to her was "Tapit," which she rightly interpreted to mean David (the Indians have no "d" sound in their language, and so use the "t"), but the rest of his discourse was simply wasted upon her; this was also the case when she spoke English to the Chief; then, as a substitute for words, the Chief resorted to signs to help explain what it was he wanted, and she rightly concluded that he had called for something he had left with David, but what that something was is what puzzled her, and so she took him all over the premises and showed him everything she could think of, to see if he could recognise what he wanted. But it was all in vain. The Chief then knelt down and, as she thought, imitated a woman in the attitude of washing, and so she came to the conclusion that he wanted a washtub or to beg a piece of soap, and she placed both before him. After looking seriously at these for a time the old man burst out laughing, and patting his mouth and ears with his hand, exclaimed "Tapwa-eye-mun." (Truly it is difficult), meaning when one could neither understand

nor make himself understood. So the Chief had to remain until David returned home in the evening, and then matters were simplified. When Indians are travelling any distance from home, they invariably take with them a fishing net, as well as a gun, especially if they are passing through a lake district, and the Chief, having no further use for his net after reaching the mission, he left it in David's care until he returned from Carlton. By his kneeling attitude and the motion of his hands and arms, he intended to illustrate the overhauling of a net, and washing and hanging it out to dry, so after all my wife was not far out in her judgment as to what was intended to be conveyed by his actions; the difficulty was in knowing just what had been or was wanted to be washed. Whenever the Chief passed our way, he never failed to call and see Mrs. Hines, and to talk jokingly over their past difficulties. This old man was Chief of the Pelican Lake band of Indians, the place I visited when I had to cross the great Muskeg the first autumn I spent in the country. The Chief had a rather undignified name, viz., "Mu-che-kun-nas" (Rubbish, of any kind). This same old Indian happened to be at Green Lake when Bishop Young arrived there on his return home to Winnipeg after having paid his first visit to his new diocese Athabasca, and the H.B. Company engaged the old Chief to bring the Bishop on to my mission with his pony and cart, and all the English he had learned since his experience with Mrs. Hines was the word "Eat," and as the Bishop at that time did not understand any Cree, their conversation was limited during the four days they travelled together; whichever got up first in the morning would arouse the other by shouting out "Eat," and when on the trail whichever thought it was time to boil the kettle, instead of calling for a halt, he would shout out the word "Eat."

Having discontinued my visits to Snake Plain, I took charge of the day school at Sandy Lake, and when I paid my periodical visits to Stony Lake, and the Indians north of

Sandy Lake, I left the school in the care of one of my most advanced pupils. I continued teaching the day school for four years, and only gave it up when one of my former scholars had qualified himself for the work of a schoolmaster. It was during the years that I had charge of the school that the efficiency of the school became known, and received many visits, not only from Government officials, but also from men of note. The Indian Commissioner, after paying an official visit, put a paragraph in the *Battleford Herald*, to this effect: "That it would be worth anyone's while who happened to be passing within sixty miles of the Sandy Lake mission, to pay a visit to the Indian school and make a personal inspection." One gentleman of note who paid our school such a visit was Captain Butler (afterwards General Butler), the author of "The Great Lone Land." He was passing through the Territories some years after his first visit, when he wrote his book, and having met Star Blanket and his band before they came under Christian influence, he expressed a desire to see them under their changed conditions, and my friend the Hon. L. Clarke, Chief Factor, H.B. Company, drove him over fifty miles to see our work. I had no idea of their coming, so our surprise was great, and their sudden appearance was all the more appreciated as they found me with my children in the school going through our ordinary routine work, and their surprise at the intelligence of the children was very great. In those days the Dominion Government (Conservative), through the Indian Department, offered prizes for the best-conducted Indian school in Manitoba. The prizes were as follows: First, £20; second, £16; third, £12; fourth, £8; and these prizes were awarded on general merit and progress made since the previous year's examination. For instance, if a school that took second prize last year was found, upon examination, to have made more progress during the year than the one that took the first prize at the last examination, the former would be awarded first prize this year, notwith-

standing the children might not be so far advanced as those in the other school. On the recommendation of the Indian Commissioner, the Government decided to include the North-West Territories in the competition, and I suggested (and I think it was in response to my suggestion) the same Inspector should examine the Indian schools in the North-West Territories as examined the schools in Manitoba. The result was that the Sandy Lake school was awarded the premier prize three years in succession, and when I gave up the school to one of my former scholars, he maintained the efficiency of the school so well that he obtained the second prize for his efforts.

The Government by this time had begun to take a greater interest in the Indians, and more assistance was given them to help cultivate the land on a larger scale. More draft oxen, ploughs, harrows and other agricultural implements, such as reaping and mowing machines, and a ten-horse-power thrashing machine were sent out, and ultimately a steam grist mill was erected and operated for the accommodation of the Indians. Further a portable saw mill was given to them, this was taken round to all the reserves in that district, and boards of all sizes were made from logs previously taken out of the bush by the Indians, and practically all these things are operated now by the Indians themselves; so there was really no necessity for me to pay so much attention to secular work as I had to do at the beginning, though frequently when the Government horses fell sick or any of the Indian cattle lost their cud, I was called upon to do the work of a "Vet."

At the time of writing, some of these Indians raise two thousand bushels of grain each year, and some I know personally have as many as twenty-five head of horned cattle, besides horses, pigs, sheep and poultry, and they attend the markets regularly with eggs and butter, and every autumn each band will sell from twenty to forty head of fat cattle to the butchers in the neighbouring towns, so that socially their condition

has greatly improved since the day when I first taught them the rudiments of agriculture.

At the time of which I am writing, the Church work was also thoroughly organised with our churchwardens, vestrymen, and a regular system of offertories, though cash at that time was not in circulation at the Mission.

A list of the articles given on a Communion Sunday, though by no means complete, may be read with interest. In the first place we could not take up the offertory in the usual way, so we used to place a large table near the door, and when the people entered the Church they used to place their offerings upon it. These gifts consisted of packets of tea, sugar, soap, varying in weight, but never under a half-pound, and sometimes they would weigh as much as 2 lbs. each packet, and sugar and soap at that time were 1s. a lb. Others would give reels of sewing cotton, packets of needles, knives, forks, plates, cups and saucers, tobacco, pieces of print varying in length from 1 to 10 yards in the piece (print at that time was sold in the Saskatchewan from 1s. to 1s. 6d. per yard); others would give a piece of deerskin made into leather, and sometimes several pairs of moccasins ready made would be placed on the table; some, if they had recently returned with flour from the grist mill, would give from 8 to 20 lbs. of flour; others would bring from five to fifteen boards 10 feet long, 6 inches broad and 1 inch thick. These latter would be left outside the Church door and a note in Cree syllabics would be placed on the table stating the number of boards, and who from; others would give the skins of the fur-bearing animals, such as red fox, mink and musquash, and I have often known on a Communion Sunday, when Indians have been leaving the Church and feeling thankful for fresh grace received, deposit on the table a second offertory of such things as they possessed. I have known an Indian to leave behind him that which he prized more than anything else, namely, his fire bag. This is a bag made by his wife from deerskin,

and is often elaborately ornamented with bead work, and in which is carried a pipe, tobacco, steel, flint, touchwood, and sundry small articles, including a pocket-knife; this bag is a constant companion of every man, and is worn attached to his belt. The reason why it is called a fire bag is, because it contains the means for making fire, namely, flint, steel and touchwood. Well, I have known this precious treasure to be left on the table by Indians as a kind of extra thank-offering for a fresh glimpse of God's revealed love for him in the gift of His Son! Another feature of their giving was that every member of the family should have something to place on the offertory table on Communion Sunday at least, and I have often seen the father leading a child in each hand on his way to Church and the little ones toddling along beside him, with one hand in their father's and in the other its offering which had been given to it by the father, and then, when they entered the Church, the father had to lift up the smaller child to enable it to put its very own gift on the table. And I have seen a mother carrying her infant in her arms with something folded up and placed in the arm of the child, and held there by the mother to prevent it dropping, and then when she had deposited her own gift, she would take the child's offering and putting it in its little hand, would take hold of its wrist and guide the hand over the table and shake it, so that the infant might drop its own offering. A prettier and more touching sight than this is difficult to imagine.

On the Monday following, the churchwardens used to bring all the offerings over to my house and value them, and the total value was entered into a book kept for the purpose; sometimes the offertory would amount to £10 or £12! After the amount had been duly entered in the book the articles became my own property, and I was responsible for their value in cash. Then, when diocesan appeals reached us, the churchwardens decided what amount should be sent, and I forwarded my own cheque to the Secretary

of the Synod, and the amount was entered in the book, showing how much and for what purpose it had been paid out. As to the articles themselves, I used them in bartering for fuel or certain kinds of food from the Indians, and for paying labour in my field, etc., etc.

At one of my stations we used to send regularly to the C.M.S., Salisbury Square, £20 per annum as a token of the people's gratitude for what the Society had done for them in the past. I often wonder if these thankofferings to the C.M.S. were continued after I left the district.

The priests of the Church of Rome from time to time, when passing, would camp for the night on the outskirts of the Mission, and would invite the Chief and other leading Indians to drink tea with them; the object was that they might have another opportunity of repeating their request to be allowed to build a small Church just inside the reserve at the north end of the lake; as this, they said, would be convenient for the French half-breeds living at Big River, as well as any of the Indians living on the reserve who might care to attend their services; the Chief, however, was steadfast in his refusal, saying, "The field was once before them, but at that time they took no interest in him and his people, but now the door for their admission was closed." In order to illustrate and emphasise the strength our Mission had upon them, the Chief asked the head priest if he had ever been inside a blacksmith's shop, and had watched the process of welding pieces of iron together. The priest replied in the affirmative. "Well," the chief said, "you will have noticed the pieces of iron to be welded were not brought together until they were in a state of white heat, and it appears, the hotter the iron the stronger the weld." "That is so," said the priest. "Well," continued the Chief, "you kept me waiting so long for the realisation of your promises that I became at white heat with anxiety to have my people taught, and after eleven years of waiting our present minister arrived in the country, and when I met him,

I found him at a white heat with anxiety for some one to teach, and as I have said, we met and we have become welded together and no pressure that your Church can bring to bear upon us can sever us, so you may as well cease your efforts to induce us to change our religion." This statement, I believe, the priest accepted as final, for I never again heard of any attempt to disturb the minds of my people at Sandy Lake, though I shall have to refer later on to their actions at Stony Lake.

CHAPTER IX

REBELLION OF 1885

THE year 1882 was a sad one for us, and we felt compelled to ask the Society to allow us to return to England for a few months. The rule of the Society was, at that time, for a missionary working in Canada to remain ten years in the field before taking his first furlough, but as ours was an exceptional case, the Committee readily acceded to our request. My father died about fifteen months after I first left England, and my wife's brother died a few months after we were married. There were no further changes in our families until 1882, when a letter reached us by the monthly packet from my wife's mother, telling her that her father had died from bronchitis on the 12th January, 1882. No news had reached us previously that he had showed signs of ill-health. We at once wrote to my wife's mother telling her that we would ask the Society to allow us to visit England that autumn. The next mail that arrived brought us the sad news of my mother-in-law's death, which took place on 13th February, 1882. The following mail brought us a letter from some friends, saying my wife's sister was lying ill in the hospital, and the next mail told us she was dead! She died on 19th April, 1882. This was the last member of my wife's family, and, like myself, she was practically alone in the world!

We left our Mission the early part of August with our five-year-old daughter, and when we arrived at Carlton, our

nearest Post Office, we met the letter we had sent to my wife's mother returned to us, marked "unknown," from which it is evident that before our letter reached England all her friends had passed away: that not one of them received a line from us to help soften their dying pillows.

From what I learned on arrival in England, our experience was probably unique among missionaries of our Society. Our home-coming was, therefore, a sad one; it was as though we were strangers in our own homeland, as though we came to our own, and our own knew us not! But, notwithstanding being destitute of near relatives, we found many warm-hearted friends who took a deep interest in us, being linked together through the friendship of the One true mutual Friend, in whose service we were engaged when our sorrows came upon us, and we thus realised the truth of His promise that those who suffer apparent loss for His Sake, shall be blessed a hundredfold.

Words fail to express the kindness we received from many friends—friends not only for the time being, but who, in after years, showed their abiding interest in us by their affectionate care of our child when we left her behind at school in England.

At the time the succession of sorrowful news reached us in the mission field, we were isolated from white people, our nearest neighbours being fifty miles away.

Before leaving the Mission on furlough, the Bishop at my suggestion allowed David to be left in charge, and soon after my return he was received into Emmanuel College to study for the office of a perpetual deacon, and between terms he used to return to Sandy Lake, work with me and continue his reading under my guidance. In due course he was ordained, and spent some time working among the heathen who had a reserve south of Prince Albert.

As all the Indians at Sandy Lake were now professing Christians, it was thought that my work there was finished, and that I should move on to the regions beyond, leaving

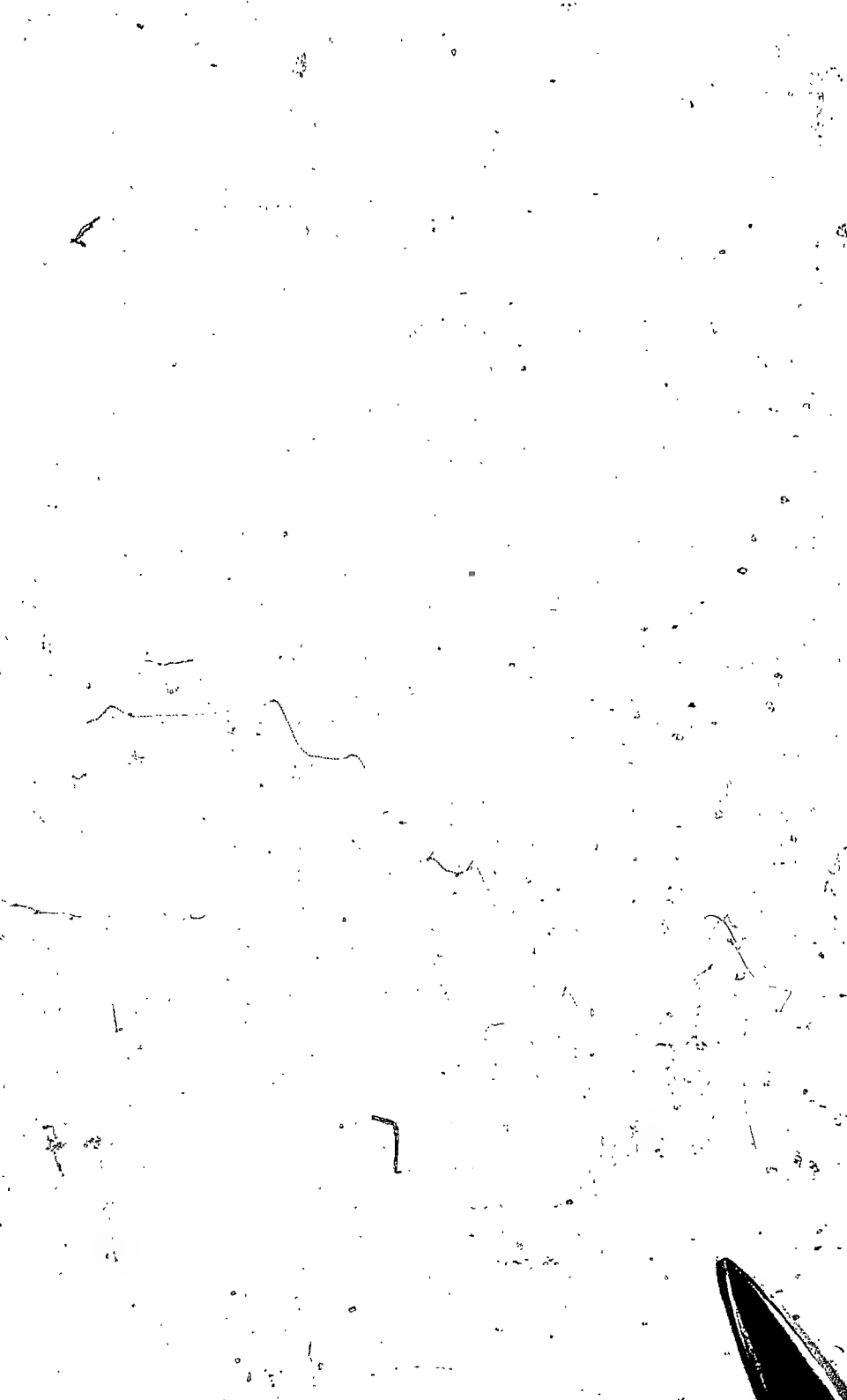
David in charge of the work which he had so materially helped to build up. But, although man proposes it is God that disposes, and David was called home by death before the changes took place, and I continued at Sandy Lake until 1888.

In the meantime two events took place which must claim our attention for some time, as all the circumstances connected therewith cannot be told in a few lines.

The first was the rebellion of 1885, the leader of which was Louis Riel. It will be remembered that this same person was the leading figure in the Red River Rebellion, which took place at Winnipeg in the years 1869 and 1870, and which necessitated the expedition of British soldiers, who went out under the command of Garnet Wolseley. As soon as the troops approached Old Fort Garry, which the rebels had taken from the H.B. Company, and had made their head-quarters, the rebellion simply fizzled out, for, as the advance guard marched into the fort by the front gates, Riel and a few of his chief lieutenants escaped through the back of the compound, and made their way successfully to the boundary line, and entered the American territory, where they remained as outlaws for fifteen years, Riel spending most of his time in Montana.

I read recently in the leading Canadian magazine, published in this country, a statement to the effect that Riel was captured and executed as the result of Wolseley's expedition, but this is false, as the above statement shows, and which will be further proved as we proceed.

Towards the end of 1884, the half-breed population, particularly the French, living in the Saskatchewan, showed signs of uneasiness. There were two causes for their unrest, one was the way Government contracts were let in the country, and the other was the delay on the part of the Government in issuing scrip to those of native origin, and born in the country previous to, and living at the time of the Transfer, 1870, when the Government of Canada took over the whole





A SIOUX CHIEF. (p. 197.)

of the country formerly held by the H.B. Company and previously known as "Rupert's Land." When these natives saw the influx of settlers and the officers of the law patrolling the country, they considered these realities a bit too premature, seeing their rightful claims had not yet been acknowledged, and they feared the best parts of the country would fall into the possession of the immigrants and large corporations before they had a chance of locating their scrip.

Meetings were held in the neighbourhood of Duck Lake and Prince Albert to discuss the best policy to pursue in order to bring pressure to bear upon the Government. In the first place petitions were drawn up and sent to Ottawa, but these it was thought were treated too lightly by the authorities. Finally, it was decided at a meeting composed of French, English and Scotch half-breeds, to send a deputation to search for Riel, and bring him back into the country to champion their cause for them. This was done, and Riel returned with the deputation, and soon public meetings were the order of the day. The agitation became rife, and not only did the English and Scotch half-breeds encourage the French to persevere in what they afterwards called Constitutional agitation, but many of the leading citizens of Prince Albert showed great sympathy with the agitation—insomuch that it was difficult for a non-interested party to decide who were most interested, those who considered themselves entitled to scrip, or those who had no such claim, but who hoped ultimately to get possession of it!

This general sympathy with the cause shown at every public meeting held in different parts of the Saskatchewan completely turned the heads of Riel and a few of his old co-patriots at the game, and they began to take more drastic measures. They employed men to go stealthily among the Indians to try and incite them to rebel; so that by their combined efforts they might recapture the Saskatchewan country, and be in a position to make a better bargain for the Indians with the

Government than was made at the treaty in 1876. One such agent spent the early part of the winter among the French half-breeds a few miles north of Sandy Lake, and was constantly appealing to the Indians as well as the half-breeds to join issue with them. Neither I nor the Chief discovered this secret until a few days before he returned to the rebel camp. In the meantime a special petition was sent to Ottawa by a gentleman well known and, up to that time, trusted by all the half-breeds in the country, and all waited patiently his return. When the time drew near, all the French half-breeds and a number of Indians, more or less heathen, though supposed to be under the influence of the priests, gathered at the crossing on the South Saskatchewan to receive the answer to their petition. When the bearer arrived, unfortunately, he spake unadvisedly with his lips, and his words acted like oil on fire, and in a few days the country was all ablaze with anger, fear, and excitement. If I remember rightly, the same day as the message was received, the French took the Indian agent and other employees of the Government and imprisoned them in a dark cellar, where they were kept for days without any light, fresh air or conveniences of any kind. They also cut the telegraph wires, and took possession of the flour mill and general store at Duck Lake. Of course by this time the English and Scotch element were not "in it," as the Americans would say, and it is now they sheltered themselves under the term "constitutional agitation"; but they must, or ought to have known, how dangerous it was to associate themselves with such a firebrand as Louis Riel. I personally believe if the parties already referred to had not encouraged Riel and his followers by their patronage at the outset as they did, the agitation would never have reached the stage of open rebellion.

Having gone so far the French became very active, and runners were dispatched all over the country, and in order to impress the ignorant Indians and half-breeds with his own

importance and make them believe that he was what he represented himself to be, viz., a man sent by God to make them the free possessors of their country again. Riel told them that on a certain day, quite near, the sun would undergo an eclipse, and if this came to pass they were to take it as a sign from Heaven that their cause was from God, but if it did not take place they were to regard his statement as false and act accordingly. Of course anyone who possessed an almanac as Riel did could have predicted the same event, but there were not many among the class of people he was dealing with at the time who could read an almanac, even if they had possessed one, and so it came to pass as he predicted and the sun underwent an eclipse. This was enough! and all the Indians for many miles round took up the cause with zeal, believing that they had the favour of the Great Spirit in doing so. It is not my desire or intention to write a detailed account of what took place after this, but I will condense my own sentiments in these few words, viz., that impatience, and liquor, were the sole cause of the disaster that followed!

A few days before what is recorded above took place, the officer in charge of the R.N.W.M. Police, stationed at Carlton, sent for Big Child and Star Blanket to find out which party would have their sympathies in the event of open hostilities, and the answer they gave the officer was: they did not want to be compelled to shoot down their own flesh and blood, and nothing would induce them to point a gun at their white brothers—meaning that they wished to be allowed to remain neutral. This was satisfactory to the officer, and they were told to return to their reserves and go about their work in the usual way, as the police force would provide them with ample protection, being situated between them and the rebel camp. As soon as the chiefs returned home, taking one of my Indians, I started for Prince Albert via Fort Carlton; I took luncheon with the military at Carlton, and the meal being over, the officer in charge said he was sorry he could

not spare me half an hour for a chat, as they were very busy making preparations for a contingent they were expecting from Battleford. I noticed that cord-wood was being piled up very high around the fort and that every one seemed busy, but not a word was said to me about any definite action having been taken by the rebels. We camped on the roadside that night about twenty miles east of Carlton, and the next day about noon we reached the outskirts of Prince Albert when we noticed a crowd of people standing on the road opposite the only gunsmith's shop there was in the place, having their guns repaired, etc. As soon as I was recognised they wanted to know where I had come from, and when I said from Carlton, they asked me question after question about the rebels, and how I had managed to get past the forks of the road (a road that leaves the Carlton and Prince Albert trail for the French Settlement) as they understood the French patrols had taken possession of all the thoroughfares in the district, and when I told them that we neither saw nor heard of any one guarding the roads we passed, neither I nor the Indian believed any of the information they possessed was true. They then asked me where we had passed the previous night, and if we did not hear horsemen riding past us during the night? I asked them if any one had ridden past us during the night and how they knew it. They then told us about the doings of the half-breeds at Duck Lake, of which the reader has already been informed, and that the police had ridden to the town during the night to ask for volunteers to go to Carlton to assist the police. In a few minutes any doubts we had entertained about the genuineness of their story were removed by the appearance of sleighloads of men, the wealthiest and the pick of Prince Albert, armed to the teeth, on their way to Carlton. It appears that whilst I and my Indian were jogging along as unconcernedly as possible during the afternoon we left Carlton, and sleeping contentedly through the night on the bare ground with only the canopy of heaven above us—the

disturbances mentioned above were taking place. My Bishop hearing I was in town sent for me at once, and questioned me about the truth or otherwise of a report that was already current in the place, viz., that all my Indians at Sandy Lake and elsewhere had joined the rebels. I assured his lordship that not only was the report false but that, three days ago when I left my mission, the news of hostilities having begun had not reached us. The Bishop then said: "No doubt by this time they will have heard and agitators will be busy among them, so I advise you to get back as soon as you can and try to persuade them not to take up arms, nor commit any unlawful acts." I told the Bishop of the Chief's interview with the officer of the Mounted Police, and the result, and knowing my people as I did I felt quite sure they would remain loyal. Notwithstanding this, the Bishop insisted on my returning home in the morning, Sunday though it was.

The next question was, how were we to get home—to return by way of Carlton was out of the question, as by this time the French and Indians had scouts all over that part of the country. The only alternative was to cross the river at Prince Albert and find our way as best we could across country. There was a fairly well-defined trail as far as Sturgeon Lake, but beyond that the country was untravelled and strange to us, and the ground being covered with a foot of frozen snow, our progress was very tedious to us and trying to the horses. We reached home eventually, and, as I expected, we were the first to break the news to the Indians that actual hostilities had begun.

No one however seemed disturbed, as they felt secure under the promised protection of the military authorities at Carlton. A few days passed by without any further news of what was taking place, when about midnight on the following Saturday, some one was heard knocking at our door, and on going down to see what was wanted, I found it was a messenger from the Indian agent at Carlton, with instructions which, though

definite, were unsatisfactory. They were these. A battle had taken place between the rebels and the combined forces near Carlton, that the fort had been burnt to the ground, and the police and volunteers were leaving for Prince Albert, and could give us no further protection from Carlton, and we were advised to leave the Mission without delay, and make our way to Prince Albert as best we could.

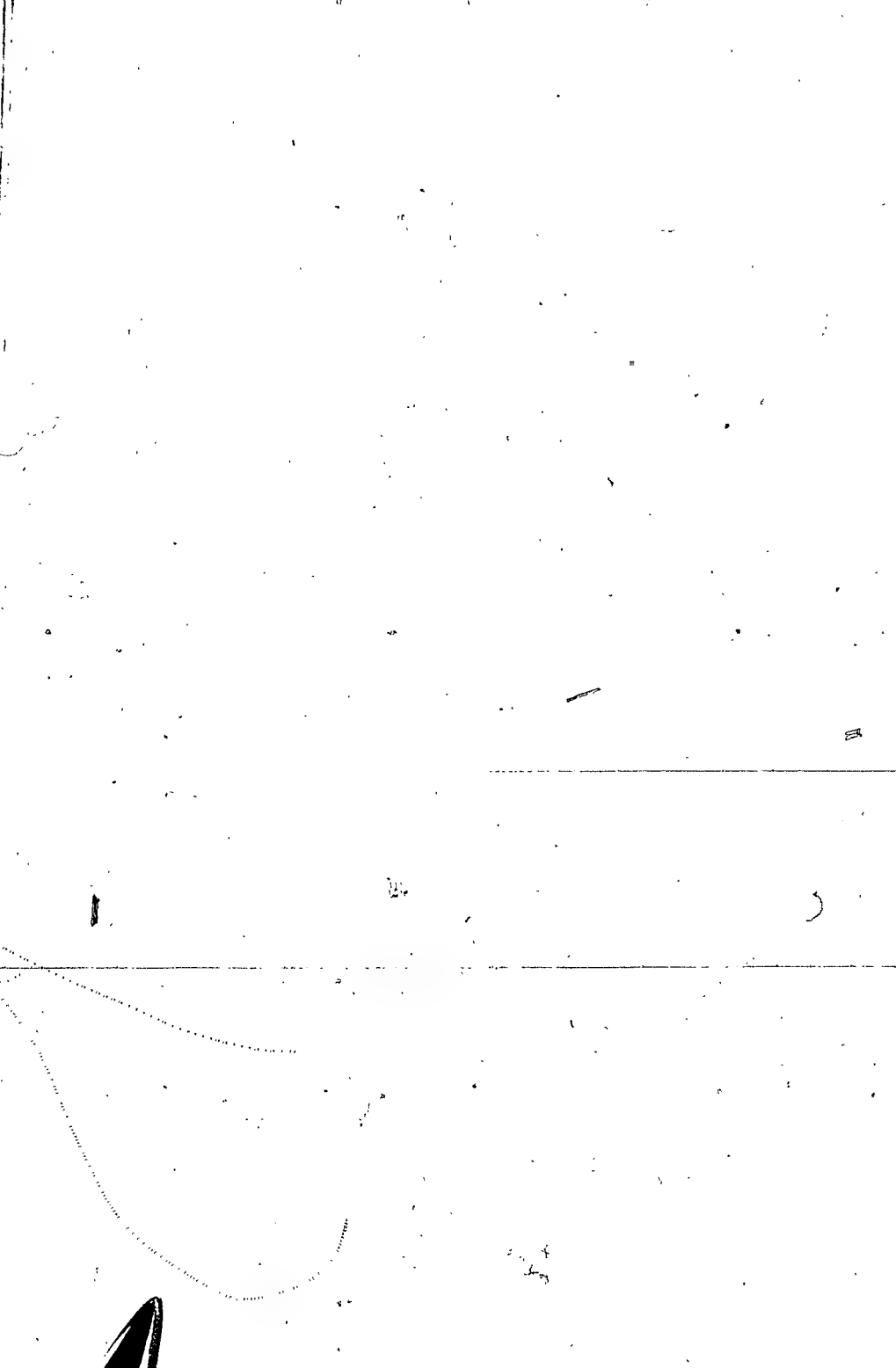
We naturally inferred that the rebels had captured the fort and rased it to the ground, whereas the destruction of the fort was said to have been an accident, caused by the upsetting of a lighted paraffin lamp. I told the messenger to tell the Chief that we would have a public meeting at 6 a.m. to decide what had best be done. Personally, I could not sleep again that night, and wanted to get up and begin getting a few things together in readiness for the journey, but my wife would not consent to any such arrangement. She said, "No one has any grudge against us, and I do not believe we are in any danger of being molested; anyway we may as well make the most of this night's rest we can, in case we do not get another for some time"; and so we remained in bed, but I did not sleep again. A little before 6 o'clock, the Chief sent an Indian over to see if we were ready to start. "Start," I said, "we haven't had the meeting yet." He said, "We understood the messenger to say we were to start at 6 a.m., and so we have been packing up and preparing through the night, and the teams are already on the road."

There was therefore no time for further delay, and whilst I was doing what I thought was best for the cattle, etc., and harnessing up my team of ponies, Mrs. Hines, having dressed herself and our little daughter, put some provisions in a box and threw out some blankets which I stowed away in the sleigh and we followed after the Indians.

We did not overtake them until about 9 a.m., when, what a sight we beheld! There were about sixty double and single sleighs loaded up with women and children, and such of their



A SIOUX CHIEF, KNOWN AS "LORD BEACONSFIELD," WHO MADE
HIS HOME AT PRINCE ALBERT. (p. 202.)



belongings as they could take with them. Being all together, we halted for breakfast, when to our dismay, we discovered we had not brought with us a cup, or plate, or knife and fork, or even a kettle to boil water in, so we had to borrow these articles from among our Indians. We were joined by Big Child's band later on in the day, and we halted for the night at the junction of the Snake Plain Creek and the Shell River, but, just as we had retired, three Indians from a reserve a few miles south-west of Snake Plain known as Muskeg Lake reserve, and Roman Catholics, came into our encampment with what proved to be a lying report, viz., that the rebels had crossed the Saskatchewan River at Carlton, and were on their way out in force to compel all the Indians north of the river to join their ranks. Their band, they said, had escaped to the Thickwood mountain to hide, and they themselves had come over to warn us to flee to Prince Albert with all the speed possible. The result was that we had to get up, reload our sleighs and travel on through the night, and about day-break, we reached a place which is about halfway between Sandy Lake and Prince Albert. This place was afterwards named by the Indians Ne-pa-tu-kwa-moo-win, to signify our arrival through the night in a sleepy condition. We afterwards found out that the three men who brought us the report had been sent by their band to hasten our flight so as to put a wider space between us and the Mission, in order that the course might be clear for them to make a raid on our property left behind, as the rebels referred to, neither then nor afterwards, crossed the North Saskatchewan River.

We were four days before we reached a convenient place for such a large encampment; the place was about eight miles from Prince Albert and is called the "Round Plain." When we camped the first night we made another unpleasant discovery, viz., that in our haste we had forgotten to bring a tent with us, so for five consecutive nights we slept on the snow under the shelter of a willow bush, with only a cart cover

thrown over it to shelter us from the wind. The snow was quite a foot deep at the time, and at night there was quite twenty degrees of frost. The first thing the Indians did after our arrival at Round Plain, was to inaugurate and equip with guns and mounts, a number of young men to return to the Mission, and drive all our domestic animals from the reserve to the place where we were camped so that the Indians might be better able to keep guard over them. On their arrival at the Mission the young men found the Muskeg Lake and other Indians going quietly through our premises, robbing our hen roosts of all they contained, and taking everything that was useful to them out of our houses, such as clothing, bed linen, food, and cooking utensils. As soon as the marauders caught sight of our young men they fled away, but not before their identity was thoroughly established. One of my calves was found dead in the stable from starvation, the door having blown to and shut it off from access to its mother.

Every other horned animal belonging to the Mission and the band was found and brought safely into camp. I lent my horse to the native school teacher to ride on this occasion, and the same horse was ridden by the scout to whom the renowned chief, Big Bear, surrendered himself some ten weeks later. The next thing was to take my family into the town of Prince Albert to get them shelter, as we had no tent for use. The chiefs went into town with me and reported themselves to the police, and arrangements were made to ration the whole of the Indians until such time as they could with safety return to their homes. It was thought at the time that the rebellion would be quashed in a few weeks at most, but in this the authorities were mistaken, for the first encounter which took place resulted in a sad defeat for the police and volunteers, as eleven of the gentlemen from Prince Albert and nine of the Mounted Police were left dead on the field, and their bodies in the keeping of the enemy. This news was heralded all over the prairies, and

the Indians around Battleford, who up to that time had not taken part in open hostilities, now took up arms and wreaked their vengeance upon the settlers around that neighbourhood, plundering and destroying all property that came in their way. Two Roman Catholic priests were killed at Onion Lake, and our own missionary with his family were taken prisoners, but their lives were spared, though we afterwards learned they were led out to be shot on more than one occasion, and had it not been for the intervention of chief Big Bear, they would undoubtedly have been killed. This widespread infection necessitated a change in the plans of the General in charge of the Winnipeg and Ontario volunteers. He had to call a halt, and wait for further reinforcements to enable him to send detachments against the insurgents in different parts of the country. And so it came to pass that we in Prince Albert were for eight weeks practically cut off from communication with the civilised world. Having the body of the enemy between us and those coming to our relief, it was impossible to get any reliable information as to the doings and whereabouts of our rescuers. After the first encounter between the rebels and the General's troops at "Cut Knife Creek," when about fifty of the latter's men were killed, the tension in Prince Albert became very great, and rumours spread like wildfire. The Bishop sent for me to hear more about my Indians, and during the brief interview, he said: "According to reports, there are armed Indians behind every tree across the river." I drew his lordship's attention to the fact that the trees across the river constituted a dense forest, ten miles by six miles at least, and the number of trees would be very great, perhaps a million, therefore the report must be false, as there were not a quarter of a million of Indians in all the Dominion of Canada. "But," he said, "they say the Indians from the U.S.A. have crossed the border line, and have come to assist the Indians on this side." I began to analyse this statement by asking if anyone

had noticed them in transit, for it seemed to me to be impossible for such a large number of people to travel so many miles unobserved, but this no one appeared to have done. All that was known about them was that they were there. "Well, my lord," I said, "you must not believe these wild statements. I pass right through this forest alone four times each week, visiting my Indians on the farther side, and my family on this, and not only so, but each time I have to pass right through the Sioux camp, which according to rumour, are watching their opportunity to massacre all the women and children in the town; this opportunity will arise, so rumour has it, when the men become engaged in a hand to hand fight with the rebels when they approach the town; yet I have not seen any of the Indians you speak of, nor received anything but kindness from the Sioux." As soon as the Bishop heard this he went to the foot of the stairs and called to his wife to come down and hear the news, and I had to reiterate my statement in order that the Bishop's wife might hear it first hand from one who could speak of the things he had seen, and knew to be true. Still, as I have said, the tension was very great in the place, and as our relief was delayed for reasons stated above, the military took charge of all the food in the town, and only served out rations to those who were willing, if able, to engage in active service. Some of our young clergy and students preferred to visit the sentinels doing outpost duty at midnight with hot tea and coffee rather than to take up arms, but as my family was quartered at the extreme east end of the town, and as this was a convenient spot from which to visit my Indians I preferred doing duty in that neighbourhood.

One of the largest of the steamboats on the river was launched as soon as the ice moved out of the river, and was kept there in readiness in case of emergency. The emergency which it was thought might arise, would be in the event of the town falling into the hands of the rebels, the women

and children could be taken on board and carried down the Saskatchewan out of reach of the enemy, but rumour had it, that it was pre-arranged between the rebels and the Sioux camp, immediately across the river, for the latter to set fire to the boat and so prevent the women and children from escaping, and the time for this dastardly act to be executed was as soon as the battle near the town took place.

Consequently, two were told off every night to board the boat and keep watch over it, and I and another civilian were the first to go on duty; ultimately it was thought advisable to have one civilian and one of the military to do duty together. So the first night after the new arrangement was made, I was booked to have the company of a corporal, but, alas! my brother in arms did not turn up, and I spent the whole night alone marching up and down the boat, lugging about with me an antique American rifle, almost heavy enough to require a gun carriage to move it from one end of the boat to the other. I distinctly remember when the weapon was handed to me I was told it was loaded, and all I had to do was to pull the trigger, and a report would follow. I was also supplied with five extra cartridges, as that was all the man had, who had so kindly lent his gun for the defence of the boat, but my instructor omitted to show me how and where to insert these extra five cartridges, in case it became necessary for me to reload. I should have been at a loss to know how to go about it, the mechanism of the gun being so peculiar.

Just before daybreak the officer in charge of the east end detachment came round to inspect us, and finding me alone, he asked me where Corporal — was? "Indeed, Major," said I, "that is the same question that I have been asking myself ever since I came on board this ship six hours ago." He then asked me where the detachment of Mounted Police were quartered, and I told him in the H. B. Company's kitchen, so we went in search of them, and we found all the

brave fellows engrossed in sleep, having sat up late studying the tactics of war with a pack of cards, and as many of these were scattered about the floor, we understood these as representing the dead among the enemy. The outcome of this was, the delinquent was reported, tried and condemned to serve nine months in a place where only "patience" could be played. After this event, I always had company, and the men I had with me were all decent fellows, one in particular told me his past history and his disappointment in life, and I tried to help him with advice with regard to the future. A few nights after this I heard a tap at my window, for I and my family occupied a downstairs room in the Company's building, and on asking who and what was wanted, it was the voice of my comrade that I heard saying, "Sleep on and take your rest, for the news has reached us that the enemy's stronghold has been captured by the volunteers, and Riel is a prisoner." This time the report was a true one, and in a few days the troops with their equipment marched into the town of Prince Albert, "The Ladysmith of the West." In a short time, more of the details of the capture of Riel were made public. It appears that he, seeing how matters were going, fled away as in 1870, and hid himself among willow bushes, waiting for the cover of darkness to aid him in his escape south, but he was discovered in his hiding-place by two Prince Albert scouts, Thomas Hourie, an English half-breed and, I think, a man of the name of Drain. Hourie stood about 6 feet 3 inches in his stockings, and was the young man engaged to teach the first day school on Big Child's reserve ten years before the rebellion took place.

The rebellion over, Star Blanket and Big Child were invited to Ottawa to be introduced to the Premier and other high officials, and were complimented for their conduct during the late unrest, and many were the personal presents they received from independent parties in the East, and each



A SIOUX SQUAW WITH PAPOOSE. (p. 208.)

of the two bands represented by these chiefs was presented with a large number of cows and the flock of sheep already referred to.

But a few words must be said about my Stony Lake Indians, for I consider the conduct of that chief and some of his followers was not only commendable, but most extraordinary under the circumstances, there being no one near to advise them, for when the news of the rebellion reached them, we were already at Round Plain, and looting at different places had begun, for be it known that many of the French half-breeds, and heathen and Roman Catholic Indians, who were too cowardly to take sides with either party, were rebels at heart, and mean enough to plunder from loyal people whose property was unprotected. When the Stony Lake chief heard what was happening, he, with his two married sons, and others who were with him at the Lake at the time, decided to hide away in the thickest part of the forest they could find, many miles from any trail, and they had to sacrifice many of their private possessions in their endeavour to save the property that had been given to them by the Government. For instance, all their farming implements were carried on their backs and hidden away in the bush, and the chest of tools which was given to them at Carlton, and which I have already referred to, was lugged about with them in all their wanderings, and it was quite a task to find the Chief and his party when the rebellion was over and notify them of the fact, and even then they had to remain where they were until clothing was brought to them, as what they had on when they took to flight had been literally worn off their backs from contact with the undergrowth in the forest. In relating their experiences during the ten weeks they were in hiding, the old chief told me some very pathetic stories. He said they were constantly wondering what was happening and whether there would ever be peace again, and in order to keep the days of the week, they cut notches in a willow

wand, and marked every seventh notch differently so that they might keep trace of the Sundays. None of his people were able to read, but he said: "Some of us could talk to God, and every Sunday we used to meet under a large pine tree, and I used to hang up my medal on one of the branches above us, to show we were loyal. Of course," he said, "there were no people but ourselves to see it, but I thought God would look upon it, and beholding the Queen's image, would accept it as our unspoken prayer for the success of her soldiers." The medal he referred to, was one of those given to each chief in commemoration of the treaty made in 1876; it was about three-and-a-half inches across and three-sixteenths of an inch thick, and looked like silver. On one side was a large head of Queen Victoria and on the other, if I remember rightly, was a figure of the Lieutenant-Governor and an Indian shaking hands, purporting to represent the ratification of the articles of Treaty. This chief, so far as I know, received no recognition from anyone for his loyalty, simply because his actions were not done in the limelight of public opinion and the public gaze, and in this how much he resembles some missionaries and teachers in the mission field, men who are contented to do the work in the uncivilised parts of the earth, isolated from the ordinary comforts of life, and no one near to administer to their necessities in times of sickness and trouble; these men are too often neglected and passed over by those in authority, whilst others, who are more favourably situated—and everything they do is seen and applauded by the public (though perhaps, more for the sake of being reckoned among those that applaud, than for any right appreciation of the work done)—these men, I say, come in for the first ripe fruit, as well as the gleanings of the vintage; in fact, the whole tree of ease, comfort and affluence is at their disposal. There is something said somewhere about the last being first and the first last; when, and what does it mean? Faith answers, "Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?"



CHIEF JOHN SMITH, ST. JAMES' MISSION.

—(The larger of the two medals was given him by the Canadian Government in 1876, when he was made chief of his band. The smaller he received from the Marquis of Lorne for his loyalty during the rebellion of 1885.)

(p. 210.)



Personally, I have no right to complain, as I refused to be made an Archdeacon by Bishop McLean after his second visit to Sandy Lake, and a Canon by Bishop Pinkham as an acknowledgment of the work I was doing at the Pas, and why? because I preferred the appellation "missionary," pure and simple. But now, whilst I do not regret my decision, the word missionary does not appeal to me so strongly as it did in those early days; for then the term was applied to men who devoted their lives to the evangelisation of the heathen—who had to learn a strange tongue in order to be efficient in their work, and who had to live entirely among a strange people and make friends, as well as converts, before they had any friends. But now, under the new regime of amalgamating different societies and pooling the funds, so to speak, a man sent out to work among his fellow countrymen, speaking of course the same language, and who is not only carried to his destination in a Pullman car, but is waited upon on his arrival by a deputation from the congregation he is going to serve, and by them escorted to a reception got up in his honour—these men are now called missionaries in public literature and on public platforms; hence I say the term missionary at this age has not the same signification as it had forty years ago!

CHAPTER X

SANDY LAKE, 1886-1888

ON our return to the mission after the rebellion was over, we were agreeably surprised to find that not a thing in our Church, not even a pane of glass had been injured, and the interior of our house had been treated with the same respect. The only things that the marauding Indians and others had taken from us consisted of food, wearing apparel, bedclothing, cutlery, crockery and cooking utensils, but of such things as pictures, furniture, and harmonium, not one had been injured. Quite a contrast from the treatment meted out to other white people in the affected districts; their pianos, pictures, as well as all kinds of furniture were literally smashed to pieces and thrown out of doors. This distinction made in our favour showed, as my wife had said before we took to flight, "that we had no enemies among the natives of the country." It will be only fair to state that some of the Roman Catholic Indian women from the Muskeg Lake reserve, when they heard of our return to the Mission, brought back unrequested many of the articles they had taken out of our house during our absence. Some of the things such as crockery and cutlery we were glad to have, but we refused to accept articles of clothing which had been used by them for several weeks.

In concluding my account of the rebellion, it will not be out of place to mention the following facts, namely, all those

Indians with whom I had been associated since the commencement of our work remained loyal, notwithstanding the importunities of the French and other Indians to act otherwise; which, as a Government official declared afterwards, spoke volumes for our work.

Chief Star Blanket's reply to one of the French half-breeds may be read with interest. When the man was pressing him to come over with his band to their side, the Chief said: "I thought you were a Christian," and the man replied: "So I am, I belong to the priest's religion." "Well," the chief said, "I do not know much about that, as they never instructed me or my people, but my religion teaches me to pray for deliverance from privy conspiracy and rebellion, and if I consent to go over to your side I must turn my back on my own religion, and this I can never do, and so that is the end of it."

The Chief's brother soon after our return to the Mission told one of the Government officials that it was not because they had no cause for complaint of his treatment of them, nor yet because they were afraid of the consequences of being rebels, that they remained neutral, but naming his missionary, said, "That is the man that kept us quiet, and yet it was not he but the religion that he has taught us."

A year after the rebellion, at a public meeting in the town of Prince Albert, at the close of our session of Synod, when Chief Star Blanket, who was one of the delegates to the Synod, was asked to make a speech from the platform (which was interpreted by the present Archdeacon of Saskatchewan), he said that his band was known for its loyalty and the progress it had made in agriculture and that this was all due to one man, and that man was their missionary! I would rather some one else wrote these words than I, and it is only because it brings honour and glory to my Master and His religion, that I allow myself to record these facts.

The next important event that took place in the diocese of

Saskatchewan, and which materially altered my future sphere of labour, was the death of our Bishop, the Right Reverend Dr. McLean. The diocese of Saskatchewan at that time included all the territory now occupied by three dioceses, namely, Calgary, Edmonton and Saskatchewan, and as civilisation in the far West began at the eastern end of the diocese, namely, Prince Albert, the Bishop made his head-quarters there. In the meantime, the C.P.R., the first trans-continental railway line in Canada, was being built across the prairies at the southern end of the diocese, which was destined to change the trade route to the interior, which had hitherto been by water via Lake Winnipeg and up the North Saskatchewan River by way of Prince Albert, to the overland route by rail which was shorter and quicker, and towns soon began to spring up along the new line.

The year after the rebellion, the Bishop made a tour of the southern and western parts of his diocese, which took in Calgary and Edmonton, and he was so much impressed with the growth of Calgary, that he decided to make his head-quarters there in the near future. But, again, we have the truth of the saying forced upon us, whether one cares to believe it or not: "that it is God who disposes," for, during the same tour of inspection, the Bishop met with an accident which aggravated his former weakness, and intensified his sufferings, and it was feared for a time he would not live to reach home again. He was too ill to undertake the long land journey of about five hundred miles, and the jolting of a springless conveyance; so he ventured the journey down the Saskatchewan River in an open skiff, accompanied only by one of his sons, quite a youth. The autumn was coming on and the nights were cold, and his sufferings became very great—however it was not God's will that he should die away from his home, and so the journey was not only accomplished but after a few days' rest and home comforts he actually appeared to be getting quite himself again, so much so, that he sent

for me to visit him. Immediately I obeyed orders, and visited his lordship, when I found him in his study, as busy and full of plans for the future welfare of his diocese as some men would have been in the full enjoyment of health. The Bishop then made known to me his object in sending for me. He told me that he felt God had brought him safely through his recent illness for a purpose, and as far as he could see he had years of service yet to render Him. That, owing to the progress the southern part of his diocese was making, he had made up his mind to remove his head-quarters from Prince Albert to Calgary the following spring, and his object in wishing to see me was in connection with Emmanuel College. He said: "I want you and your wife, who, we all know is a highly qualified teacher, to come here and take charge of the College, and I want you to come here at once. I feel it incumbent upon us to introduce a class in the College for the study of agricultural chemistry; I know your practical turn of mind for such things, and I will send East at once for chemical appliances, and you and I together will work up the scientific and experimental part during the winter." I did not say "Yes," neither did I say "No," but I said, "I will go home and consult my wife first and let your lordship know our decision as soon as possible." I returned home and during the following week I paid a visit to the Stony Lake band of Indians and spent the Sunday with them. To show how active the Bishop's mind was at the time, he wrote some time during the next two days to an Eastern city for the chemical appliances, and he also wrote to the missionary then living at Sturgeon Lake, whom we will name D. P—, telling him to hold himself in readiness to remove to Sandy Lake at a few days' notice, and it appears that a few days after this the Bishop died, for a special messenger arrived at Sandy Lake, the Sunday I spent at Stony Lake, asking me to come into town to bury the Bishop. It is needless to say that I did not go, for the time mentioned

in the letter for the funeral to take place was past before I reached home.

It was in the early part of November, 1886, that the Bishop ceased from his earthly labours. The appliances sent for by the Bishop arrived at Prince Albert some time after his death. The cases were addressed to Emmanuel College, and the carriage must have been prepaid, and as no one appeared to know anything about them they remained in the lumber room for some years until, out of sheer curiosity, the cases were opened and the discovery made.

The new Bishop was the means of bringing an old worker back to the diocese, and he was given charge of the College for a time until he was succeeded by another, who, it was thought, would do better, and so it came to pass that I was destined to continue at Sandy Lake a few years longer. Shortly after this, a very virulent kind of measles swept the country north of us, and attacked my Indians at Stony Lake, and about one-fourth of them died from its effects, and its victims were mostly men. Being so far away from Government or missionary head-quarters, we did not hear of their distress for some time. It appeared the men were getting better, but still in an unfit state to venture out in the cold, nevertheless they had to do so to provide food for their families, and in their endeavours they had actually to creep on their hands and knees over the snow as they moved about in the bush setting their snares for rabbits, being too weak to walk. As soon as I heard of their condition I went to see them, and gave an order to a trader to supply them with tea, flour and anything else he had in the shape of food. I visited every house and had prayers with the sick and dying, and the heat and odour of their confined dwellings pen cannot describe.

One of my dying converts said: "Whilst alone and suffering, for a time everything seemed to leave me; I had no hope and no faith, and I was wishing for you to come, and then I

remembered what you had told us on former visits, that we were not to think that because we had no missionary near us in case of sickness we should be alone, because God never leaves His people, and His eyes and ears never grow weary, and His heart never sleeps, and so I spoke to the Great Spirit and it filled my heart with joy to know He was an ever-present friend, and now I am quite resigned." When we parted, he knew we should not meet again, but I did not think the end was so near, as his voice and strength seemed anything but weak, but a few hours after I left for home he died, "looking unto Jesus." I hastened home, and I think it was the seventy-five miles drive against the piercing wind that disinfected my clothing and kept me from taking the disease.

On reaching home, I sent a message to the Indian commissioner, telling him of the condition of the Stony Lake Indians, and what I had done for them in the shape of food, and a reply came back immediately, thanking me for taking such prompt measures, and requesting me to send in my bill for what I had spent upon them. Instructions were also sent to the local agent to kill a couple of oxen they had on the reserve, as well as to supply them with flour, rice, tea and sugar, and with instructions that no one was to leave his house until quite recovered. Disinfectants without limit were also sent out.

There was a French half-breed (R.C.) trader at the reserve, who, to say the least, was afraid to die, and he, and his, attended my services and availed himself of the opportunity of taking my medicine, and obeying my instructions with regard to disinfectants, etc., with the result that only one member of his family took the sickness and that one recovered. But as is the case, I believe, with measles of any kind, there is a danger of something else being left lingering behind; anyway, this was the case with one of the men at Stony Lake, and for weeks he did not appear to gather strength, so the trader told the Indian that he would not get better, neither

would their house become free from infection, until the priest had paid them a visit and sprinkled them and their houses with holy water; and whether the Indian asked for the priest to come or not, I never rightly understood, but it was believed to be the entire work of the half-breed that the priest was sent for. The trader, I believe, went to Green Lake and fetched the priest, and he made himself very busy while he was among the Indians. The chief's youngest son was ill at the time, and the priest re-baptised him without anyone in the house knowing that he had done so, excepting the sick man's wife, though there were many in the house at the time it was done, even the man himself knew nothing about it. The woman told the Sandy Lake Chief's brother who was there, having volunteered to wait on the sick, and the dressing down he gave to the priest was such that he soon after returned to Green Lake.

Shortly after this, I visited the Indians again, when I found the Chief most indignant at what had been done, and had given instructions to his people never again to show hospitality to the priests, because after what had happened in his house, there was no telling what they might be up to.

About a month after this, the priest again visited the Mission, but this time he met with such disappointment that he took upon himself to write me, saying that upon his former visit he found the Indians at Stony Lake glad to welcome him and disposed to accept the true religion. He went on to say how many miles he had travelled in connection with his work since he became a priest, and that he valued more the conversion of an Indian to his Church from Protestantism than he did the finding of a purse of gold! All of which seemed eloquent in its way. In my reply, I said I did not attempt to deny his zeal for his Church, but that did not prove he made better people of those he succeeded in proselytising, and I asked him to read St. Matthew xxiii. 15, which in the face of what had recently happened in the country

I thought quite appropriate, and I drew his attention to the two rebellions 1870 and 1885, which were begun and ended with those professing the faith of his Church!

He wrote back challenging me to prove or even dare to say, that the priests of his Church or their teaching had anything to do with either rebellion.

In my answer I pointed out to him that the inefficacy of a religion was shown as much in its omissions as well as in its commissions, and as the religious teaching of the priests of Rome was not sufficient (if it had been applied), to check the rebellious instincts of its followers, therefore it was my opinion that their religion, or the way it was propagated, must be at fault.

I heard no more from this man, nor did the priests from that quarter again, during my charge of the Mission, visit the Stony Lake Indians.

But Rome is not deficient in stratagem, and they changed their point of attack from the north to the south, and the priest at Muskeg Lake decided to try his hand, as since the Indians had cut out a road through the woods, etc., for me to visit them, it made the lake accessible for others who wished to approach it from the south.

It so happens that the winter storms fell many a giant tree in the forests, and a good deal of clearing is required every spring before the roads can be considered passable. On the occasion of my first visit to the lake the following spring, I took with me a little boy about twelve years of age, just to help me around the camp, and fetch up the ponies from their pasturage; he was quite capable of doing this, as the ponies were very much attached to him and he could even take them when I failed. We camped about halfway the first night, and such a night for mosquitoes it was that I seldom, if ever, experienced the like. The result was, in the absence of a smudge, the horses, being unable to graze, took to wandering, and reaching the road, they made for home, and in spite of their

hobbles, they travelled back about fifteen miles during the night. Not knowing this, we spent some time in the morning searching for them, and finally we tracked them on the road and followed them up, but it was nearly noon before we overtook them.

During the morning, when the sun happened to shine full on the road between the trees, the heat was terrific, and I do not think I ever suffered so much before or since from heat and thirst as I did that morning.

We could tell by the footprints of the horses, that they never stopped to eat until they got free from the woods, and when they had reached the open prairie, where the breeze was sufficient to drive the mosquitoes into shelter. Just as we were stooping down to unfetter the horses, we heard the sound of a wheeled conveyance, and looking towards the direction the sound came from, I recognised the French trader's team, and in a few seconds more, we recognised the Muskeg Lake priest in the conveyance; they were heading for Stony Lake as we were. The sight of this party put new life into me, for what with the long hot walk, and the thought of a fifteen miles ride on the bare back of one of the ponies, I was nearly collapsing, but now I sprang on to one of my ponies' backs, and the boy on the other, and we started into a canter at once, which we kept up until we reached our encampment, and the excitement of trying to get away from the priest drove from me all feelings of fatigue as well as hunger, and as soon as we could put the harness on our ponies and attach them to our conveyance we resumed our journey without having either food or drink.

We travelled on until dusk before we halted for the night. The place we had reached was called Ladder Lake, the country was open and abundant in grass, so the horses had a refreshing time. About 5 p.m., we came upon a huge tree that had been blown down during the winter and was lying right across the road and in a place where it was impossible to get

round it without a great deal of chopping, and there was no other way of getting past it than by climbing over it or cutting it through in two places, and rolling the centre piece out of the way. The latter we could not think of doing as our axe was too small, and climbing over it might result in injury to our ponies or our conveyance. But knowing my horses to be very gentle, I decided to try and get over it, so we first chopped the branches off the trunk immediately opposite the road, and then I drove my horses up to the tree, and to my surprise they placed their forefeet on the trunk and stepped over it with as much intelligence as human beings. But when the wheels came up against the obstruction it was too abrupt, and if I had forced on my ponies I should have either broken the conveyance or the harness, so I stopped the horses as soon as they got on the other side, and we lifted up the front wheels of our buckboard and drove the ponies on gently so as to allow the wheels to drop down on the other side, then we raised the hind wheels in the same way and drove on again with the same result, and in a shorter time than it takes to tell how it was done, we had accomplished the feat.

We were up early the next morning, and after a hasty cup of tea, we were on the road again, and after driving about ten miles, we came to a place where a trail left the road for the mountain, and which was only used by the Indians when going out to hunt the moose; here we found the Chief and about four families camped awaiting my arrival. I told him of our experiences on the way and what we had seen the day before. The Chief advised our having service with them at once, and then going on to the lake as quick as possible and having our service there before the priest arrived. "Tell the Indians from me," he said, "to leave the lake as soon as the service is over." I was expecting to baptise seven adults on this visit, and these, the Chief said, were waiting for me at the lake. The service being over we each departed from

the place, I to the lake, and the Chief and his party to the mountain. On arrival at the lake, I found the people waiting for me; their canoes were in the water and loaded up ready to start as soon as the service was over, as they, too, were leaving for another part to hunt the moose. We had our service in the school house, and I baptised four men and three women, and just as our service was over we saw some one on horseback appear in the open space where the road through the bush leads up to the clearing where the houses stood, and the Indians recognised the man as the French trader. As soon as the rider saw the Indians were there, he turned sharply round, and rode back for the priest, whom we afterwards learned he had left at the place where I met the Chief, for seeing Indians had been there quite recently, they were not sure that any were still at the lake, and rather than drive over the rest of the road, which was very rough, and then find no one there, they took the precaution of investigating first. The sight of the horseman was the signal for more haste, and by the time the trader returned with the priest, the Indians were about a mile across the lake, paddling for the other side. In a short time the priest came over to see me in the school house, and after asking me a few questions about the Indians, and when I intended to return, the purpose of which I thoroughly understood, he began to call the trader, behind his back, all the "Bad Frogs" he could think of, for having brought him on such a long bad road. He said, "He told me it was a good road and quite smooth, but it is the worst road I have ever travelled over with wheels, but never mind, I have heard much about this lake, and as it is nearly the only place where Indians live in the country that I have not seen, I thought I would come with him and see the lake." "Well," I said, "if it is only the lake you wanted to see, you are not disappointed, for the lake is here in all its natural beauty." "Yes," he said, "the lake is very pretty, but where have the Indians gone? there

are none about." I told him that on my arrival I found them with their canoes loaded up and only waiting for me, and as soon as my service was over, they departed and "those specks you see out there on the bosom of the water are the said Indians in their canoes, going off on a hunting expedition." "When we saw the encampment on the road," he said, "we could not make sure whether the Indians were returning to their homes or going from them, and my man decided to go on horseback and see." "That is where you made the mistake," I said, "for if you had come with your man you would have been in time to have seen some of them. As to the encampment you saw on the road, the Chief and four or five families were there waiting my arrival, and as soon as the service was over they pitched off to the mountain." "Then," he said, "you saw all the Indians." "Of course," I said, "I came by appointment and they were expecting me, and now to be frank with you, the reason why they left so soon after the service, was, they did not want to see you! I told them that you were behind me, and it is well for your feelings that you did not hear their remarks." Then as quick as thought he asked when I was going back. "That," I said, "depends upon yourself. I was the first here, and I am going to be the last to leave." "We shall start back," he said, "just as soon as we have eaten." He then suddenly remembered the tree that was lying across the road, and he asked how we got past it. "Why," I said, "we simply surmounted the difficulty," but this he did not appear to understand. Then I said plainly: "We drove over it." "We thought so, and we tried to do likewise, but our horses would not face the tree, so we had to cut down small trees and make a way round it and this delayed us a considerable time." I said, "It took us about ten minutes to get past it. Now, I am going to speak plainly to you: you must not think to get a lead on me, or step in between me and my people, and so you may as well stop coming here and trying to upset

this people. During the winter, the priest from Green Lake visited them and tried to upset our work, but as he cannot approach the lake in summer without much difficulty, you propose visiting them from this side over the very road they cut out for our own use. When I first came to this country I was sent out to start a mission at Green Lake, but on my arrival, I found there were not many Indians there, and the few who were, were being visited by some of your priests, and what did I do? I withdrew from the place and started a mission more than a hundred miles from it, as I was not sent out here to proselytise but to evangelise, and I want you to treat me and my work as I treated you and your work." "But," he said, "the Sandy Lake Indians should belong to us, our priests baptised many of the young people when they were children." "Quite true," I said, "but your Bishop failed to keep his promise to give them a priest to live with them and teach them; the people were longing to be taught, but your Church did nothing for them but baptise a few children, and that too, without the consent of their parents. But even this offence would have been condoned by the Chief and others if some one had been sent to live among them as the Bishop had promised to do, but to use the Chief's words 'you appeared to despise them and passed them by,' until after waiting eleven years he could wait no longer, and as soon as I came into the country he invited me to settle with them, which I did. Then after four or five years had passed, and it was seen that Sandy Lake Mission was going to be a success, the priest began to be interested in the people, and wanted to build a church inside the reserve, but the Chief, as no doubt you know, refused them permission, and so finding the Chief had thoroughly made up his mind, the priests, as well as the Bishop of your Church respectfully left them alone. Your conduct now towards the Stony Lake Indians is the same, their trading post has been Green Lake for a generation or more, the priests from Isle-a-la-

Crosse have visited that post for many years, yet they never took any interest in these Indians until after I had shown an interest in them, and as soon as you saw the Indians were not only willing to be taught, but that we had erected a day school and given them a teacher. When all this was done, you show a similar desire to create a division among them, as you did at Sandy Lake, but so long as I am here with the Indians, you will never succeed in your designs, so you may just as well discontinue your visits, and I promise you I will not interfere with your work at Muskeg Lake. You know, I suppose, in your predecessor's time the Indians came to me and asked me to take their children into my school and teach them as I was teaching the other children, but instead of taking them in I suggested they should tell their priest if he did not keep a school for the children they would lay their case before the Government and the Government would appoint a teacher if the Church refused to do so, so the priest had to open a school at Muskeg Lake in order to keep his people quiet. Now if I had wished to interfere with your work, I should most probably have taken your Indians from you, but I did not choose to do so, and now that you understand this, let us be neighbours and do our own work without either interfering with the other." This suggestion was agreed to, and he left the same afternoon for home, I followed about two hours afterwards and reached his camp about 9 p.m., when he very kindly offered me shelter for the night, and we travelled together the whole of the next day. The priests never again visited the Stony Lake Indians either from Green Lake or Muskeg Lake all the time I was at Sandy Lake. The Muskeg Lake priest would visit me occasionally at my mission, and on one occasion he came to learn how to manage sheep, and bought two from my flock.

In the year 1887 a report was received by our Bishop, in which it was stated the work of the church in the eastern

part of his diocese was not being carried on satisfactorily, and his lordship asked me to go down on a tour of inspection and report to him on my return.

I reached home again in the autumn and soon after the Bishop came to Sandy Lake for Confirmation, and when there he received my written report. The result was, I was asked to take charge of all the Indian work in the eastern part of the diocese, and make my head-quarters at the Pas. It took some time to arrange matters before I could leave Sandy Lake, such as the finding of a suitable man to take charge of the mission I was leaving. Ultimately a native clergyman was brought up from the district I was going to, and I bade my Sandy Lake people farewell the following July, 1888, about fourteen years after I first entered the country. At that time, 1874, I was a stranger to the country and its aborigines. I knew very little of their language and they knew less of mine. They knew practically nothing about the life and duties of a settler, all they had been brought up to was to ride a horse and hunt the buffalo, and as hunters they were experts, and our strangeness to each other was emphasised by the fact that we had not yet met. The work God enabled me to do during these fourteen years can be summarised in the following brief statement of facts, viz., I had learnt the language and had induced three Chiefs with their followers to settle down, and I had taught them how to make their living by farming and rearing stock. I had baptised the three Chiefs and ninety per cent. of their followers from heathenism and taught them the Christian faith. I built a school for each separate band, and their children were being educated, the teacher for the Stony Lake band being one of my former scholars at Sandy Lake. The Indians from my home station had become intelligent delegates to our diocesan synod, and the Chief sometimes spoke from the platform, and in Bishop Pinkham's time he always sat on the Bishop's right hand at luncheon, etc. Four of the school

teachers whose first work in connection with the Church was with me, received the call to enter the ministry, and in due course were ordained; one was made an Archdeacon before I left Sandy Lake, and another has since been made a Canon. Apart from these there was my old and faithful Indian friend David, the man I took out with me from Winnipeg in 1874 to help me with secular work only; he too received the call, and was trained and ordained for Indian work, and had he lived he would have succeeded me at Sandy Lake, but God had willed it otherwise, and his work being done, he was called home.

It was not an easy matter to part with our sons and daughters in the faith, and my wife felt it as keenly as I did, for it was not only our first field of labour, but it was our first home of married life, and while at the mission God gave us our two children, a girl and a boy, but owing to our isolation and the absence of medical attention, we lost our son at childbirth. The wives of missionaries and teachers to-day in the same diocese are so conveniently situated, owing to the advance made in the growth of civilisation, that they can enter a hospital on such occasions as referred to above, and receive the care and attention of doctors and trained nurses, but it was not so in our early days of missionary experience.

At the time we left Sandy Lake rapid strides were being made in the country; railway facilities and doctors galore were getting to be the order of the day, though the nearest railway station and the nearest doctor to Sandy Lake were still sixty miles away. But by going to the Pas, the hand of the dial was moved backwards, so far as the conveniences of civilisation were concerned, for there the country was not adapted for settlement, and the district was only favoured with a visit from a doctor once in three years, and then the longest time he could stay at any one place was not more than three or four days. The nearest residential doctor to the Pas, as well as the nearest railway communication, at that time was Prince Albert, between three and four hundred

miles away, which took about twelve days to reach by canoe, there being no overland connection between the two places.

When the day came for me to leave the Mission (my wife having left a few months previous to take our child to England to be educated), the people gathered around me to bid me good-bye and God-speed. It was most distressing to the human frame to witness the Indians, big and little, young and old, too much agitated with emotion to be able to express their feelings in words, and so, with trembling hands and quivering lips, we parted in silence. Yet, notwithstanding these outward signs of human weakness, we were all strong in faith, and we, each one of us, had a faint experience of that joy which is unspeakable and full of glory.

I had intended to close the account of my work at Sandy Lake with the concluding words of the last paragraph, but one's thoughts love to linger about the dear old spot, and among its inhabitants; and I cannot refrain from relating one more true story which will help to explain the stability of character of these Indians.

A particular family who lived not far from the Mission had grown-up sons and daughters, and some of the elder members had married, and the land adjacent to the old homestead was becoming too circumscribed for all the families of this particular household, so one of the married sons selected a spot about three miles farther away on which to build a home for himself and family, and before moving out with his family, he pitched his tent on the spot, and lived and worked there alone from Monday morning to Saturday night, ploughing up the virgin soil. After he had been working a few days, I drove out to see him, to know if I could be of any use to him, in case anything had gone wrong with his plough, and when I approached the nearest end of the field where his little tent was standing, he happened to be at the farther end of the field with his oxen and plough, and whilst waiting his return, I looked inside his tent, and there

on one side, I saw a few pieces of stale bannock left over from his breakfast, and on his pillow lay open his Cree Syllabic Bible ; evidently he had been reading his portion of Scripture before commencing his daily work ! How many plough boys in Christian England, I wonder, ever think of taking their Bibles with them into the field that their souls may be strengthened by the Word of Life as their bodies are with the food that perisheth.

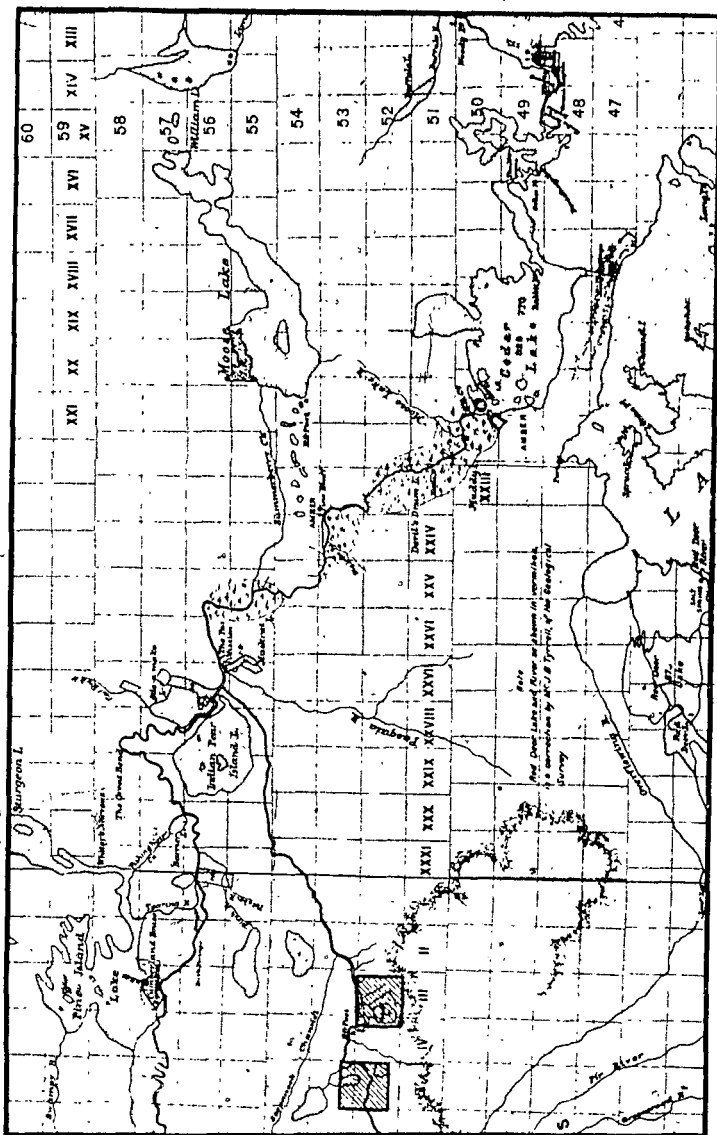
On my way from Sandy Lake to Prince Albert, to make connection with the steamboat which would take me to my new district, I met one of the Sandy Lake Indians returning home from the grist mill where he had been with a wagon-load of wheat to be ground into flour. He had one ton of flour on his wagon, besides bran, etc., after having bartered some of his flour away with the merchants in Prince Albert for bacon, tea, sugar and sundry other small articles. The flour, he told me, would suffice to pay labour and feed the men who helped him cut and stack his hay, and " I have another load of wheat at home," he said, " which, when ground, will defray the expense of gathering in the new harvest." This is sufficient in itself to show the improved social condition of the Sandy Lake Indians when compared with what they were, and knew, when I first took charge of them.

In the days of the buffalo the Indians were extravagant, because the buffalo cost them nothing to raise, and being so numerous, they could gather in a stock of provisions at a short notice, whereas a grain of wheat, though insignificant in itself, took a whole year to produce, and so it became very precious to them, and the process of producing it taught them the lessons of economy and persevering thrift, which they never would have learned if the buffalo had continued, and their old mode of living persisted in. The buffalo, however, was doomed to become extinct, and hence the wisdom of the Church Missionary Society was shown that in choosing their first missionary for work among the plain Crees, they selected one who had a knowledge of agriculture.

CHAPTER XI

THE PAS

At the time of which I am now writing, there were two steam-boats plying on the Saskatchewan River between Lake Winnipeg and Edmonton, a distance of about one thousand miles. There had been, a few years before, a fleet of five boats, but three had ceased to run, and the remaining two were in the last throes of their existence, as the railways which were penetrating the country in different parts were being utilised for carrying freight to and from the interior. When the boating was at its best, the Indians in the Cumberland district were in a good position for getting constant employment, for in summer they worked as porters and crews on the boats, and in winter they cut thousands of cords of wood for fuel for the boats in summer. But when the boats ceased running, all this remunerative source of employment was taken from them, and, as there was very little other work for them to do in the district, their earnings were confined chiefly to trapping furs during the winter months. Consequently the Indians were in anything but a flourishing condition when I took charge of my new sphere. There is no farming land in the whole of that country worth speaking about, so my knowledge of agriculture, etc., availed me nothing there. There was one advantage attached to the district, namely, the rivers and lakes abounded in fish, but as there was no local market and no means then for shipping them out to Winnipeg, the



A MAP OF THE P.A.S. MISSION DISTRICT SHOWING THE WATER-COURSES LEADING TO THE INHABITED PARTS. WHILE THE AUTHOR LIVED AT THE P.A.S. THERE WAS NO WHITE SETTLEMENT IN ALL THIS AREA. (p. 230.)

nearest market, the only use these fish were to the Indians was that it formed their staple supply of food, and as the Indians ate fish four times a day and seven days a week, everywhere, everything, and every person, literally stank of fish.

I shall never forget my first Sunday in church at the Pas. The church, though large, was crowded with Indians, and not only the people's clothes, but the floor, seats, and walls of the building appeared to be impregnated with fish oil, and I felt that my stay there would be brief indeed, as I never could endure the smell of fish. But habit, they say, becomes second nature, and I soon became accustomed to the smell and ceased to mind it.

Before I proceed further, I had better describe the district I was destined to work in for another fourteen years, and give the names of the different stations under my charge.

First, the sphere of my labour was called the Cumberland district, after the head-quarters of the H.B. Company, which were situated on the south shore of a lake, called by the Indians "Min-nis-tec-ko-min-na-hik-oo-ska-we-sah-ka-he-kun" (Pine Island Lake), there being an island in the centre of the lake, whereon pine trees were abundant. To be correct, pine trees such as are technically known by that name do not grow in North-Western Canada, the nearest resemblance to them is the spruce tree, which is, after all, a kind of soft white pine.

The H.B. Company established a trading post at this place some years before the advent of missionary work, and finding the name too difficult for those in charge to pronounce, and fearing lest they should get their tongues entangled in such a string of syllables, they called their trading post Cumberland House, though why I do not know.

Although this was considered the head post of the district, it was not by any means central, in fact it was established on the southern border of its own district. The reason for this was, I presume, being near the main watercourse, the North Saskatchewan River, up which all merchandise was shipped

into the interior, and all furs shipped out, so the position was considered advantageous as a distributing point.

The Indian mission work of the Church was begun in 1840, and made its head-quarters at a place about seventy-five miles below Cumberland on the same river, and for years it was known as Devon Mission, but the same place was called by the Company the Pas, and in course of time, when the post office facilities were extended to the same place, by giving us a monthly mail, and as the H.B. Company became the carriers of the mail, the name they gave the place was registered in the postal guide, and so it came to pass that the mission became known as the Pas Mission, and Devon Mission, the original name, was dropped.

At the present time, the Government of Canada is engaged in building a railway, which is to connect the wheat-growing district of the west with Hudson's Bay, and this line passes right through the Pas, crossing the mission property. If the route proves to be a workable one, it will shorten the hauling distance between Western Canada and England by about seven hundred miles, but at present, in my own mind, the undertaking is purely experimental, but it may prove to be feasible, and I hope it will. The lying advertisements, however, that are being circulated about the conditions of the country through which the line will pass, by unconscious real estate agents, are simply iniquitous.

The Pas then is the name of the C.M.S. Mission to which I was sent, and any further reference to the place in this book will be understood by the reader as referring to the head-quarters of the mission district.

Before the division of the district of Rupert's Land, one of the Archdeaconries took its name from this district, and the person who bore the title was called the Archdeacon of Cumberland. But when that part of the country was handed over to Saskatchewan and the original Archdeacon was dead, it was thought by some that the missionary in charge of the

district should take the title, and Bishop Bompas wrote me as such, and when I told him that he was not only premature in one sense, but behind the times in another, for I was not an Archdeacon, and since the district had been transferred, the title had been allowed to drop—the Bishop wrote back, saying he did not think, legally, the right to retain the former title could be taken from the place, any more than a diocese could be deprived of its right to be called a diocese, just because its first Bishop had been removed by death. Be this as it may, the title was not revived, and the district was allowed to fall away from an Archdeaconry to that of a rural deanery, and I was made the first rural dean of the district and retained the honour until I left in 1902. After my return to the diocese in 1903, to take up work in another part of the diocese several hundred miles away from the Pas, I was asked by the Bishop to resume my old title, which I did for a year or two; but when the Bishop made his next visit through the Pas district, and I accompanied him, I expressed a wish to resign the position of rural dean in favour of the man who was then living at the Pas, for I felt I could not fulfil the duties of a rural dean, situated as I was so many miles from the district, and to hold on to a title without doing the work such a title required was contrary to my principles, and hence my resignation.

I find myself again writing of events out of their proper order as regards time, but I will guard against referring to them again. The first thing I did after taking charge was to make acquaintance with all the Mission stations under my supervision, and after spending a few Sundays at the Pas, I engaged a couple of Indians and a birch-bark canoe, and left for that part of the English River which belonged to my district. We had to paddle up the Saskatchewan River as far as Cumberland, about seventy-five miles, and after spending a day at our Mission there, we left in a storm for our destination; and here at the outset we experienced no little

difficulty, for being heavily laden our canoe was not in a fit state to ride the waves.

An Indian living on the other side of Cumberland Lake whose house we should have to pass, offered to relieve us of some of our load, as he had nothing in his canoe, and we handed over to him all our provisions and one of my bags. He took the lead, and on account of the waves his attention was wholly occupied in manipulating his own craft, and so could not look behind him to see how we were faring, and soon he was beyond the reach of our voices. When we had paddled about half a mile from the shore, and had reached the full force of the waves, my men proclaimed it too risky to venture across the lake. To return was equally difficult, so turning at a right angle, we ran before the wind and succeeded in reaching a small heap of stones, which for the sake of dignity we will call an island. There was no vegetation upon it, and the widest part was not more than thirty yards in extent. Here we landed with difficulty, as the island being so small, the motion of the water on the lee side was almost as turbulent as it was on the exposed side. We remained here until sunset, hoping the wind would go down with the sun, and then we could reach our provisions before dark, but we were doomed to disappointment, and we had to make up our minds to pass the night on this exposed heap of stones without any fire or anything to eat. The island was about a quarter of a mile from the "Tearing River" which receives its water from Cumberland Lake, and was right in the centre of the channel. The bed of the river being so much lower than the lake, the first few miles was one succession of rapids, and hence its name of "Tearing River."

To say the least, it was anything but a satisfactory or pleasing place for a camping ground. The Indian, however, can sleep on the branch of a tree, if necessary, or curl himself up quite comfortably on the top of a big stone, but with me it was otherwise, and the stones proved too rough and

hard for me to get any enjoyment out of them and I suggested I should sleep in my canoe. The only way to do this was to push the canoe well out from the island, so that when the canoe sank between the waves, the water would be deep enough to keep the bottom off the stones. One advantage of being near the river was, there was quite a current in the lake, and as the wind was blowing with the current, the two together would keep the boat straight on her anchor. The custom when making a long journey with a canoe or boat of any kind, is to take with you a long line for tracking purposes, for use when going up stream. We had one such line with us, and this was fastened to the head of my canoe, and after spreading my blankets in the bottom of my canoe I embarked and my men guided the frail craft out into the deep water, and soon I was separated from them by the full length of the line, and after my steersman had fastened the other end of the line around his waist, he laid himself down on the stones to sleep, and I, in my birch-bark to be literally "rocked in the cradle of the deep." If the line had broken when I was sleeping, the men could not have helped me, for the current and the wind would have taken me to the river in a few minutes, and I should have been at the mercy of the rapids. *But*, and but, like if, sometimes stands for a good deal; and in this case it means I took no risks, and I did not go to sleep, I merely rested, and kept myself in readiness to battle against wind and tide with my paddle in the event of the anchor line breaking.

The nights are fairly long in the middle of September, but that night seemed exceptionally so; notwithstanding the wind abated, and by 4 a.m. we were paddling for the other shore. It happened to be a very dark morning and the air was heavy with fog which shut out everything from our view. The noise of the rushing water on the rapids helped us with our bearings at the start, and after two hours hard paddling, we came to the conclusion we were very hungry, the result of

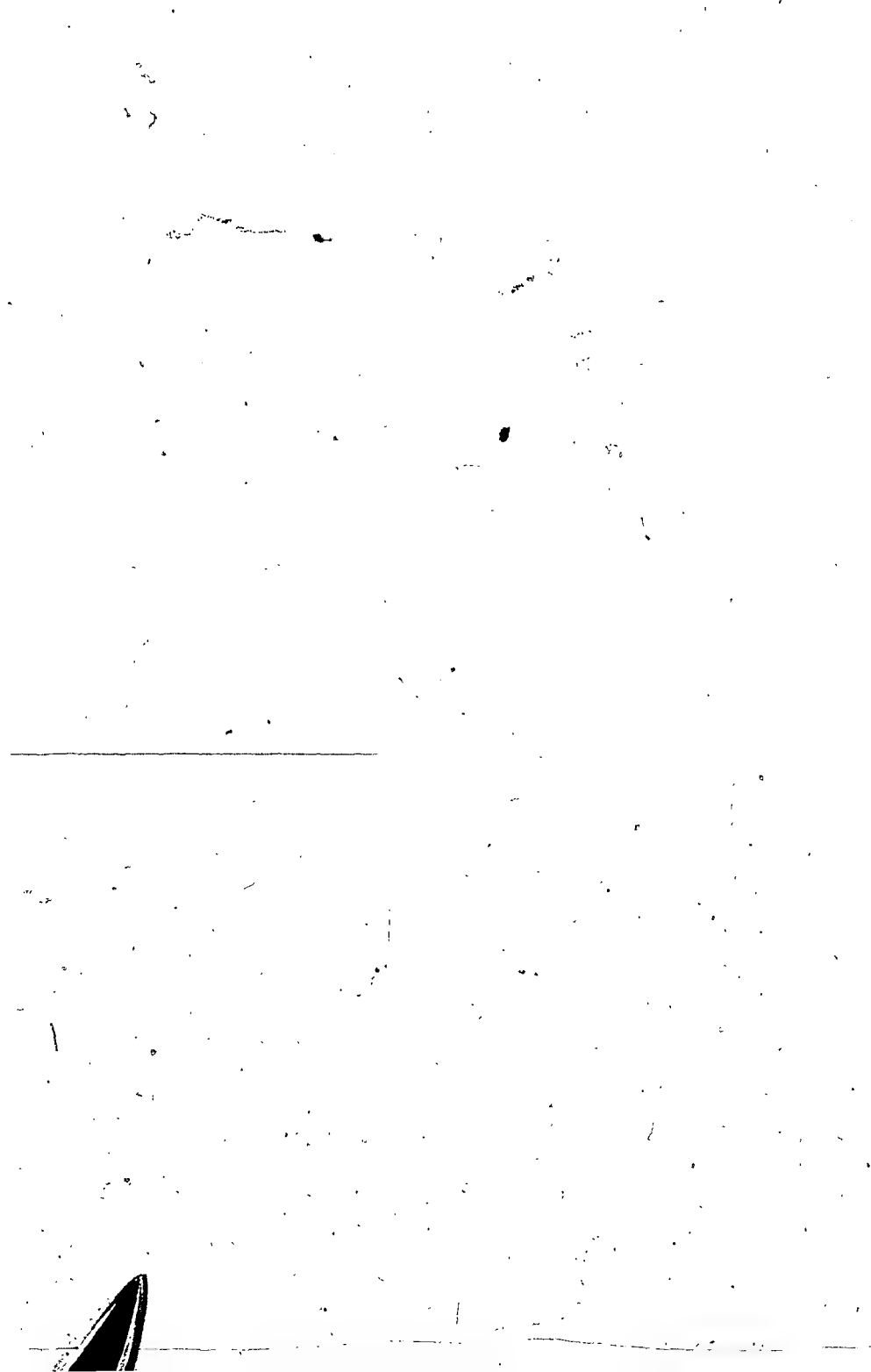
having no supper the night before, and we even began to fear lest in the darkness we had passed the house where the man lived who had charge of our food, so we rested on our oars and began shouting, and I never before or since hailed with so much pleasure the bark of a dog as I did on that occasion, for on hearing our voices the man's dog responded with a counter blast, and we knew Indians were near, though we were not sure it was the man whom we were seeking; but being guided by the continuous bark of our canine friend, we not only reached the shore but in the right place. One of my men made his way inland up to the house, and so fortune had favoured us, as it was the home of the man we were seeking. Having regained possession of our provender, instead of eating at once, we paddled on to a narrow part of the lake where plenty of dry wood was to be found, and there we kindled a fire, made ourselves some good strong hot tea, and we ate two meals in one, and did not feel the least inconvenienced thereby.

The next four days were very windy, but as it was a fair wind, we used our little square-sail as well as the paddles, and so we made good time, notwithstanding the whole of the journey was against the stream, and we had to disembark several times and carry our canoe and belongings across portages to get past the rapids and waterfalls.

We reached Pelican Narrows the fifth day out from Cumberland, and spent a day there, holding services, as this is an out-station belonging to the Stanley Mission. The services at this place were conducted by the Indians themselves except when their clergyman visited them, which was about four times a year. The Roman Catholics have a strong mission here with one or more priests in constant readiness, yet in spite of this fact, and the fact that our people form only a small minority, when the Government made a treaty with them, one of our Indians, the one who conducted the services, was chosen to be the chief of the band, I think, by the unanimous



WE HAD TO DISEMBARK SEVERAL TIMES AND CARRY OUR CANOE. (p. 236.)



vote of the Roman Catholic and Protestant Indians of the place.

The same day we left Pelican Narrows we reached Frog portage on the English river, and the next night we camped at the Stanley Mission, making, I was told, a record time. The wind was strong and dead aft the whole of the last day, so that in addition to the men's paddles, I sat in the middle of the canoe and kept the sail aloft, and the speed we travelled against the current was not equalled on our return journey, notwithstanding the current was in our favour.

Mission work at Stanley was begun a few years after the Pas Mission was established, and like the Pas, the work was initiated by a native Christian Indian, both being sent out from Winnipeg. These teachers were the first converts from the Red Indians at Lake Winnipeg. The name of the one who started the Pas Mission was known to many readers of C.M.S. literature in days gone by as the Rev. Henry Budd, and the name of the one who started the work in the neighbourhood of Stanley was afterwards known as the Rev. J. S. Settee.

The church at Stanley is quite a landmark owing to its position, and it has been greatly admired by those who have seen it, for its symmetry and architectural design. It stands well out on a point of land jutting on to the river, which is more like a lake at this particular point. The interior, as well as the exterior of the edifice is what one would expect to find in a well-to-do parish at home. There is a very large amount of carved work on the pillars which divide the body of the church into three aisles. The church is what may be called a three-decker, with three rows of windows on each side and it has a tower and spire at the end next the water. A few years after the commencement of the work at Stanley by the native catechist James Settee, an English clergyman and his devoted wife, the Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Hunt, were sent out from England to take charge of the mission and were responsible for the

erection of such a fine church ; too fine and costly it has frequently been said for such an out-of-the-way place, and for the use of a purely Indian congregation. But if, as I understand, Mr. and Mrs. Hunt were personally responsible for its original cost, disinterested parties have no right to complain. One of the sons God gave to Mr. and Mrs. Hunt whilst at Stanley, is at the present time an influential clergyman in the Church at home, and he sometimes travels abroad as a special missionary.

After spending a day at Stanley, I left with the native missionary who was in charge, and who, thanks to the C.M.S. and his own ability, was a B.A. and B.D. of the University of Manitoba, for the farthest out-station in my district, known as the "Little Hills." This place is situated at the western end of Lac-la-Ronge; here we were met by a number of Indians, and the Sunday we spent there the services were conducted in the schoolroom, which was too crowded to be either pleasant or edifying. This out-station was situated at the extreme end of my new district and was about four hundred miles from the Pas. Stanley proper is situated on the height of land called by some the "Divide," for on our way out and until we reached Stanley, we were constantly ascending the streams, but as soon as we made our first portage on the other side of Stanley, we found the streams running in the direction we were going.

Anyone who is interested in wild rugged scenery, with picturesque watercourses interspersed with turbulent rapids and not infrequent waterfalls, coupled with good fishing, would find on a trip such as I made on this occasion all they could desire, and I have no doubt when the interior becomes fairly well settled many an excursionist will be found travelling over this same route. We have nothing like it in England.

On our return trip to Stanley we encountered some very large waves on the lakes, and on one occasion we deemed it advisable to lay by for some hours, until from very shame we had to put out to sea, for looking out on the lake, we

spied two small canoes coming towards us, and as it was a beam wind that was blowing, they had constructed a sail with a small blanket and one of their paddles, and this small sail kept the boat steady as well as accelerated the speed, and when they got near enough to be within speaking distance, we found it was a man and his wife and family bound for the place we had left. The man sat in the stern of one canoe guiding it with his paddle and the woman occupied a similar position in the other canoe. In the front of each canoe sat one of the bigger children manipulating the blanket sail. The man's canoe was loaded up with their food, utensils, etc., and in the centre of the woman's canoe lay two little children apparently enjoying the motion of the boat.

On reaching Stanley, we held two more services in the Church, and administered Holy Communion to a large and deeply interested congregation, and had a public meeting to hear and answer questions. Practically all the Indians were baptised in this part of my district, but although belonging to one or other of the three stations mentioned, namely, Pelican Narrows, Stanley and Little Hills, they were seldom to be found at these places, but occupied the intervening spaces, living in tents and temporary dwelling-houses which they erected along the streams and on the shores of the lakes. On our way out we halted at all these encampments and informed the people as to the day they might expect us on our return journey; this gave them time and opportunity to let the other Indians know who were living back from the line of travel, and so give them an opportunity of meeting us at the different encampments, and so it came to pass that on our return journey we had several services, at which children were baptised and the Holy Communion administered, and our Church was literally the world, its ceiling was the canopy of Heaven and the decorations were the undisturbed vegetation, fresh from the Maker's Hand, and our music was contributed by the warbling of the birds and the rippling of the

streams. On my return to the Pas, I wrote my Bishop giving him an account of my recent trip, and suggested that the Stanley Mission and out-stations could be better and more cheaply reached from Prince Albert, via Montreal lake, than from the Pas, and as this commended itself to the Archdeacon, it was added to the Prince Albert district, and I had no further occasion to visit that place.

My next journey was to the stations east of the Pas, and I took with me two Indians and my birch-bark canoe. We followed the course of the Saskatchewan River for about twenty miles, and then we left the main channel and followed a branch of the same great stream, called Summerberry River, and after following this stream for about forty-five miles, we came to Moose Creek. This creek connects Summerberry River with Moose Lake, and is about five miles long. This stream though called a creek is worthy the name of river, as it is fairly wide and quite deep, the peculiarity about this river is this: when the water is high in the Summerberry River, it flows into Moose Lake, and when the water becomes low in the river it flows back from the lake to the river again, so that the direction of the current in Moose Creek is subject to several changes during the same summer.

The H.B. Company's trading post and the Mission are situated at the nearest end of the lake about two miles from the mouth of the creek, but when I first took charge, the Indians lived at the Narrows, fifteen miles up the lake. On this, my first visit, we encountered a great storm of wind, and with difficulty we landed on an island, where we remained wind bound for three days, and had very little to eat. This delay on the island, though it deprived us of food for the body, provided me with food for thought, and as our American cousins would say I began "to calculate" as to how I could most efficiently attend to the work committed to my charge. A birch-bark canoe was all very well for a missionary who had only one Mission to attend to, but I had several, and the

number of miles I would have to travel to make one tour of my district, even after Stanley was taken from me, was between six and seven hundred miles, so whilst on the island I wrote to my wife (who it will be remembered had gone to England to put our daughter to school) and described my district to her. I told her of the three large lakes that intercepted my course, such as Cumberland, Moose, and Cedar Lakes, and in order to do my work expeditiously and economically, I should require something safer and swifter than a birch-bark canoe, and I suggested that a small steam launch might be useful to me. Both my wife and daughter at once became interested and active, and in answer to a letter my seven-years-old daughter wrote to a magazine, appealing for funds, a lady in Brighton replied saying, she would give all the money asked for the purchase of the launch, if the sum required to freight it out to the Mission could be raised. In less than a month the full amount had been sent in to the Society appointed to receive subscriptions; but as, in the meantime, I had much travelling to do, I will continue my account of the different stations. Moose Lake is bounded on two sides by a low-lying marsh or muskeg, which, when the water is high, becomes inundated, and has the appearance of an endless lake, on the opposite shore it is bounded by a ridge of limestone, and the graveyard which had been located right among the houses became very dangerous to the community, as the bodies were not buried more than a foot or two at most below the surface, and in the mornings and evenings, quite a blue mist could be seen hanging over the graves of the recently departed, and the mortality among the Indians was such as to threaten the extinction of the whole band. The attention of the Government was drawn to the fact, and the reserve was changed from the north to the south end of the lake, which, after the change was made, brought the Mission fifteen miles nearer to the Pas. But it took two or three years before the change was effected, for, although the Indians knew that

deaths among them were frequent, they were loath to believe that the shallow graves were the cause of so much sickness among them. I have tried time and again to explain to the Indians the nature of infection, and that the expectoration from consumptives is impregnated with microbes which get into the air, and we breathe them into our lungs, and so the disease spreads; but the Indian is impressed with the idea that anything that is too small to be seen with the naked eye, is too puny to do them any harm!

There was a school in operation at Moose Lake, and the teacher was a Roman Catholic. He was not very bigoted in my presence, but behind my back he was quite active in more ways than one which were detrimental to our work, and I was not sorry when he told me he was leaving the district.

Having completed my first visit there we paddled back to the south end, and through the creek into the river, which we followed for about thirty miles when we again joined the main Saskatchewan River which we left twenty miles this side of the Pas. After following the main channel for about four miles we came to the Che-mu-wha-win Mission—the meaning is “where seine-nets are used”—but now called Cedar Lake Mission.

There was no Church building of any description at this place, and no agent of the Church resided there, though the majority of the people were baptised, and regarding them from a Government point of view they were a part of the Moose Lake band. After spending some days with these Indians we started after sunset to cross Cedar Lake on our way to Grand Rapids. Cedar Lake is forty miles across, twenty-eight miles brings one to a point of land jutting out into the lake called Rabbit Point, and from there to the resumption of the Saskatchewan River on the farther side of the lake is fourteen miles, and, as the wind is generally the calmest during the hours of darkness, most travellers cross this wide expanse during the night. The river on the other side of the

lake is about twenty-five miles in length (including Cross Lake, which is four miles wide) and is one continuous succession of large rapids which finally end up with what is called "The Grand Rapids," which is seven miles in length and defies navigation. At the foot of these rapids is the extreme north-west corner of Lake Winnipeg, and the Mission is situated at the mouth of the river. At this place there was a church building, and the day school was taught in the church. Strange to say the teacher here too was a Roman Catholic, and during his short stay there had had things mostly his own way. I did not dislike the man, nor his wife, but being of good families, they felt the work of teaching an Indian school and its emoluments just a bit too small for them, and they too left the district. At that time, as the reader knows, the Government salary for a school teacher was £60 per annum, which, owing to the price of food, clothing, etc., was not more than £30 would be here in England; but when the Church officials appointed a teacher, they chose a man who could take a service in the absence of a clergyman, a sort of catechist as well as teacher, and in such cases, they augmented the Government grant from £20 to £40 a year. But the two teachers referred to had not been appointed by the Church and did no work for the Church, and so received no remuneration from us. I found that the school at Moose Lake was closed for a month at a time, there being no one at hand to whom the teacher was responsible, and upon inquiry I was told the said teacher would go off with the Indians trapping furs and neglecting his school duties.

Grand Rapids was a big place at the time of which I am writing, and had been more so a few years previous, as *First*, all the commerce for the interior and away to the Arctic regions, was brought into the country via Grand Rapids. The Lake Winnipeg boats had to discharge their cargoes at the foot of Grand Rapids, and large warehouses were erected to receive the goods, a tram line was built across the point of land

round which the river ran, to connect with the river boats at the head of the rapids. This tram line was a little over three miles in length, and the trucks, or cars, were drawn across by horses. It was a single line with a switch about half way across, and a telephone connected the warehouses at both ends, so that when the loaded cars were ready to start, the despatcher of the empties was notified and the cars left simultaneously so as to meet at the switch, and so no time was lost. *Second*, the fishing companies on Lake Winnipeg had a large plant just opposite the Mission, where the fish were cleaned, frozen, and shipped by boats to Winnipeg, whence they were conveyed by rail, in refrigerator cars to the large cities in the United States; scores of fishermen were employed all summer, in addition to the men employed as crew men for the boats, and in the winter numbers of men were employed putting up ice for summer use. *Third*, Grand Rapids, on account of its nearness to the Lake which formed a direct connection with Winnipeg, and the high and dry limestone ridge the houses were built on, coupled with the pure white shingle that formed the beach, became quite a summer resort for people living at Winnipeg, and the boarding houses at times could not accommodate all the visitors, and some of them used to bring out their tents with them, and pitch them on the ridge. Grand Rapids was also noted for its wild fruit, such as strawberries, raspberries, blueberries and cranberries and many a Winnipeg family, in making their summer trip to Grand Rapids, combined business with pleasure and manufactured their household jam during the holidays. But in course of a few years this once thriving little place became like a pelican in the wilderness, and shared the same fate as the Pas and Prince Albert from the same cause, viz., from the diversion of the traffic from the rivers to the railways.

Having completed my visit to the Lake, and having made the acquaintance of my new parishioners, we began our return journey, which, be it understood, was all the way up stream,

and the water for the first twenty-five miles moved along at cataract velocity. We had to pass Cedar Lake Mission on our return journey, but instead of going round by Moose Lake, we kept to the main channel of the Saskatchewan, calling at one or two small encampments on the way. The distance I travelled on this journey was about 330 miles.

After spending another Sunday at the Pas, I started off again in a southerly direction to visit two Mission stations at the foot of the Pas Mountains, and having ascended the Carrot River about eighty-five miles, we came to the Shoal Lake Mission. This lake was not only shoal, but perfectly dry on this occasion, and having walked through the mud and grass for about a mile, we had to travel another mile through the forest before we came to the Indian settlement. On this particular side of Shoal Lake there are many salt springs, which I have no doubt will some day be worked to advantage. But salt springs are not the only things peculiar to this place, and which adds to its notoriety, for the mosquitoes are such, both in numbers and viciousness, that a stranger could neither understand nor believe if one attempted a description of them. The Indians at Shoal Lake have built their houses in the centre of a pine forest and trees had to be cut down to make room for the houses, and each year as they extended their gardens, fresh trees had to be cut down, and by the time I left the district, some of them had as much as an acre under cultivation. Their principal productions were carrots, onions, and potatoes; the land was excellent, but owing to their isolation nothing else was attempted.

After spending some time with these Indians, we paddled on about fifteen miles further to a place called Red Earth. The Indians' houses at this place are built on a point of land almost surrounded by the Carrot River. The place is unique in the Saskatchewan country, and, personally, I have not seen another place like it in all Western Canada, and it would compare favourably with any of our natural parks in England.

The ground is perfectly level, and the trees, which are mostly maple and elm, grow to an enormous size. The Indians had cut off the lower branches of the trees to an even height from the ground so as to enable them to get about without interruption. When one ascended the banks of the river and entered the plateau where the houses and tents were standing, it was easy to imagine oneself under a huge canopy of evergreens, and the whole of the unoccupied ground was densely covered with huge bracken. The land, what little there was, was of excellent quality, and vegetables grew to an enormous size, but the people here were mostly heathen. Wild ducks and geese were abundant in both these Missions, and moose were plentiful in the forests, but there was practically no fish, and at times the people were hard up for food. The medicine man at this reserve had great influence over the people, and he was opposed to instruction of any kind. It appears that my predecessors had seldom, if ever, visited these Indians, and when I asked the man I succeeded why he always returned to the Pas from Shoal Lake, he replied he had no work to do among the Indians at Red Earth, they were heathen. That his object for going to Shoal Lake was to baptise, marry and administer the Holy Communion. I reminded him that as an agent of the C.M.S. his premier work was to evangelise the heathen. I told the Indians that so long as I was in charge of the district I should consider them a part of my flock, and should visit them each time I came to Shoal Lake.

On this occasion I visited every house, and spoke to each family separately, and in this way I found out that very few were opposed to Christian teaching. I called again at Shoal Lake on my return journey, and arranged with two of the Christian laymen to conduct Sunday services between them at their own reserve, and to invite occasionally their Indian friends from Red Earth to attend their services, and I specially exhorted the young men and women to let "their lights so

shine when in the presence of their heathen neighbours, that they might be left with a desire to know something of the religion that made people better and happier in this life as well as fearless in death. I also promised to have a day school started as soon as possible for the children at Shoal Lake, and drew up a petition for the head men to sign, and forward to the proper authorities, that a grant be put on the estimate for a teacher without delay. The Government, as I have stated on a previous page, were under an obligation to provide £60 a year for a teacher, plus the school material for each band of Treaty Indians as soon as they desired to have their children taught. But to create a desire in the mind of the Indians for instruction was the work of the missionary, for the Government officials took no aggressive interest in their intellectual improvement. As this was in the autumn, matters had to remain as they were until the following midsummer, when the Inspector of Agencies paid his annual visit.

Having completed the object of my visit to the mountain reserves, we returned to my head-quarters, the Pas.

A little addition sum will show to my readers that in visiting the principal stations in my district I travelled over 1,300 miles, and each journey I made was by water. Perhaps some one will ask, "Could not some of these stations have been reached by land?" My answer is "No!" There are certain elevated spots in the district, but these are not connected, being intercepted by broad rivers, inundated marshlands, and lakes, consequently there were no roads in the district, and all travel in summer was by canoe, and boats. In the winter, however, conditions were entirely changed and the water in the rivers and lakes was frozen to the depth of three or more feet, and the ice and land put on their winter garment of snow. The snow that fell after the middle of November, remained unthawed until the middle of the following March, and the days were scarcely ever warm enough to make the snow damp and uncomfortable for travelling. In this respect

the province of Saskatchewan and the country farther north has an advantage over the maritime provinces and the country to the south; for there the fall of snow is greater than in the north, and is seldom if ever dry enough to make walking clean and comfortable.

I must now describe the habits of the Pas Indians. I have already said that their staple food in summer is fish taken from the Saskatchewan River and its tributaries near the Mission. In the beginning of October those who intend to spend the winter at the Mission move off to a lake about twelve miles distant, called Clear Water Lake, in order to gather in a supply of "white fish" for their winter's use. The Indians were permitted to take white fish during the spawning season for their own use. It appears fish are easily captured during that season, but as this season only lasts about ten days the take is not enormous, though ample for private use. But the majority of the Pas Indians, and, in fact, the majority of all the Indians in the district, leave the principal Mission stations, with their families, in the month of October, and take up their winter quarters along the lakes and rivers, thus forming hamlets of two or three families at each place, consequently the Indians from the Pas Mission alone are divided into fifteen or twenty hamlets scattered over an area varying from ten to one hundred and fifty miles from the central station. The object for this is to hunt the fur-bearing animals which inhabit the woods, and others such as the musquash, beaver, and otter which build their houses near to the water.

In selecting their winter quarters, the Indians always locate themselves near to places where fish are plentiful, as these help materially to eke out their supply of food. The palate of the Indian is indescribable, and I have often wondered if they can distinguish between one flavour and another, and owing to their precarious way of living, it is well for them that it is so. The Indian eats every animal he kills with the

exception of the wolf, and on visiting their winter quarters I have seen large kettles holding about five or six gallons apiece, suspended by a tripod over an open fire, and in them were fish, foxes, rat, wild cat, mink, etc., all stewing in the same pot and all eaten at the same time off the same dish!

The first trip I made through the eastern part of my district after open water the following spring, the gentleman in charge of the H.B. Company's business at Moose Lake kindly gave me three or four steaks of dried moose meat when taking our departure. And as we were paddling on towards Cedar Lake Mission, my Indians asked me if I had ever eaten sturgeon? "No," I told them, and up to that time I had not even seen a sturgeon. They said: "The Indians at the Mission to which we are going kill any quantity of sturgeon at this time of the year, and they will be sure to offer us some. May we take it, and will you eat it?" "Take it by all means," I said, "we must not refuse a gift; but as to my eating it, that will depend on whether I like it or not." But the way they kept on praising the fish made me anxious to try it.

As I have said before, there was no Church building or agent of the Church living at this Mission, and as it was late in the evening when we arrived, I pitched my little wedge-shaped tent on a sheltered spot close to the water's edge, and turned in for the night. Before I had time to get to sleep, I heard a strange voice talking with my Indians, and soon after one of my men came to my tent and informed me that an Indian in passing had given them a piece of sturgeon; and he wanted to know if they might cook it for breakfast. "Certainly," I said, "fish is always the sweetest when it is fresh." Sleeping under canvas one generally wakes early, and I was up and out by six o'clock next morning, but my men must have been up two hours earlier, for the fish was cooked, and the embers of the fire were rapidly dying out. In going up

to the kettle, I saw the fish floating in its own liquor, covered with about an inch of yellow liquid oil, the very sight of which destroyed my appetite for fish. I told the Indians that I had changed my mind and would breakfast off hard tack (a kind of sailors' biscuit) and a little butter, and they could have the fish between them. Their gratitude for my generosity, though unexpressed, was evident by the smile on their faces. Breakfast over, I prepared for service in one of the houses near by, but as one of my Indians had to stay with the tent to keep the Indian dogs from devouring our food, I told him to boil some of the dried moose meat for our dinners, and soon after I left to take the service. Before the service was over I had a faint feeling come over me, which I attributed to the light breakfast I had had, but the thought of having a good dinner of moose meat seemed to revive me. The service being over, I returned to the camp, when, to my dismay, I found the Indian had boiled the moose meat in the fish liquor, and again I was robbed of my meal. Before the evening service began, an Indian returning from his hunt saw our tent, and paddled towards it, and when he saw who it was he presented me with a wild-goose he had shot the day before. It was the other Indian's turn to keep watch over the tent this time, and I told him in preparing supper, to cut slices off the goose's breast, and toast it over the fire for my supper, and the rest of the goose they could cook as they liked for themselves. Everything this time was done according to order, at least, my orders were obeyed with regard to the piece I wanted for myself; but the Indian, after disjointing the goose, so as not to take up so much room in the kettle, put it in the remainder of the fish liquor and made a pot stew of it! I could not help expressing my satisfaction at their economy, but at the same time I felt inclined to quarrel with their appetites, when the elder of the two replied, saying: "The white man will eat a piece of fish, and then he will eat a piece of meat, and then several other things one after the other. What is the

difference between eating your way, and our way, they are all eaten at the same meal, and all go into the same stomach?" It is needless to say I regarded his logic as culminating.

I have said the Indians of the Pas are very much scattered in the winter, and it had been their custom, previous to my taking charge, for the men at least, to return to the Mission for the first Sunday in each month, to partake of the Lord's Supper, and in some cases the women accompanied their husbands; and whilst I could not but commend them for their fealty and endurance, I made up my mind to suggest to them another plan; for, as I pointed out to them, there was not only the hardship of long exposure to the cold winds of winter in travelling to and from the Mission, but in many cases it meant the best part of a week's loss of time to the hunters; so I told them that instead of them leaving their work every month, I would travel round with my train of dogs, and visit their different encampments, and baptise their infants, marry any couples that wished to get married, and administer the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper to those who wished to partake, but I should expect them to give a fairly good offertory. It is needless to say this idea met with their approval, and the amount of their offertories was increased accordingly. This change necessitated a large amount of extra travel for myself, and not only so, but, unlike the H.B. Company and Government officials, I could not keep to the beaten trail, for these gentlemen, when they travelled, kept to the well-beaten trail which led from one trading post to the other, whereas I had frequently to make my own trail in order to get to the different camps.

When I took charge of the district, the system in vogue for keeping the Church accounts was most extraordinary, and was as follows: the officer in charge of one of the trading posts received the offertory from the churchwardens, and took it home with him, without having it counted first, and

kept the account himself, and when anyone was entitled to pay for any work done in connection with the church, such as the church-keeper's salary, or any special cleaning done to the Church, he paid the parties with goods from his store, and charged it to the offertory account. The result was, every Easter the Church was in debt to the trader; and the last Easter previous to my taking charge, the offertories were between forty and fifty dollars below the expenditure for the year, so I decided to take charge of the offertories myself. The result of this all-round change, was that we not only paid our local expenses, but we contributed to all the different appeals from the diocese. We also resurrected a fund, which was formerly known as the "Devon Mission Endowment Fund," and contributed annually to this, as well as sending annually £20 to the C.M.S. in England, and the word debt or deficit dropped out of our vocabulary.

I have already hinted at our winter mode of travel, viz., with sleighs drawn by dogs, and it will have been noticed by the reader that no mention of horses has yet been made. The fact is, there were not more than three horses at the Pas at the time of which I am writing, and these were used for doing work in the settlement, such as hauling firewood in winter. The state of the ground prohibited the use of horses in summer, and they could not very well be used on a journey in winter, as the trails made by the dog-sleighs, though hard, were not firm enough to bear the horses on the surface, and horses would tire before travelling many miles on a dog-trail.

The question may very well be asked? Who conducted the services at the Pas during my absence. The answer is: two of the Indians were chosen by the congregation at our Easter meetings for this purpose, and were recommended to the Bishop as fit persons for lay readers, and a licence was granted them for this work, and during my fourteen years' stay at the Pas, the same two men were always chosen. It may be

interesting to know that regular Sunday services were conducted at all the out-stations in my district by the Indians themselves, in the absence of a clergyman, and as I was only assisted by one ordained man for a number of years, and for several months I was quite alone; by far the majority of the Sunday services in the district were conducted by Indian laymen. Men for this work were elected, or re-elected, at our Easter meetings, which took place as near to Easter as I could visit the different stations, and the reason why I left it with the congregations to elect their own man was, as I told them, they knew the men better than I did, and they were not likely to elect men they would not care to listen to in church, and having chosen a man to read and preach to them, it became their duty to attend the services and take a general interest in the work. The reserves and encampments were situated so far apart that it was impossible in most cases for me to visit more than one place on a Sunday.

The names of the different places under my charge at which regular Sunday services were conducted during the winter months were as follows: The Pas, Big Eddy, Shoal Lake, and later on Red Earth, the Barrier, Birch River, Cumberland, the Fir Hills, Rocky Lake, Wu-pow-Was-ka-he-kun—in the rocky country about 120 miles from the Pas—Grassy Point, Poplar Point, Moose Lake, Cedar Lake and Grand Rapids. So that at twelve places at least the services were conducted by Indians, most of whom were honorary workers! Those at the principal stations received 2s. a service, which was paid out of the offertory.

When I visited the Pas a year previous to my taking charge it was noticed that both the Church and Mission house were in a very dilapidated state on account of age, and required replacing with new buildings, consequently I was commissioned to build a new dwelling-house as soon as convenient after taking charge, so during my first winter there I gave contracts

to the Indians to cut, square and deliver a certain number of timbers for upper and lower plates, beams, rafters, and logs for the walls, etc. Timber suitable for the logs was found about four miles from the Mission, and when cut, had to be hauled to the Mission by dogs on the snow. The larger and longer timbers were cut fifty miles up the Saskatchewan River, at the place called the Barrier, and these were floated down the river to the Mission soon after open water. The same summer I had sent me from Prince Albert a number of windows, boards, hinges, paint, etc., and a carpenter to take charge of the work. The old Mission house was taken down and the inside boards, such as were fit for use, were used in the new building, and as the old house was much larger than the new one, a sufficient quantity of usable boards were obtained to practically complete the inside work of the new house.

Mrs. Hines returned from England the same summer, 1889, and was just in time to help wait upon the workmen. The custom of the country in those early days (and indeed it prevails to-day in the rural districts) was to cater for all your employees: that is, a man received so much per day and his board. During the latter part of the same summer I was called up to Prince Albert to attend the meeting of Synod just at the time I was needed at home, and I was very much put out on my return at the way some of the work had been done, but my ire was considerably mollified when I found that, in addition to her other work, my wife had mixed her paint and painted all the doors, walls and ceilings in the new house, thus saving a good deal of expense, and we were able after all to use the house that coming winter. The congregation at the Pas was a large one, in fact the largest Indian congregation west of St. Peter's, Winnipeg. It was not an uncommon occurrence for me to have 130 communicants on a Sunday, and I have known the number to reach as high as 185 at one service. The day school was also well attended,

though very inefficiently conducted. The gentleman I found in charge had been appointed by the Government, and had no connection with the Church further than being a Churchman. I have often heard that in the wilds of Australia there are M.A.'s to be found herding sheep for men who can scarcely write their own names. Well, the man I found teaching the Pas school, and who remained in charge for two years after my arrival, was an M.A., and a graduate of one of our universities in England; he had studied law, and was a member of the Inner Temple, and had contested one case if not more against the renowned "Lockwood," of Tichborne fame. It appears this gentleman, with a number of others in England, had bought a tract of land in the U.S.A., through some agency at home, and when they arrived in the States to take possession, it was found to be a vast swamp, and utterly unfit for settlement in its present state, and they threw it up. Those who had money enough to return to England did so, but this poor man, who had staked his all, had to remain in the land of his misfortune, and he wandered from place to place seeking work; finally he turned up at the farther end of Lake Superior, and got employment with a railway contractor, and found himself blasting rock on the C.P.R. line which runs into Winnipeg. Whilst in the city of Winnipeg he made himself known to the Archbishop and other dignitaries of the Church, who gave him considerable help, financially and otherwise, and for a time he read the lessons in the Cathedral, and one of the present Bishops in the West told me that he never heard a better reader, a statement I was able to corroborate; but though he possessed the ability to acquire knowledge, he lacked the gift of imparting it to others, and hence his failure as a teacher. The troubles that had been forced upon him drove him to drink, which ultimately proved his ruin and hastened his death.

After leaving the Pas, he took up his old profession for a time in one of our important towns in the West, and I heard

the judge say, in speaking about him after his death, that it was nothing short of a pleasure to listen to him pleading for his client, he used, he said, such beautiful language, and put pathos into every word he said, and I have no doubt he did, for he could speak from experience of trouble! The downfall of this man began with his dealings with an unscrupulous real estate agent: "Woe unto the world because of offences, but woe unto that man through whom the offence cometh."

The teachers who followed the above at the Pas were appointed by the Church, and one of them, after spending two years with me, entered St. John's College, Winnipeg, and in due course was ordained, and at the present time has a church in the U.S.A.

The school was reopened at Grand Rapid, and the man employed was a thoroughly efficient teacher, holding English certificates, and he was also helpful with the church services.

I also started a new school at Cedar Lake Mission; the teacher was an Englishman and very enthusiastic in his work for a time, but he was not very efficient. By his dogged persistency in getting children to commit things to memory, they sometimes showed up well at a *viva-voce* examination, but when cross-questioned, the weakness of such a system came out, perhaps never more so than on one occasion when the Government Inspector was examining his school in my presence. The subject was the name, use, and respective values of the different metals. Now the reader must remember that the children under examination were Indian children, and the questions and answers were put and given in English, a language they knew very little about at that time; still the names of several of the metals had been committed to memory and their colours helped to impress upon their minds their use and relative values, so that when the examiner held up a tin kettle and asked the name of the metal, etc., having seen these in use in their own houses, they answered readily enough,

and they were able to distinguish between tin, iron, copper, and brass, by their colours, as all these they had actually seen and handled, but when the Inspector took out his gold watch, and exhibited it before the school, and asked what it was made of, the children did not answer at once, as it seemed to them to differ somewhat in colour from any of the metals they had ever seen. Finally one little fellow, having by comparison come to a decision in his own mind what it most resembled, held up his hand, waiting for an invitation to speak. "Well done, my little lad," said the inspector, "now tell me what my watch is made of." "Brass," said the boy, "because it looks like the teacher's ring, and I heard somebody say it was brass." It is needless to say both the teacher and examiner were nonplussed for a time by the unexpected answer and comment.

The Moose Lake school was opened at the north end of the lake by an Englishman who worked for me for a time, and then returned to his friends in England, who were in fairly good circumstances. But he could not rest in the homeland, and returned again to Canada, and worked under me again. He too studied for Holy Orders, and in due course was ordained, and worked with me in the diocese, where he remained until his father's death, when he had to return to England to his aged mother, and at the present time he has a curacy in the Isle of Jersey. This made the seventh man who had been associated with me in the mission field as schoolteachers and who had entered the ranks of the ministry.

The school at the Big Eddy was reopened after having been closed for two years, and a little about the new teacher must be told. When I was at Prince Albert, where I had been called on business, the Bishop informed me that a young man had applied to him for work in his diocese, but as he had no testimonials from the Bishop of the diocese he had last worked in, he felt reluctant about engaging him, but knowing I was expected, he had kept him there awaiting my arrival.

In the meantime he had written his previous Bishop for his character. This the Bishop refused to give as he had left his diocese without giving notice, but he indicated in his letter that my Bishop was at liberty to employ him if he thought fit to do so, so the Bishop asked me if I could find work for another school teacher in my district. I said I could, then he said: "Have a talk with this man and tell me what you think of him, and if you care to give him a trial." The interview took place, and then I saw the Bishop. "Well," he said, "what do you think of him?" "He is rather eccentric," I said; "but otherwise I believe he is not far out of plumb." "That is exactly the impression he gave me," the Bishop said, "but do you care to take him along with you?" "Certainly I will," I replied, and so he came down the river with me and I gave him the Big Eddy school.

The Big Eddy is about four miles from the Pas proper, and is the western end of the same mission. The Pas is the only single mission in the diocese of Saskatchewan that can boast of two day schools. There was no mission house at the Big Eddy, so the new teacher lodged and boarded with me, and every morning and evening I had him ferried across the river, and he walked the four miles each day to and from his school, which was on the opposite side of the river to the Mission. This daily walk had the dual effect of creating an appetite and warding off dyspepsia.

I used to visit his school frequently in the winter months and drive him home in the evening. He did excellent work in his school; he not only got the children on well with their English, but he himself learnt the Cree rapidly. After he had been about fifteen months at the Eddy the Government inspector paid us a visit, and put up at my house. The first school he inspected was the home school, which at that time was not very satisfactory, for reasons which I have already stated. At the close of the day the Big Eddy school teacher returned to the Mission, and there appeared to be a slight

recognition between himself and the inspector. but nothing was said to confirm the recognition. Tea over, we took a walk along the river bank, and the inspector asked me what I was doing with that man who took tea with us ? I replied, " That is my teacher at the Big Eddy." " Where did you get him from ? " he asked. I replied, " I first met him in Prince Albert and I understood he had worked for a time in the diocese of Qu'appelle." " Ah, I thought I recognised him," he said, " he is no good as a teacher, is he ? " " Oh ! yes," I replied, " he is doing exceedingly well as his work will show to-morrow." " Why," he said, " we refused to recognise his services in the diocese of Qu'appelle ; whilst there he was worse than good for nothing. He was not only lazy, but disgracefully untidy in his own person, and the school children did not fail to copy his example, but certainly," he said, " he has improved in his personal appearance since I last saw him." He then explained to me how he had found him situated in his previous mission. It appeared he had lived at one end of the schoolroom, doing his own cooking, washing, etc., and as there were none but Indians living around him, he grew careless about his own appearance ; as scores of other men have done living on their homesteads under like conditions. The inspector was the same as inspected the school at Sandy Lake and others in the west. On the morrow the Big Eddy school was examined and the children put through their facings, with the result that both teacher and children were highly eulogised by the Inspector. But just as we were leaving the school, he said to me aside, " This looks like an offshoot of the Sandy Lake school, and I think I recognise your hand in it." " Yes," I said, " I have certainly advised the teacher and arranged his time sheet, etc., but apart from that the work is his own." " Well," he said, " the change both in the man and his work since I last inspected his school is simply marvellous." " That comes," said, " of taking a man by the hand when he is down and

offering him a little help and brotherly advice." The man stayed with me a number of years and studied both for his deacon and priest's orders and passed in the latter examination "first class," so the Bishop wrote me, and he was given charge under my supervision of the Cedar Lake, Moose Lake, and Grand Rapids missions. This makes the eighth co-worker to enter the ministry.

If the custom of awarding prizes to the best conducted Indian schools had continued, undoubtedly this school would have received a prize, but the change of Government altered all this, for when the new Government came into office, for some reason unknown to the writer this stimulus was withdrawn from the Indian schools, and the only incentive for the teacher to do his work faithfully and efficiently was the hope of receiving a Government cheque for £15 for his quarter's work, about a month or six weeks after it was due! It could not have been for the sake of economy that this source of expenditure was discontinued, but to the uninitiated it seemed as if it might have been withheld from the school teacher to help pay the salaries of a class of new officials appointed from the ranks of political hangers-on; whose only qualification, in many cases, was their ability to create discordant notes, and do dirty deeds for their party at election time!

The next school I set myself to reopen was the Cumberland school, but I found strong opposition to progress of this character from the Government officials. They appeared to have been quite contented to witness the schools gradually closing down, but considerably perturbed at my wishing to reopen them, and more so in the case of starting a school where none had hitherto existed. But, in pressing my claims, I always fell back on the articles of treaty as the fulcrum on which to place the lever of my request, and to roll their objections out of the way. In due course the school was reopened, making six in my district.

My whole career in the mission field has been one continuous fight, it could not have been more so if I had been lineally descended from Ishmael, for it seems on looking back as though my hand was against every man's with whom I had to do, and every man's hand against mine. And yet, none of these grievances rose from troubles of my own, but from the troubles of those who served under me, and whose cause I was always ready to champion, when I felt they were being wrongly treated. Take for instance, our school teachers, their salaries were £15 a quarter from the Government, nothing was paid them in advance, and they could only apply to the Government for payment when they had taught three months, then at the end of three months they sent in their quarterly school returns in triplicate. In some of my districts, the Pas for instance, where we only had a monthly mail, it sometimes happened that the outgoing mail left a few days before the end of the quarter, and the forms had to remain for three or more weeks waiting the next outgoing mail. The same thing happened sometimes with the cheque when sent from Ottawa. It would reach Fort-a-la-Corne (the place where the Pas mail started from) a few days after the mail had left for the Pas, and the teacher's cheque had to remain there until the return of the next monthly mail, so that in any case the teacher would have completed four months service before he received any remuneration, and sometimes it would be five months. Now this having to work so long without any pay put the teachers at a disadvantage, viz., they had to pay higher for their goods in most cases than they would have done if they had been in a position to pay cash down or even pay at the end of each month. And again, if a teacher wished to leave his school at the end of a particular quarter, and he needed his money to take him out of the country, he had actually to wait from four to eight weeks for his salary which he required for immediate use. All this made it very hard for the teachers, and a knowledge of these facts militated against

my work, as teachers were loath to engage under such conditions, and if they were not aware of the facts when they were engaged they became discontented when the facts were made known to them.

Before one can rightly appreciate the teachers' difficulties, it must be remembered, too, that in a new and sparsely settled country, the population is more or less of a migratory character, and school teachers have to be drawn largely from this class of people, and hence their friends are limited, and many of them have no homes or friends in the country where and with whom they can lodge and live. They are therefore thrown on their own resources and find it difficult to exist for four or five months without their earnings.

Now, I wanted my Bishop to apply to the Government for privileges that the Wesleyans already enjoyed, in a district bordering on mine, viz., that the whole of the teacher's salary should be paid in full through the church. This would not do away with Government inspection, and the Government would not be called upon to pay any money until the teacher had sent in his return, through the local agent, who would certify all was O.K. Then, instead of sending the cheque to the teacher to make it payable to the secretary of the diocese, and send it to him, and so reimburse his exchequer for the equivalent sum that had been paid to the said teacher, either in monthly instalments or punctually at the end of each quarter. But, no! either the Government was more in love with the Wesleyans than with the Episcopalian Church, or else my Bishop had not sufficient interest in the teachers, or influence with the Government to effect this change; and so it came to pass, that I personally had to fight the battles for my assistants with those in high positions, and this materially helped me in the future to shape my course for the upbuilding of my own district. Of course, I earned for myself the odious epithets of cantankerous, pugnacious, etc. But I never did mind fighting for a good cause; whether I

succeeded or not, did not daunt me, as I had the satisfaction of knowing I had done what I considered my duty, and what I thought was for the best interest of those who looked to me for help and guidance.

CHAPTER XII

THE STEAM LAUNCH

ALTHOUGH my wife rejoined me in the mission field in 1890, it was not until 1891 that I was able to leave home for the purpose of purchasing the new launch. In the meantime, however, I had made many enquiries as to the best kind of boat to purchase, and several people wrote me from Winnipeg and elsewhere offering to sell me theirs, which, if one is justified in believing the descriptions I received, were equal to, or even better than new boats, though they were second-hand!

I had thought of purchasing an oil boat, as oil would occupy much less space as fuel than wood, but I changed my mind for reasons which I will now disclose. On reaching Winnipeg, I called at the office of a man who had written me that he had an oil boat for sale, one that had only been in use one summer, and therefore was quite equal to new, and I was invited to join him on a trip down the Red River the same afternoon. I did so, and our experience, at least so far as I was concerned, was unique. I was shown all the improvements on the boat, which was supposed to be of the very latest design, and to look at the boat it seemed all right, and suited me as to size, so having filled the boiler in a way which I did not think novel, viz., with a funnel and pail, the owner began getting up steam by a process which I also thought bespoke much

labour, and which left room for much improvement. The oil had to be blown across an unprotected space into retorts, when it became ignited, and blazed away under the boiler ; but the arrangement was such that until there was sufficient steam to enable it to work automatically, one had to pump in air by hand to take the place of steam, until, as I have said, the water had boiled and the head of steam was sufficient to force the burning oil into the retorts and so work automatically.

This meant fifteen or more minutes incessant pumping, and any secession of labour caused the oil to fall short of its destination and fall into a sort of flat receptacle, and if through wind or water spraying over the side of the boat the blaze became extinguished, the oil continued to flow, but fell either on the floor of the boat or in the tin. Now in order to re-ignite the dripping oil, a lamp similar to a tin teapot with a round wick projecting through the spout was kept constantly alight, and protected in a sort of cupboard arrangement from wind and water, and every time the jets of blaze became extinguished, the lamp had to be passed along the jets of oil to re-ignite them, something like passing a match over the jet of gas in lighting a gas stove.

Now from what I have said, one can easily imagine the floor of the boat being constantly saturated with paraffin oil, and rendered dangerous in case of fire coming in contact with it. Well, that afternoon we made our exhibition trip down the Red River. The wind was blowing quite strong, and the waves on the Red River beat against the sides of the boat, and what with the spray and the wind we experienced all that I have led the reader to anticipate was possible to happen.

The captain, and owner of the boat, was, I could see, quite a novice at engineering ; in fact, it appeared to me that outside his own profession he was not very handy. He was an agent for one of the many kinds of tea, which, like his boat according to his own description, was of the best. But

I could see too that he was getting very nervous and excited, and I actually asked to be allowed to "run the show" myself, for I thought I could see what was likely to happen if he continued his frantic efforts to keep the retorts burning, for he was not at all particular how he put down the lamp. But in spite of his bewilderment, he thought he knew more about the management of his boat than I did, and continued in charge. When we had gone about a mile down the stream, three parts of the distance we had floated, being without the aid of the engine, he decided to turn round and show me what the boat could do going against the stream, but in the act of doing so, the boat got into the trough of the waves, and one, more sportive than the rest, struck our boat abeam and so upset her equilibrium that the lighted lamp fell out of its shelter, and in an instant the whole of the machinery and boiler were enveloped in a burning flame, and we were drifting! We could not approach the flame to do anything with it, and so we got as far away from it as we could and shouted for help. It was fortunate for us that we were opposite some public works, where there were men working outside, and these seeing our predicament put off in a boat to our rescue. They succeeded in tying a rope to the head of our boat, and then fastening it to the stern of theirs, they pulled us ashore. The flames by this time had licked up all the surface oil, and with buckets and water at hand we prevented any further damage to the boat. My friend assured me that such an accident had never befallen him before, but whether he saw by the expression on my face that I had had enough of oil boats, or what it was, I cannot say; but the sale of the boat was not again referred to in my presence.

The next day I took train to the Lake of the Woods, and inspected several boats of a similar kind to the one I saw in Winnipeg. These were managed by more expert men, and the elements were in favour of the boat, but as I would have

wide lakes to cross and long distances to travel in my district, and also as I could not control either the wind or the waves, my aspirations for a boat driven by oil had completely forsaken me; besides, we had no oil wells in our neighbourhood, therefore oil would be an expensive fuel. But wood was plentiful everywhere, and our stock of fuel could be replenished at any time, so I decided to purchase a boat that burnt wood. Besides, I asked myself this question, viz., if these oil boats are such "daisies," how is it that their owners have so soon become tired of them and are offering them for sale? In answering my own question, I said to myself there must be some reason for it which, if the truth was told, would not enhance their value, and so I decided to go on to Toronto and consult a boat builder, one with whom I had already communicated.

On arriving at Toronto I called on the Polson Iron Works Company, and found the senior partner a very genial sort of man, and his good wife being a sister of one of the city clergy I found myself among friends. After some talk with Mr. Polson about the boat, he like a practical man said, "Don't tell me the kind of boat to build, but describe to me the kind of work the boat is expected to do, such as the strength of the currents she will have to ascend, the depth of water in the rivers, and the breadth of the lakes you will have to cross." Having heard my report, he said, "What you want is a boat with power to stem the rapids, and a good draught that will enable her to ride the waves you may have to encounter on the lakes, and we can make a boat that will do the work, but the money at your disposal is not enough to pay for such a boat as you require."

"Well, what am I to do?" I asked. He said, "Do you not know some of the clergy in Toronto?" "No," I replied, "I never was here before." "Well," he said, "my wife is expecting her brother to call in to-day on his way to a meeting of the clergy, and she will explain your difficulties to him,

and perhaps something can be done to help you—and, by the way, you had better make your home with us whilst you are in Toronto, that is, you can travel about and accept all the invitations you can get, but regard this as your home, when board and lodging fail you elsewhere." I thanked him for his kind invitation and gladly accepted it, and then we walked down to the lake to inspect his iron works. In the meantime the Rev. Mr. B. had called on his sister, and later in the afternoon he came again, bringing with him five or six other clergy, and later on others called to see me. All were quite willing, yea, even quite anxious, that I should preach in their churches for them, but they were not so willing to give me a collection to defray the cost of my new boat, because as they said, "It is summer time, and our rich people are away at the lakes, and the collections at the present time are not sufficient to cover church expenses; but you can speak about your needs, and if anyone present cares to send you something direct, why, of course, they can do so, but we cannot spare you anything out of the offertories." I thanked them for their good-will, and accepted their offers as regards the use of their churches, and I do not think I preached once without receiving £5 and sometimes as much as £25 for my efforts. The result was that by the time the boat was completed, I had not only sufficient money on hand to pay for it, but enough to buy two Peterborough canoes, and two American organs for Church services. But, as Toronto was more than a thousand miles from East Selkirk—the termination of the railway journey, or rather the place from whence I would have to proceed home by water—my next important business was to get the boat to that point, so I interviewed the chief of the freight department of the C.P.R. in his Toronto office, and as such men have no time for unnecessary words, we made our conversation as crisp and businesslike as possible. The conversation took the following form:

Agent : Who, and what are you, and what is your business ?

I : My name, vocation, place, and people among whom I laboured.

Agent : Why don't you shoot the Indians, they are no good.

I : Very singular, but the *bad Indians* have the same opinion about the white people, and their method of dealing with them would be the same as you have suggested, if they were not in such a hopeless minority.

Agent : Then there are some Indians who are some good, and have kindly feelings towards the whites ?

I : Yes, and I referred him to the conduct of my Indians during the rebellion.

Agent : Well, what do you want, a subscription ?

I : Yes, but not in the shape that is in your thoughts at the present time, but in the way of saving me from any great outlay in getting my boat to the head of water communication.

Agent : You will require a flat car such as is used for shipping machinery to the West ?

I : Yes ! What will you charge me for such a car all to myself from Toronto to East Selkirk ?

Agent : Will seventy-five dollars (£15) be too much for you ?

I (thoughtfully) : Thank you, Sir, very much, for such a handsome reduction on your usual charge, but do I understand you that I am privileged to put other things on the car beside the boat, so long as I do not exceed its carrying capacity ?

Agent : Yes, so long as you do not overload it.

I then told him about my canoes and two organs and a couple of bales of clothing for distribution among Indians.

Agent : You will be quite within the limit in putting them on board.

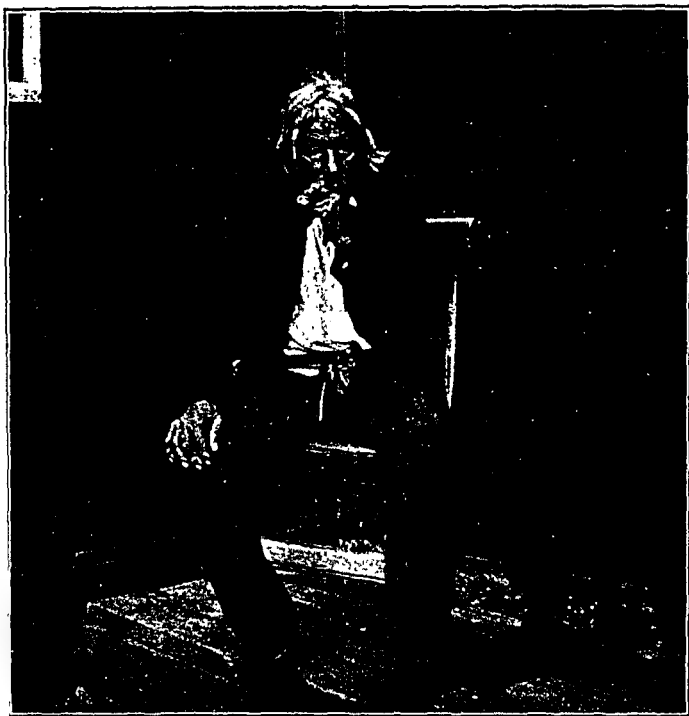
I made out a cheque then and there for the amount and passed it over to him, and we parted the best of friends.

I told him that I was very much afraid that I should miss the high stage of water on the rapids in the lower reaches of the Saskatchewan, and I asked him to give orders for a quick transit, and in less than a week the boat was at Selkirk. Quite a number of gentlemen who owned and used small yachts on the Red River, inspected my boat whilst it remained in the station yard at Winnipeg. It was no toy like most of those in use on the Red River, it was substantially built, being 32 feet in length, six feet six inches beam, and three feet draught. The photograph was taken in the Polson Company's yard after the boat had been loaded on the car, and just before it started on its one thousand miles of railway journey. I had taken the precaution to have all parts subject to friction in duplicate, including the main shaft, and the propeller in triplicate. I also took out with me a set of tools so that I could do my own repairs if needed, for, be it remembered, I was taking my boat five hundred miles from the nearest machine shop. In short, it was a unique experience, inasmuch as it was the pioneer boat of its size in the Saskatchewan.

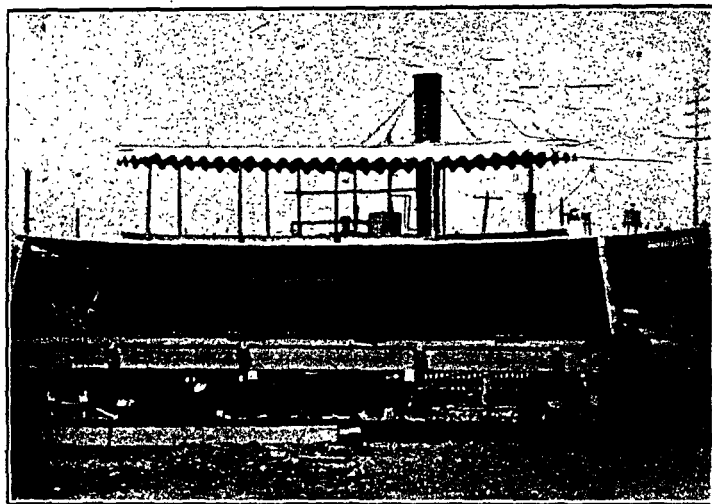
Perhaps some one would like to know if I had had any experience in handling machinery, and my answer is "No!" I knew no more about running a steamboat when I ordered mine than did (to use a common expression) the man in the moon; but as soon as the engine fitters began their work, I stood by them most of the time and asked the why and the wherefore of every piece of machinery that was put into the boat, and I jotted down in my pocket book all the information I obtained in this way.

After the boat was completed and launched in Lake Ontario, I ran it for two days with nothing to guide me but my notes, and the only companion I had with me was the nephew of one of my clerical friends, whom I took with me to steer the boat, and it was after my cruise was over that the boat was taken out of the water and placed on the car.

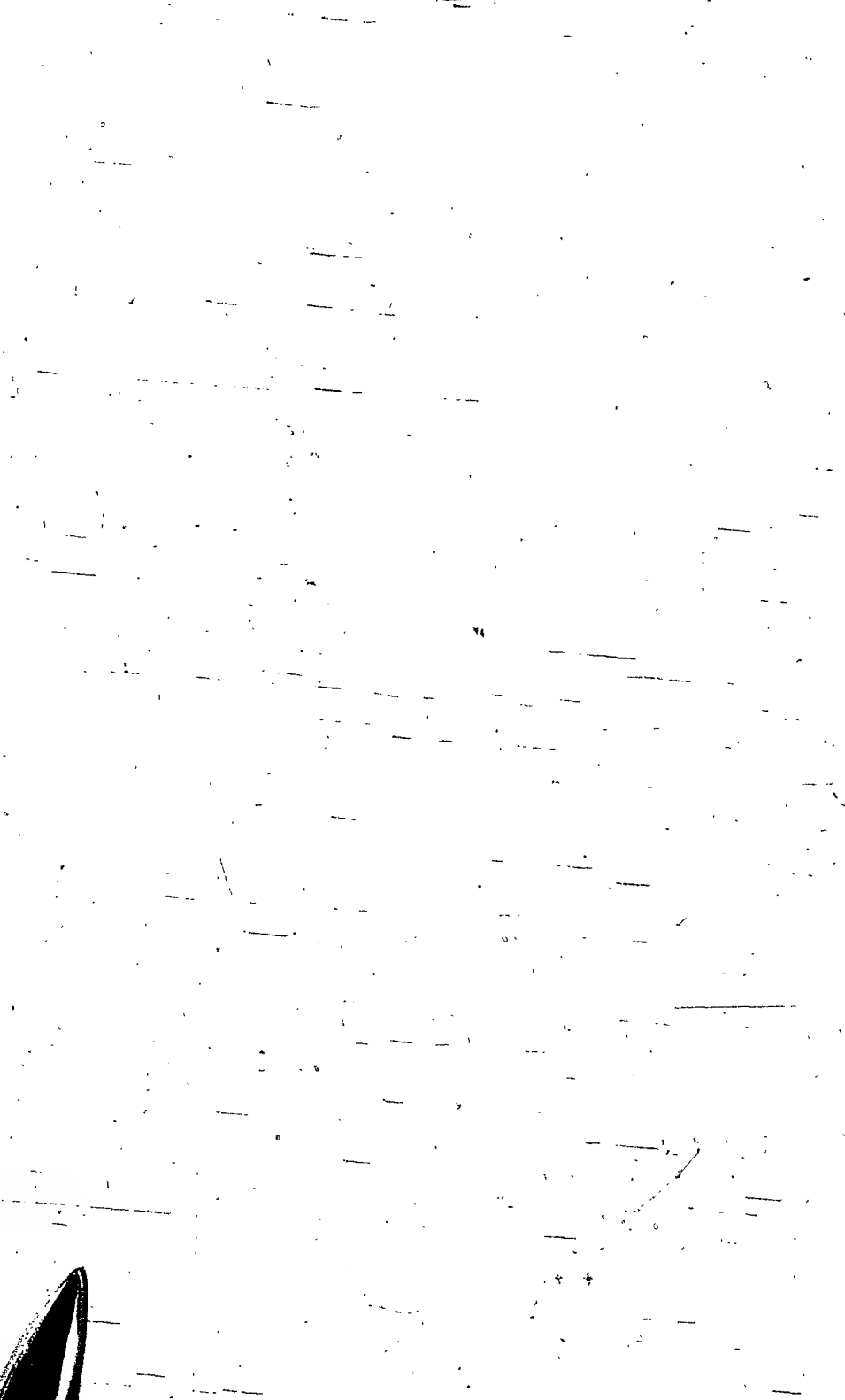
During my nine weeks stay in Toronto I made many



CHIEF "YELLOW BEAR." (See p. 300.)



THE STEAM LAUNCH "HENRIETTA." (p. 270.)



friends, who not only demonstrated their interest in me and my work whilst with them, but in after years showed me many favours by helping me with the work committed to my charge.

I reached West Selkirk about 8 p.m. with my boat, and it was 10 p.m. before we got to work, and between the railway car and the water lay a huge pile of lumber. This had to be levelled out and ways laid on which to roll my boat off the car. The shipping agent gave me every assistance, and engaged men to help me, and by 2 o'clock in the morning the boat was safely launched.

We had a hurried cup of tea on the banks of the river, and then started floating down stream to the mouth of the Red River, where the lake boat was anchored.

I made arrangements with the captain for two men alternately to steer my boat, and keep it in line with the boats in front. The lake steamer had three boats in tow besides mine, and my boat was tied to the end of the last boat, so that my little launch was nearly a quarter of a mile behind the towing boat. We no sooner entered Lake Winnipeg, than a fearful storm came on which lasted several days, and at times we did not make two miles an hour. There was no communication between the barges on account of the storm, but there were two or three men attached to each barge who took their turn at cooking and steering. On glancing back from the steamboat, my little boat could be seen shooting out, first on one side and then on the other of the last barge, only to be snatched back again as soon as the line tightened, all of which convinced me that the men engaged to steer my boat were not on board. I afterwards learned that as soon as we encountered the storm the men became frightened, and hauling in the line they drew my boat alongside the barge and by some means got on board, and my boat was left to fate. The storm was such that we were three days reaching the Little Saskatchewan, which is less than halfway

across the lake, and the widest part of the lake still lay before us. There was a large fishing station at the mouth of the Little Saskatchewan, and one of the barges was destined for this place. The cargo on board these barges consisted of food for the employees, tons of salt, etc., for freezing the fish, and empty boxes in which to pack the fish. As we spent one whole night at the camp I arranged for a service, which was well attended by men representing eleven nationalities, but all understood a little English. In examining my boat I found the upper deck or covered-in top had been badly bruised. Undoubtedly this took place when it was hauled alongside the barge for the men to get off the boat which, owing to the motion of the water, had struck the barge and sustained the injury, so I determined to part company with the lake boat and complete the rest of the journey under my own steam, providing I could find two men brave enough to accompany me.

Finally, I succeeded in engaging two Saulteaux Indians who knew the course. Unfortunately I did not understand their language, but as they could understand me when I spoke to them in Cree I was satisfied. Now this was an experience that few men would have cared to make. The lake here was one hundred miles wide, and we were quite two hundred miles from the Grand Rapids by the course we had to follow, as we had to practically coast our way out in order to get access to wood, for we could only take on enough fuel for six hours running at a time. The lake boat left about an hour before my men turned up, and I, with many others, began to think I had acted rashly in breaking company with the large boat, but I had passed three days of such anxious strain fearing every minute to see the line break and my boat left to drift on the stormy lake, that I determined to stay with her and share her fate the rest of the journey. The men turned up eventually, and I explained to the man at the wheel through an interpreter that he

was captain as regard the course, for I knew nothing about it, and the other man received instructions in the duties of fireman. I drew his attention to the steam gauge, and showed him the spot I wished him to keep the finger on, and in course of a few hours he had learned his business fairly well.

After three or four hours' run, we came abreast of the lake boat with her barges, and the Indians made me understand that they were out of their course and aground on some submerged rocks, so I ordered the man at the wheel to steer out to them that we might ascertain if they were in any danger, and after about an hour's run we drew up alongside and asked if we could render them any assistance. The difference in the size of our respective boats made our offer appear ridiculous in the extreme, and reminded me of Landseer's picture, "Dignity and Impudence." The captain did not fail to remind us of our insolence, and casting his weather eye towards the quarter from whence the wind was blowing, advised us to make for the shore as quickly as possible. Before leaving them, however, we learned they were in no danger, that one of the barges which had been aground was off again and in deep water, and the other it was hoped would be so in a short time, and so we took our departure. That night the storm on Lake Winnipeg was such as to break all previous records. The wind blew from the north shore, which was one hundred miles at least from our part, and so the full force of the storm was upon us, but my little boat rode the waves like a gull, and I do not think we shipped a barrel of water during the whole of the voyage, but others on the lake at that time did not fare so well; our friends, for instance, got out of one difficulty only to get into another, for, owing to the fury of the storm, both the barges broke loose and were lost with all their cargo, and the steamboat alone escaped.

On our arrival at Grand Rapids when we learned this news, I asked myself the question, where would my boat

have been now, if I had remained in tow, and echo answered "Where?"

Some weeks later, news reached us that a fine sailing yacht, belonging to the Lieutenant-Governor of Manitoba, which had been rented to the N.W. Mounted Police to patrol the north shore of the lake in search of whisky smugglers, was caught in the same storm and became swamped, the two police on board were drowned and the captain of the yacht was found some days afterwards clinging to the bottom of the upturned boat. He was rescued, but owing to the long exposure his limbs had become perished, and he died soon after being landed at Winnipeg. Yet with the full force of the gale beating upon our craft, she not only weathered the storm, but as I have said, shipped very little water.

On reaching Grand Rapids the people seemed to fight shy of us, not feeling quite certain whether they really saw us in the flesh, or whether we were only the shadows of the departed! But the triumphant sound of our whistle, and my own familiar voice soon convinced them that we were represented in person and not by shadows, and every one seemed glad, as they had heard from the steamboat that arrived before us of the severity of the storm and our isolated and dangerous position. The excitement was such that the chief factor of the H.B. Company's business in that district, who happened to be at Grand Rapids at the time, engaged a crew of men and provided them with one of the Company's inland boats to pull around the south shore of the lake and search for our dead bodies, so sure were they that we were drowned. I had not been very long at Grand Rapids before I heard the water was already too low on the Red Rock Rapids and others west of Cross Lake to permit of my getting the boat home that year, so after taking it out of the river and placing it on two cars, the kind already referred to, we hauled it across the portage and ran the cars into the warehouse on the other side, where the boat remained

until the high stage of water the following June. I engaged a couple of men to take me home in their canoe.

My people at the Pas were very much disappointed, particularly my wife, at my not being able to bring the boat home with me.

CHAPTER XIII

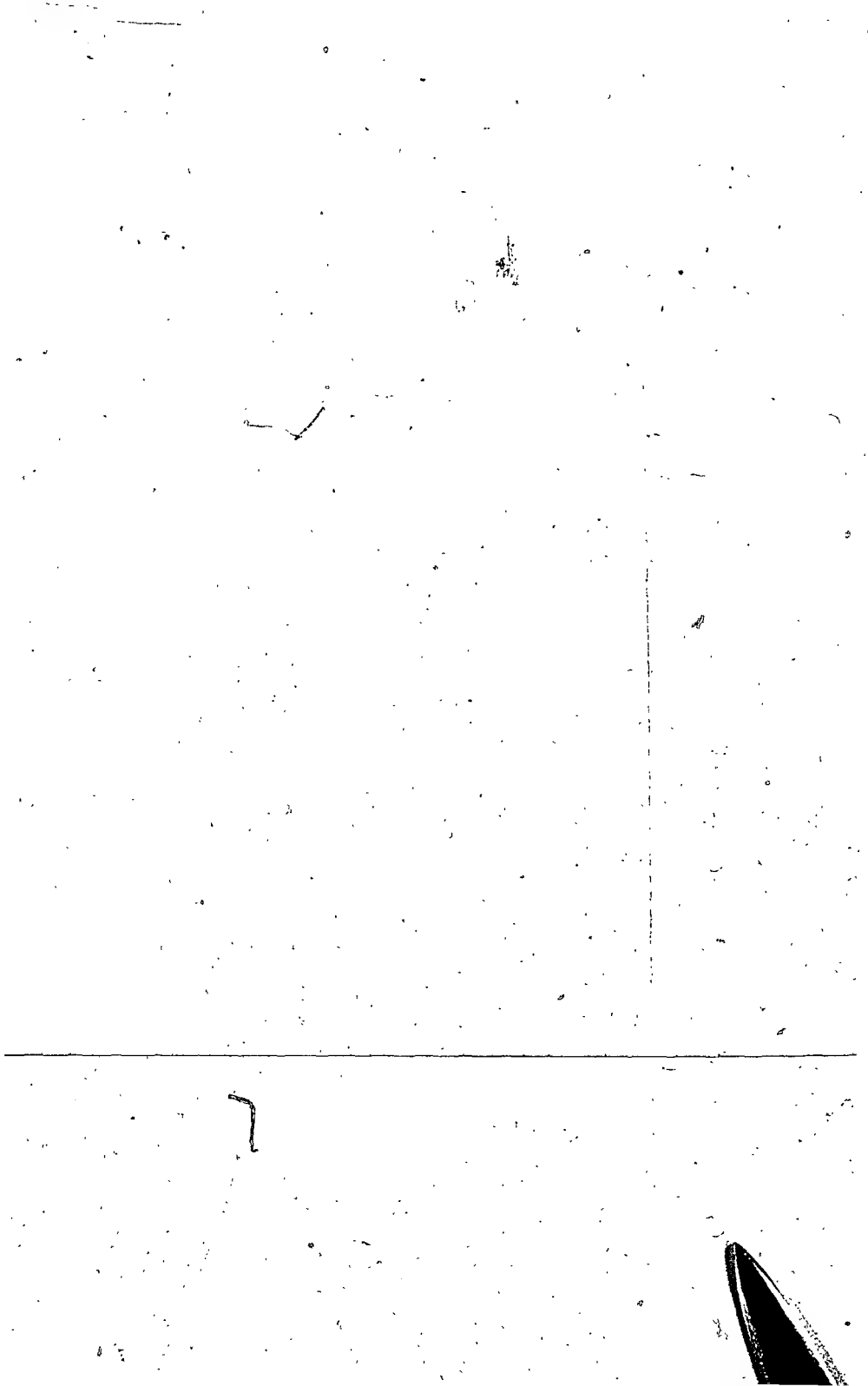
THE PAS

II

HAVING been away from the Mission for three months, I found a lot of work waiting for me, such as baptisms, marriages, etc., and also a good many sick people to visit. The Sunday services, however, had been regularly conducted in my absence by the licensed lay readers.

After spending two Sundays at the Pas, I visited the two Missions at Pas Mountain, Shoal Lake and Red Earth ; and afterwards Cumberland, Birch River, and The Barrier.

It was now late in the autumn, and I remained at the Pas until winter travelling had become safe, and then I visited Moose Lake, Cedar Lake, and Grand Rapids Missions. I must confess that my visits to those Missions in winter were not all pleasure, for the reason that one could never feel sure of the ice to be travelled over. The water in Summerberry River would freeze to the thickness of one and a half feet before Christmas, and then, for reasons I cannot explain, the snow and the ice on the river for a distance of twelve or fifteen miles would vanish, and the water would be as free of ice for the rest of the winter as it is at midsummer, notwithstanding the thermometer would register from thirty to seventy degrees of frost during the months of January, February and





THE LEADING DOG-FELL THROUGH THE ICE. (p. 277.)

March; and what made it still more mysterious is that the water in this particular river is very sluggish. At dozens of other places between the Pas, Moose Lake, Cedar Lake, and Grand Rapids the ice used to melt away from beneath and become very thin; there would be no signs of this wearing away on the surface, and hence the danger.

Very often Indians who were experts at travelling were deceived, and without any warning precipitated into the water, and several Indians were drowned in this way whilst I had charge of the district. On one occasion when visiting Grand Rapids with my train of dogs I very nearly came to grief. There were quite a party of us at the time, that is to say, there were three or four other sleighs besides my own. We camped the night with an Indian at a place called the Narrows, and we asked him the condition of the ice at the foot of Flying Post Rapid, a place which we had to pass, and we were told that it was quite safe; consequently in the morning when we started we did so without anticipating any danger. The river at this point is nearly a mile wide, and has the appearance of a lake; the actual channel is not very wide, but the current there is strong the whole of the year. We crossed this expanse safely, and saw no indications of the ice being weak, and we arrived at Grand Rapids about noon on Saturday, where we remained until Monday morning. On the Monday as we returned my team was first on the trail, and as I had a man with me and the weather was very cold, I left the management of the dogs to him, and I rode in my cariole. The other dog trains were following behind, and, as very often happens when no danger is anticipated, the men were all congregated together, and running behind the last sleigh. Finally we come to the foot of Flying Post Rapid, and as we had so recently passed no danger was feared, when suddenly the leading dog in my train fell through the ice and disappeared. As quick as thought I threw my weight on one side, thus upsetting the cariole.

and caused it to stop instantly; had I not done this the impetus of the cariole would have pushed the whole of the dogs into the water, and, humanly speaking, I should have been deprived of this opportunity of relating my experiences. When the men behind saw what had happened they came along very gingerly, but as quickly as they felt it safe to do, and each man seized the tail line of his own sleigh and stopped his dogs, and my man, who was usually of a dark complexion, would this time have easily passed for a Saxon as he was white with fear. He caught the tail end of the line and pulled the cariole back, and in so doing the front dog was helped in extricating itself from the water. Then working his way up gradually until he was able to take hold of the traces of the hindmost dog, he pulled them all to him until he could reach the collar of the foremost dog; then, tying the lash of his whip around the dog's neck he began to retrace his steps leading the foregoer on to stronger ice. I was forbidden to get out of the sleigh, as my weight was spread about farther than if standing on my feet, and so less liable to break through. When we all got on to solid ice we looked back in the direction we knew the channel ran across this open space, and we could see the water showing in several different places—all this change had taken place in about forty-eight hours without any perceptible change in the atmosphere. One of the Indians with a rat spear in his hand now walked before the dogs, travelling parallel with the course of the channel, and every step he took he struck the ice with his spear two yards in front of him to make sure it was strong, and we travelled back for nearly half a mile before he found a place where the ice was strong enough to permit of us crossing to the other side. This is only one instance of many that could be told of similar narrow escapes, as well as others that proved fatal.

Now that I am writing of the dangers of winter travelling I will tell you of another experience in crossing Cedar Lake,

though the event took place three years after the one referred to above.

After leaving the Cedar Lake Mission on our way again to Grand Rapids we called at the only Indian house at the left-hand side of the lake, and took breakfast. The owner of this shack—which was not more than ten by twelve feet—was the only heathen in the district, and he particularly requested me to camp with him on my return, as he wanted to hear more about religion. Before leaving, he warned us not to approach the Narrows if it was at all dusk or dark, as several holes had been seen in different parts of the lake near the Narrows. We thanked him for his timely information, and resumed our journey. We had not gone far before a terrific wind storm came on, and the particles of frozen snow drove against our faces with such force that the sensation became quite painful to bear; the drift was such that the snow almost prevented us seeing the dogs in front of us. It often happens in a storm of this description that the sun can be seen shining brightly above the drifting snow, and it was so on this occasion, and the sun helped to keep us in our proper course. After travelling for a number of hours, we concluded we were not far from the danger spot. It was 4 p.m., so we decided to stop and wait for the sun to go down, hoping that at sunset the wind would cease, as is mostly the case with the west wind. We had no shelter, being out on the lake, but the wind was not cold, so I sat in my cariole and my man and dogs came and curled themselves up on the lee side of the sleigh. But instead of the wind getting less, at sunset it increased in violence, and blew quite a storm the whole night through, and we had to remain where we were, exposed to the full fury of the gale for sixteen hours without anything to eat or drink, and, of course, without any fire. About ten o'clock the next morning the wind suddenly dropped and the sun shone brightly, and right in front of us about half a mile away, we saw the Indian's house, where we

received the information about the state of the ice below the Flying Post Rapid, mentioned above. We saw no open places in the ice, for these had been filled up by the drifting snow during the storm, but this increased the danger of the journey even by daylight, for the dogs might lead us over these spots covered only with snow which might be strong enough to bear them up, but would give way under the weight of our sleigh, and so precipitate us into the icy water, so we had to move cautiously. On our return journey I had two trains of dogs with me, having engaged a man and his dogs at Grand Rapids to take home some goods for me which had arrived there in the autumn after navigation on the Saskatchewan had closed.

The journey back was very trying both to men and dogs on account of the deep drifts we encountered, the result of the recent storm, and it was sunset before we arrived at the old Indian's house with whom we intended to camp, but our intentions were frustrated by what had happened in the meantime. The day before we returned, about a dozen men had arrived from another part of the lake, and as there was only this one house on the island, they had taken possession of it, and literally crowded us out. As all these men were engaged in fishing for sturgeon, and the day's catch was being disembowelled inside the house, the stench was such that even my man, Indian though he was, could not stand it, and had to remain outside. The Indian apologised to me for what had happened during my absence, and expressed his sorrow for not being able to entertain me that night. There was no alternative for us but to travel on to Cedar Lake Mission, which was about twelve miles away. The snow was falling heavily, the night was very dark, and the wind was moaning in the tops of the trees, which foretold the approach of a storm. Not being sure of finding our way in the darkness, I asked the old man if I could engage his son to guide us to the mission. He readily agreed to

our request, and the son, a man of over twenty years of age, was quite confident that he could take us straight to the mission in any kind of weather. By this time our other man had arrived, and we informed him we could not stay there as the place was full. "Full or not," he replied, "I cannot go any further as my dogs are played out," so I left him behind, at the same time telling him I should spend a day or two at Cedar Lake Mission, and he would have ample time to overtake us there, so he could follow on at his leisure. We started on with the Indian for our guide, the wind was not blowing more than fifteen miles an hour, but the snow fell heavily, which prevented us making very much headway. After wandering about in the dark for four hours—two hours longer than it ought to have taken us to reach the mission—our guide stopped in front of the dogs, and declared himself lost! He said he had never been so confused in his life before. Not a star was visible to guide us, and the darkness was such that it was difficult to see one's hand at arm's length. After discussing the probability of our whereabouts the man started on again, but he had not gone far when my driver called out to him that we were going back on our own trail. It was by accident that my man discovered this, for he stumbled on to a piece of stick that he had been using on the way to help his dogs along by pushing at the hind part of the sleigh, and the stick having broken was of no further use, so he left it on the trail. This led to another discussion as to what we had better do. I suggested a plan which, to say the least, was not safe to follow. It was this. "When we started," I said, "the wind was blowing fair on our left cheek, and I do not think it has changed since we started, as I have not noticed any abatement in its force," and I asked if they had, and they both said the wind was about the same as it had been all the way. "Then," I said, "in that case, land should not be far from us on the right side; turn your back to the wind,

and travel in that direction for a while, and let us see what will be the result." The guide did so, and in fifteen minutes we could see the tall spruce trees looming through the darkness like a precipice in front of us. The snow being deep close to the shore, my driver said: "We had better leave the dogs where they are, and I and the other man will go and kindle a fire in the woods, and we will have a cup of tea and something to eat"—for it was then about midnight. Whilst they were occupied in making a fire, I busied myself looking among the stuff at both ends of my cariole for the tea, food, etc., but without success. Finally my man returned to the sleigh to see why I was so long, and when I informed him that I could not find either tea or provisions; "Why, of course not!" he exclaimed, "William"—meaning the other man—"had all our food and cooking utensils on his sleigh," and when we left him behind we forgot to take anything from him, and so, hungry as we were, we had no food to eat; but we sat around the fire for a time and warmed ourselves, and ate a little of the melting snow we picked up near the fire, and then we started on our journey again. The sky by this time had become clear and we were able to recognise our position, and we travelled on in doubt no longer. But with the passing of the clouds the wind became much colder, and we all suffered intensely.

We arrived at the Mission about 2 a.m., and the inmates got up and wanted to cook us some food, but we were too weary to eat, all we desired was warmth, and as we grew warm we became heavy with sleep, and rolling ourselves up in our blankets on the floor we became dead to the world around us; but at breakfast, six hours later, some one exclaimed: "I do not mind if you cook me another rasher of bacon," and that voice only echoed the sentiments of the rest!—I could tell of similar experiences innumerable which happened to me on my journeys both by land and water in the execution of my work, but the reader must be satisfied with these few samples.

The following spring, as soon as it was open water, I visited all my out-stations with my canoe, so that I might feel at liberty to fetch my launch as soon as the freshets from the Rocky Mountains had reached our district; for be it remembered that the country bordering on the Saskatchewan River from the foot of the Rocky Mountains to Lake Winnipeg is flat, and the soil porous, and local rains be they frequent and heavy do not materially affect the stage of water in the large rivers. This depends upon the heat waves in the Rocky Mountains, which melt both the snow in the gorges and the ice on the glaciers, and bring down floods of water to the rivers and valleys below.

The freshets caused by the first heat waves towards the end of May do not affect the stage of water on the rapids on the other side of Cedar Lake until the end of June or the beginning of July, for between Cedar Lake and the Rocky Mountains there intervenes a river bed 1,200 miles in length, and varying from a quarter to half a mile in width, and besides this, there are large lakes to be filled, and thousands of square miles of marshlands to be inundated before any change is observable in the lower regions of the Saskatchewan.

I left with three of the Pas Indians about the 20th June to fetch home my launch, and on arriving at Grand Rapids I engaged other Indians to help in launching the boat into the waters of the Saskatchewan. We had some thrilling experiences in bringing the boat over the rapids. The Red Rock and Halload Rapids which were a terror to all steam-boat men, had to be encountered and passed, an undertaking both friends and foes had predicted I should fail in. The builder of the boat assured me that my launch was capable of ascending any rapids I had described to him if I would "put her to it"—so I made up my mind her powers should be put to the test. Unfortunately the stage of the water on these and other rapids we had to ascend was such that I could not run my engine as hard as I would have liked to have

done, for fear of striking the rocks at the bottom and breaking the propeller; and so we had to depend largely on the strength of men who were trekking from the shore. I stood there, however, with my hand on the throttle valve, and whenever the man at the wheel signalled "full steam ahead" I opened out, and it was interesting to see the actions of the men on the line, and to notice the expression on their faces when I did so. Ordinarily they were creeping along on their hands and knees straining with all their might and main, catching hold of boulders so as not to lose an inch they had made; but the opening out of the throttle infused such a lively interest into the propeller that the men pitched forward as if the line had broken, and then when they realised that the line was not broken, but the boat was gaining on them, they would give expression to their joyous feelings by a vociferous yell, and start running so as to keep the line straight and prevent it getting entangled among the rocks.

It would require many pages to write a full description of our journey home, but suffice it to say we took our boat home safely and she did excellent work in the Mission for eleven years, and required no repairs other than those that I could do myself!

I not only used the boat on my missionary journeys, which enabled me to visit the out-stations more frequently than I could have done otherwise, but by making quicker time on the way, I was able to stay longer at the Missions when I got there. And not only this, but when missionaries and their families had to be moved from one station to another it was the Mission launch that did the work, and when the Bishop paid my district his periodical visits for Confirmation, etc., he was taken through the district in the launch, which saved both time and expense. When I began my building operations it was the same boat that towed the barges of lumber from Prince Albert to the different stations in my district; in fact, the steamboat proved not only a safer mode of travelling

than a canoe, but more expeditious, and preferable in every way. But it made a lot more work for me, for when on a journey I was my own engineer and did all the lubricating as well as operating the injector, and when travelling we very rarely worked less than sixteen hours a day; sometimes when men were scarce, I only took one man with me to steer the boat, and I did the stoking myself.

As I have not yet mentioned the name of the boat, perhaps the reader will be wondering if I had forgotten to give it a name. I had not forgotten to give the boat a name, though I had almost forgotten to mention it. It will be remembered the part my seven-year-old daughter took in raising most of the funds for the purchase of the boat, and I thought I could not do better than name the boat after her, and so I called it *Henrietta*, and the name was inscribed on the bow of the boat in letters of light blue on a black ground embellished in gold. This was done by the builders of the boat in Toronto, and the colours were their own choice, so I suppose they were correct. When I wrote to my daughter who was at school in England, telling her that the boat had reached the Mission safely, and also what I had called it, she wrote back saying she hoped it would prove worthy of its name!

I have stated that I found the district greatly in need of churches, schools, etc., and so I set myself the task of improving the existing state of things.

I have also stated that the old Mission house at the Pas had been replaced by a semi-new one; that is, as many of the boards and doors from the old house were used in erecting the new one as were considered fit for use. But so far, nothing had been done in the way of church or school building. As regards the schools, the Government preferred to hire Indian houses for school purposes, but these were not satisfactory, as they were void of suitable internal arrangements, in fact the lack of interest in the education of the Indian children by the local agents of the Government will be understood when

I state that all they had to do was to forward requisitions from the teachers to the department for supplies to have them granted, and yet in most of the schools in my district there was not a piece of slate large enough to contain an addition sum of medium proportion, and the pencils were not more than an inch long, and when new pencils were sent, they were not sufficient to serve out one to each of the children and the teachers had to break them in halves to multiply their number. Books likewise were sadly lacking and very much torn, so much so that the same lessons could scarcely be found intact in any two books in the school; therefore under conditions of this kind, it was wrong to expect advancement in the schools, and it was also wrong to blame the teachers for lack of same.

Things of this nature went on for a time, the Church did not see its way to help in building schools as it held the Government under the articles of treaty were bound to build them. But this was a disputed question, as nothing was definitely said about the school building in the said articles. All that was definitely stated was that the Government would pay the teacher's salary when the Indians desired to have their children taught, provided the number justified a school being opened, but the officials of the Church argued that before the teacher was appointed it was necessary to have a suitable building erected for school purposes, and as the Indians were wards of the Government, and as the Government had assumed the responsibility of educating the Indian children, it was incumbent upon it to provide the necessary buildings. The local agents of the department, who acted as spokesmen for the Government, maintained that so long as the Church claimed the right to nominate the teachers and used the buildings for Church purposes the schools ought to be erected at the expense of the Church. This was an extraordinary comparison for the simple reason that the Church did not profit financially by the transfer of the country by the Indians

to the Government, but the Government did, the latter realising thousands of dollars yearly from the sale of land which was once owned and occupied by the Indians, as well as from fish and timber permits, etc., but the Church received no advantage from this transaction other than is meted out to every settler, viz., the right to homestead their missions. The officials might just as well argue that every homesteader was under an obligation to build schools for the Indians!

As to the matter of nominating the teachers, this came from the Government itself, and the course adopted saved the Government a great deal of trouble and anxiety. The missionaries were in the field before the Government in most cases, and as far as the Church of England was concerned suitable buildings had been erected at the principal stations for school purposes, and it was considered only right by the Government that the Churches should have the right to nominate such teachers as would work in harmony with the Church that had assumed charge of the Indian work in any particular mission. The department saw no danger in pursuing this policy, as the schools were subject to Government inspection, and any inefficiency in the school and delinquency on the part of the teacher was noted by the inspector, who communicated the same to the Government at Ottawa, and the department acting on the report of its agent would notify the missionary in charge that such and such a school in his district was not up to the standard of efficiency required by the Government; and would he do his best to bring about the necessary improvement before the next annual visit of the inspector, because if there was no improvement in the next year's report, the Government would have to ask the missionary to find a more competent teacher; thus admitting the right to nominate was conceded to the Church by the Government.

I, personally, have received several letters of this character regarding some of the teachers and schools in the outlying parts of my district. This system of nomination by the

Church saved the Government officials a lot of trouble, and it not only gave a lot of extra work to the missionary, but it was very often the means of creating an unkind feeling between the teacher and the missionary which was brought about in this way. The inspector would say nothing to the teacher at the time he inspected the school one way or the other, and when he left, the teacher would be under the impression that everything was satisfactory, and the department acting on this report of the inspector, did not make their complaints to the teacher but to the missionary, and he was the one who had to convey the complaint to the teacher, and very often the teachers found it hard to realise that the complaint emanated from the Government, as the inspector appeared to be satisfied on the day of examination, and it was not until I showed the letter from the Government that they were convinced that the complaint I had made was not the result of my own ambition for greater progress, etc., in the schools.

As to the Church using the schoolroom for Sunday services, the leading officials of the department regarded the Christian teaching given on Sundays as part of the machinery for the uplifting of the Indian race, and no objection to the use of the school for such a purpose ever reached me from head-quarters, even in after years when the Government had assumed the responsibility of erecting schools. This conciliatory act on the part of the Government proved quite a saving to the Churches, as for years in a small mission no other building was necessary for the services. It was the underlings whom I have called local-officials who were responsible for many of the misunderstandings.

But the erection of churches was another matter, and no one was responsible for this work but the Church, and as the Indians were too poor to erect their own places of worship, and the diocese had not the funds to do so even if the will existed, I decided to ask the C.M.S. to allow me to pay a visit to England to try and raise the necessary money to build a new

Church at the Pas, as the old one was considered unsafe—the logs being in an advanced state of decay as the picture will show.

As it was twelve years since I last visited the homeland, the Society gladly invited me to come, and a few months after my arrival I was placed on the deputation staff, and this gave me a good opportunity for meeting and making many friends.

The organizing secretary for deputation work at the beginning of every month presented me with a list of the places I was expected to preach or lecture at during the month. The advantage of this was, I knew beforehand my appointments, and so had the opportunity of arranging meetings of my own in between; that is when the proceeds would be given to my Church Building Fund. I opened two funds, one was called the Church Building Fund, and the other was called the Catechist's Fund, and I appointed the Missionary Leaves Association my receivers, and any sums that were given to me direct I used to pass on to the M.L.A. I ought to say here that six months before I left the Pas, the Indian women made a quantity of articles for sale, some of these were made from the bark of the birch tree; and were ornamented with porcupine quills. They also made slippers, and bags, and a variety of other articles from the leather they had made from the skins of the moose and deer, and these were ornamented with beads, silk work and ermine skin. These were given to me to sell in England, to help raise the funds necessary to build their new Church. (Before I left the Pas the men promised as their gift to supply all the stone required for the foundation, and all the sand necessary for the mortar both for the stone work and also for plastering the Church inside.) Other friends in England contributed such articles as are usually sold at Church bazaars, and when everything was ready bills were printed and sent out telling of the place, date, etc., where and when the sale would take place. The result was most satisfactory, and the Indian work sold especially

well. I also had the Society's permission to speak of the needs of my district (which by the way sounded like a diocese to an English audience, the size was so enormous) and accept any gifts that might be offered to me either at the meeting I was taking for the Society, or sent to me afterwards by people who had been interested in my work during the meeting.

I remember on one occasion when speaking at an anniversary meeting at Plymouth, I received in cash and promises, which were all realised, no less a sum than £72 before I left the platform, and on several occasions I received gifts of £40 from individual people who had realised the call as from God, to help me in my work! Of course it meant a lot of hard work for me, but the practical sympathy of God's people acted like a powerful tonic and nerved and strengthened me for the work I had set myself to do.

On one occasion when doing deputation work for the Society in the Wigton deanery, and having finished my work there, I returned to London via Carlisle late in the afternoon. I was suffering from the effects of a heavy cold and my throat shewed signs of weakness, but as I had booked myself for a meeting the same night at St. Albans, I took train at once for that ancient city. I never felt less fit for speaking and I told the people so, but laboured and imperfect as my appeal was, the Holy Spirit applied the message and one lady in the hall promised me £40 and other ladies present pledged themselves to make up another £40, and so £80 was the cash result of that feeble effort. But friends who sympathised with me when present did not forget me and my work, when I was back again in the field, but constantly by their prayers, and frequently by their contributions, continued to cheer us in our lonely and laborious sphere of work.

I was once speaking at a missionary exhibition in Bedford, and I noticed a lady dressed in black standing near by who seemed interested, and when I descended from my rostrum, she came to me and said: "What I have heard has made me

long to hear more," and she asked me if I could go on one side for a time and tell her and her friend more of my work. I did so, and when she left she said, "You will hear from me again soon," and I did so, and I continued to hear from her annually. The letter I was led to anticipate soon contained a cheque for £50, and for several years after this lady sent me the same amount until I wrote and told her that my work was in such a condition that I had no further need of her contributions. The donations I received from this lady alone enabled me to open a new mission, build a little Church and practically support a teacher for the children, and this mission up to the time I left in 1902 cost neither the C.M.S. nor the diocese a single cent. But here again I am premature in my statements.

Having received not only sufficient funds to build a new Church at the Pas, but also two others that were needed in the district, I longed to return to my people and my work and to set about spending the money I had received during my stay in England.

I wrote in advance to a builder of "flat boats" living in Prince Albert to make me two such boats and have them ready by a certain date. The advantage of these boats is, their bottoms, ends, and sides are square, and so no material is wasted in building them, and having served the purpose of a boat, they can be taken to pieces and the material dried and used on the building. (These flat end barges are only made for going down stream.) On my arrival I ordered the necessary materials for the Pas Church, as well as my year's supply of food, groceries, etc., and I also engaged two first-class carpenters and a plasterer who could also do stone work.

When we began to load our barges it soon became apparent that another barge would have to be built in order to take down the material necessary for the Church. Finally all was ready and a start was made, and photographers were out on the river bank taking pictures of us as the three barges floated past the town.

The water from the Rocky Mountains had not yet reached Prince Albert, consequently we had a very tedious journey. Just before we reached Cumberland Lake I cautioned the men not to attempt to cross it if it was at all rough, and then I went on ahead in a canoe to visit the mission so as not to delay the boats when they arrived ; for, be it understood, the carpenters' wages were 16s. a day each, and their time began the day we left Prince Albert and would not end until they returned to the same town.

I left the party about noon, and about five in the afternoon a big storm came on and the lake became white with the fury of the gale, but as the barges were not in sight we concluded that the storm had come on before the men had started to cross the lake and they were therefore safe on the other side. Just after dark an Indian came and informed us that he had heard shots fired in the lake and I felt sure our barges were in distress. The H.B. Company lent me one of their inland boats and we soon got a crew together of six or seven men and started to cruise the lake. Soon we heard shots fired which helped to guide us in the darkness, and following the direction from which the sound came, we soon came within speaking distance of each other. No lives had been lost was the first message we received but the barges were water-logged and not only was all the building material absolutely soaked, but most of my year's supply of food was either under the water or floating about on the surface. We pulled alongside the barge which carried my provisions and took off the most perishable things such as tea, sugar and sundry other articles of a like perishable nature, also a few sacks of flour that appeared to be drier than the rest, and having put these into the Company's boat as the storm was now past, I took the exhausted crew from the barges and we pulled for the shore, leaving the fresh men to follow after with the barges. The next day we spent at Cumberland bailing the water out of the barges and stopping the leakages by rubbing hard fat into the crevices. Most of

my groceries were spoiled ; among these were about fifty pounds of fancy biscuits for use on special occasions during the year ; when I opened the boxes I found them in a flat saturated mass at the bottom and fit for nothing.

On our fifteenth day from Prince Albert we arrived at the Pas, just nine days longer than we should have taken under ordinary circumstances. The boats in the meantime had started leaking again and the boards, etc., were just as soaked as it was possible for them to be. The white men I had with me could not see how I was going to get the lumber out of the barges, but not having seen the Pas Indians work under such conditions, the doubts they expressed were excusable.

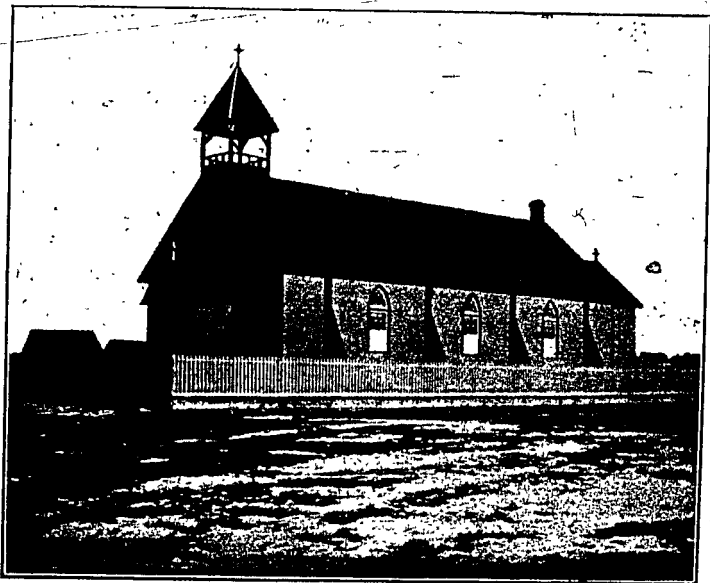
When our boats came in sight at the Pas Mission, the men, women and children flocked to the water's edge to greet us, and as soon as the shaking of hands was over and the Indians told what had to be done, about seventy-five men set to work and waded through water and mud and carried all the boards ashore and piled them up in such a way as the carpenters indicated. As the Indians laboured under their heavy loads the water ran off the boards and down their backs until not a dry thread remained on them, and all the time this was going on no murmuring voice was heard, but all laughed and chaffed each other as they passed to and from the boat on each other's bedrabbled appearance. In three hours all the material was ashore and piled up to dry close to the spot where the Church was to be built. On my way home from England, I called at Hamilton, and a friend introduced me to one of his churchwardens, who was a partner in a tobacco manufacturing company, and he gave me twenty-five pounds of tobacco as a contribution towards my Church building fund. This tobacco was in 4-oz. "plugs," so the work being over, I opened the case and gave one plug each to the men who had unloaded the barges, and as remuneration of any kind was not expected, they were very grateful for the tobacco, as the Indian is very fond of his pipe.

The next day the leading Roman Catholic in the place took the barges to pieces, and the material with which they were built was also piled up to dry; the nails had been abstracted and straightened ready for use, and practically all the material that had been used in building the barges was now ready for fresh service.

In speaking with the carpenters after supper about the work the Indians had done so cheerfully and without pay, they said it would be difficult to find a gang of white men to undertake such work at a high wage, and if any did take it, they would be grumbling and cursing all the time about having to carry such wet loads up to their knees in mud and water!

The material once in the field, the weather turned in our favour, the wood dried rapidly and the work went on apace. The old Church was demolished and the new one was erected in its place, but not on the same spot. The old Mission house at the Pas as well as the old Church contained a fair amount of carved work about them. This is reported to have been done by the men who went out under the leadership of Sir John Richardson, who had charge of the first party who went overland in search of Sir John Franklin, 1848-49. It is stated that the party arrived at the Pas too late in the year to proceed to the north, and so Sir John Richardson made arrangements with the missionary at the Pas to this effect, viz., that if the missionary could arrange to keep half the party through the winter free of charge, the men, being artisans, should give their labour free at the Mission. This the missionary agreed to do, and the men made most of the chairs and tables which were still in use at the Mission when I took charge. The ends of the pews in the Church were also carved by the same party, as well as the ornamental work on the old pulpit and font. The seats, pulpit and font (being in a good state of preservation when the new Church was built) we removed to their respective places in the new Church, and they are doing duty in it to-day.

The other half of the party wintered with the H.B. Company



CHRIST CHURCH—THE PAS, BUILT BY THE AUTHOR. (p. 294.)



INDIAN FAMILY WITH DOGS AND SLEIGH. THE AUTHOR IN HIS WINTER SLEIGH IN THE BACKGROUND. (p. 294.)



at Cumberland, and before Sir John returned to England he took observation both at Cumberland and the Pas, and when he reached England, he had two sundials made to suit the latitude and longitude of the two places, and had them sent out, one to the Pas Mission, and the other to the Company's post at Cumberland as a memento of his visits and in gratitude for the kindnesses received. The dial at the Pas I should say is the better of the two, anyway the disc is three inches the broader of the two.

Having completed the new Church we named it after the old one, which was called Christ Church. The people and all concerned were grateful for the help received from Christian friends in England, who had so materially helped them to build it, or as some of the people put it, "from those whom they had never seen and who had never seen them!" This Church, which is 72 feet in length, is if anything too small on special occasions, as will be readily conceived by the reader when he is informed that on special days from 170 to 190 of the congregation would communicate and 90 per cent. of these would be Indians.

Having completed the Pas Church, the next work I set myself to do was to get the schools in a better shape, and I asked the Government, through its agent, if it could not afford to build schools in the outlying districts would it rent them from me if I undertook to build them? Having received his assurance that the department would rather pay a rent than take the responsibility of erecting buildings in such out-of-the-way places, where everything had to be imported, and where it seemed doubtful if white mechanics would care to go to work, he gave me his guarantee that if I erected suitable buildings the Government would pay me an annual rent, and he placed the figure at £12 per annum for each building, but after the first year it was reduced to £8 per annum. So with the aid of the *Henrietta* I hauled certain material from Prince Albert to the Pas, and then up the Carrot River one hundred miles to

the Pas Mountain Missions, and built first at Shoal Lake and afterwards at Red Earth. I had influenced the Indians living at the latter place, who it will be remembered were heathen, to accept Christian teaching and have their children taught.

Before passing from the district of which I am now writing I might say that before I left the district in 1902 the majority of the Indians at Red Earth had embraced Christianity, and one of the leading Indians of this particular band had become an honorary lay reader, holding the Bishop's licence, and preached to his own people every Sunday! From a copy of the Saskatchewan diocesan magazine, April, 1914, which is lying before me, I see his name is still mentioned among the list of honorary lay readers doing active service.

I might also add that this Mission (Red Earth) which I began soon after taking charge of the Pas district, was regularly visited from the Pas in the summer, and from Cumberland in winter; a school was built, a teacher appointed, who, in addition to his day-school work rendered valuable assistance as a catechist and worked shoulder to shoulder with the Indian lay reader.

All this work was begun and carried on without any extra financial assistance from the diocese or the Church at home, and I believe the diocese at the present time (twelve years after I left the district) is still drawing an annual rent for this and other similar buildings I erected in the district from funds I raised whilst I was in England.

The following picture gives an interesting scene at the Pas Mountain Missions—it shows "Old Yellow Bear" burning his idols, etc., outside the little school chapel at Shoal Lake, and while this was being done, the congregation (only a small part of which is shown in the picture) stood and sang the well-known hymn by W. O. Cushing, "Ring the bells of Heaven" in the Cree language.

Here is an account of the event given at the time through the *C.M.S. Gleaner*, December 1st, 1899:

"The place of which I now write is Shoal Lake, one of the many out-stations belonging to Devon, and is situated about ninety miles from Devon, at the foot of Pas Mountain.

"In one of the photographs you will notice an old Indian in the act of stooping.

"The old man is named Oosawusk (Yellow Bear). He is about eighty years of age, and was baptised fifty years ago by Mr. Hunter, the first ordained missionary who resided in this district.

"Although admitted into the visible Church by baptism, he seems never to have led a Christian life, but practised all the rites and ceremonies of the heathen. When the majority of the Indians of this band had embraced Christianity, he travelled about visiting other bands, where his services would be more appreciated. He was, until quite lately, known as the leading medicine-man and greatest sorcerer for many miles round.

"During the past two years I have had several earnest conversations with him, and he promised time after time to give up his heathen ways, and return with full purpose of heart to the Lord, but, alas! he failed to carry out his good intentions.

"Last autumn his wife died, a sincere Christian woman, and this made a very great impression upon him, which resulted in his making another promise of reform.

"On my way to the mountain in the spring I met him paddling his canoe alone, about twelve miles from the Mission. He was going to hunt rats, 'musquash.' As soon as he recognised me he paddled to the shore, and we did the same.

"After the usual greetings, he said, 'My grandchild, I have been longing to see you ever since we last parted. I must return with you to the Mission, as I must spend Sunday with you there, that the people may bear testimony to my constancy during the past winter.'

"I spent three days at the mountain, and heard from many, the catechist being one of those who said that the old man was thoroughly changed, that he never went near the heathen now,

but associated only with the Christians, and was most regular and devout in church on Sundays.

"He wished very much to be received back again into the Church, and to partake of the Lord's Supper. I told him that nothing would give me more pleasure than to do as he requested, if I were sure he was seeking help from God to be faithful to his profession in the future. I reminded him of his former promises and the great hopes he had given me of his thorough reform, and how these had all been so many times dashed to the ground. I further asked him if he were really giving up everything that pertained to heathenism, because I had my doubts about it, and I felt sure that this was one of the causes of his former weakness.

"He admitted that he had still in his possession the rattle charm, some bad 'medicine,' and one or two other things.

"I then informed him that these must be given up, and I gave him the choice of either burning them or burying them.

"The poor old man's decision, and the remarks he made, convinced me more than all I heard before that he was determined, God helping him, to have done with Satan and his devices.

"'Noosesim' (my grandchild), he said, 'I am prepared to sacrifice all I have, and I am thankful (*Keêhe ke-se-kowe ko tawe-now*). Our heavenly Father has given me another opportunity of returning to Him; but knowing as I do my own weakness, and the power of the bad spirit, I dare not bury them, lest in an unguarded moment I might be tempted to recover them. No, Noosesim, I will not bury them; I will kindle a fire with my own hands, and cast the relics of my heathen days into it myself, and so once and for ever put the temptation out of the way.'

"Near the church door in the picture you see the old man in the act of burning what once he prized.

"The old man standing just behind him is handing the relics to him to be cast in the fire one at a time.

"In a similar picture all are engaged in singing 'Ring the bells of Heaven,' whilst the fire is consuming the old man's charms."

"The poor old fellow joined in singing the hymn as best he could, but his emotions would get the better of him, and he lost control of his voice. We finished the hymn with the old man leaning upon my shoulder weeping, and catching at a word or two of the hymn when he could control his feelings. The day when this took place was May 21st, Whit-Sunday.

"After what had taken place, I received him back again into the Church, and admitted him to Communion. At the first 'rail' the old man knelt with his daughter, three married sons, and two grandsons, to feast at the Lord's table.

"The services of the day being over, we met in the evening for a talk on spiritual things, old Oosawusk being the chief speaker. He took up his parable and said:

"'You have all seen a little bird's nest; how nicely it is made, and how clean it is inside. Thus the care of the mother is shown for her young. Then you have seen the eggs, and finally the little birds. These little birds, when first hatched, lie motionless in the nest; they seem almost lifeless, as well as almost bare. By and by they gather strength, and their feathers take shape, and they are able to stand up in their nest and flap their wings. Then in due course their little wings are covered with beautiful feathers, some silver coloured and some gold, and they look very pretty. But why are these beautiful wings given to the little birds? Is it that they may lie still in their nest and adorn their own little home? No; they are given to them for a purpose, and that purpose is to enable them to fly about, and become useful in many ways. This is my parable.

"'Now to-day I am like those little helpless birds lying bare and motionless in their nest. My soul is like the nest. My heavenly Father made it for me, and it is therefore very good, and in His sight very valuable, otherwise He

would have cast me away as unprofitable long ago (*Che kà-ma mistahe ne panu-chalisin*), because I have been very bad. Now He has given me His Holy Spirit to dwell in my soul; at present it is only weak in me like the very little birds I have spoken about, but by and by, perhaps soon, it will grow strong in me, and I shall be able to go about and be of use. I desire to bear witness to the truth in those places where I have in days gone by joined in heathen ceremonies, and let my new life shine like the beautiful feathers on the little birds' wings.' (Yellow Bear has since died—a faithful Christian.)

"The little Church shown in the picture is one of six I have built since my return to the Mission three years ago. The one at Shoal Lake is one of the smallest, as it is only a small station in the heart of a pine forest."

The picture of Yellow Bear was taken by my daughter at the Pas, where he had come on a visit shortly after his baptism.

The next picture shows the Bishop of Calgary (who at that time was Bishop of Saskatchewan) in the act of speaking a few kind and sympathetic words to some heathen Indians, who, after having joined us in the service of dedicating the Christian burial ground, had returned to their own, to think and weep over the graves of their departed. I always found Bishop Pinkham most interested in our Indian work, and most sympathetic and kindly disposed towards the Indians. At our diocesan synods, he seemed never so happy as when he had our Indian chiefs around him.



CONSECRATION OF THE BURIAL-GROUND AT RED EARTH. (p. 300.)



"YELLOW BEAR" BURNS HIS IDOLS OUTSIDE THE MISSION CHURCH
AT SHOAL LAKE. (p. 298.)



CHAPTER XIV

THE PAS

III

HAVING erected school chapels, which served the dual purpose of Church and school at Red Earth, Shoal Lake, and Moose Lake, I also fixed up buildings for school purposes at Cumberland and Cedar Lake, so that for a number of years the Government paid the diocese an annual rent of £40 a year for buildings that had cost the Church funds nothing to erect. I also built a Church at Cedar Lake, and I paid for more than half the cost of the material used in the erection of a new dwelling house for the Cedar Lake missionary, as well as all the labour employed on both buildings. In all these buildings I was assisted only by Indian labour, and I would like to add that some of my Indians at the Pas, who used to travel about with me, became quite expert carpenters, as were also some of the Indians and half-breeds at Grand Rapids.

The next building of importance I undertook to erect was the Church at Cumberland. The picture of this Church will not stand severe criticism, but it is the only one I have of the place. Whilst building this Church I was severely afflicted with boils, in fact, I suffered from boils all the time I was at the Pas, but on this occasion I had no less than three at one time on my neck. These prevented me from moving my head about, and when I wanted to inspect the work being done

on the walls or roof, or when called upon for advice, I was put to the necessity of going to see what was wanted, as I was unable to raise my head above a certain angle.

During the building of this Church I sent the resident missionary to the Pas to take my services, and I did his visiting work in the evenings after the hours for carpentering work was over, as well as his Sunday duties; so that sixteen hours each day I was fully employed, and the rest day for others meant only a change of work for me, and it was hardly to be wondered at that I felt my health was giving way. Before I got rid of the plague of boils I must have had over a hundred which continued over a period of eight or ten years and attacked me on every part of my body. I have often wondered if any one ever had a boil in the right place? With all my experience of boils they seemed to be always in the way. Some people tried to console me by assuring me that boils were a sign of good health; it may have been wrong of me, but frequently I found myself saying that I wished I was not quite so healthy.

My next building exploit was a school chapel at Birch River. The community here, though Indians, were not treated as such. They had formerly been under treaty and belonged to the Pas band, but after a time they commuted and received either a sum of money from the Government or a gift of land in lieu of their treaty rights. But this change did not benefit them in the least, for what they received from the Government was soon spent, and then they became as if they were fatherless children. They had been born and brought up as Indians, and lived entirely on the proceeds of the trap and the gun, so that after they had disposed of that which the Government had granted them, they were worse off than their friends who remained in treaty; for their method of living was the same, minus the annual help that was meted out to the treaty Indians by the department. The gifts I received from the lady I met at Bedford helped me to erect

the building at Birch River and support a teacher for the children ; and this mission, like the mission at Red Earth, did not cost the C.M.S. nor the diocese a cent up to the time of my leaving. This made the tenth building I had erected since I took charge of the Pas district, eight of which were paid for out of the funds I had given me as the result of my appeal whilst on furlough in England ; so merciful was the good Hand of my God upon me.

The next and last place to claim my attention was Grand Rapids. For this Church I had to go to Winnipeg for my materials, which were shipped out across the lake a distance of three hundred miles, and I engaged a carpenter from there to assist me with the building, but had I known how handy some of our people at Grand Rapids were with the saw and plane, I should not have engaged anyone outside the Mission.

I had the seats and reading desk made in Winnipeg and shipped out in sections, and practically all the carpenter did in connection with this building was to put the seats together, make the Communion table and stain and varnish them. It is only right that I should state here, that at each of the places where I erected a Church or a school, the Indians made suitable donations according to their means, such as supplying the logs for walls where logs were used, or giving one day's work on the building when suitable work could be found for them.

The Church has been added to since I left, for it was only completed one month before I left the district. Since then, a tower and small spire have been added to it by the native clergyman to whom this Mission was entrusted. He was a great worker and an expert carpenter, but his bodily strength was not equal to the energy of his mind and will. He was shifted about from place to place where his mechanical skill was most needed by those who must have known of his enfeebled health, as well as of his persevering will, etc., and who ought therefore to have taken the former as well as the latter into consideration, but in the Saskatchewan diocese it

was the same as in most other places. It was a case of "whipping the horse that will pull, because it is of no use whipping the horse that won't!" He simply wore himself out and passed away from his earthly labours in, I think, 1911 or 1912. Upon his tombstone might safely be inscribed, "Whatsoever his hand found to do, he did it with all his might!"

Having erected eleven buildings in the eastern part of the diocese, viz., two school chapels at the Pas Mountain reserves, a house and church at the Pas, a church and school at Cumberland, a school chapel at Birch River, ditto at Moose Lake, a house and church at Cedar Lake, and a church at Grand Rapids, it only remains to say a few words about the Indians before saying "good-bye" to the district.

In the first place the Pas Indians were very exacting, for in addition to my ministerial work, there being no doctor in the district, we not only had to prescribe but to dispense the medicines sent out by the Government, and the Indians used to come for miles for medicine, arriving at the Mission at any hour, any time between six o'clock in the morning and twelve at night, and sometimes call me out of bed to go and see some one who had met with an accident and chopped his foot, or a child who was described as having lost its *oo-sik-oo-win* ("saliva"), and often when I have arrived at the house, I have been told in answer to my question as to the condition of the sick party, "*Sa-si-pe-toos Is-se Ayow!*" meaning the person had improved for the better since the messenger had been dispatched to the Mission. But what annoyed one most was to find on calling a second time to see a sick person the medicine or dressing fetched from the Mission had not been applied. The truth is, the Indian has more faith in beverages made from their native herbs than in what they called the "White man's medicine," and often they allow their friends to be maltreated and on the point of departing this life before they call in the aid of proper medical

advice, even when such advice is at hand. It seems impossible to get an Indian to take a course of medicine; he believes in drastic measures, and unless he feels the effect of the second dose of medicine, he loses faith in it and gives up taking it.

The only physic one can rely on them taking (as the power of these they cannot very well dispute) are purgatives and emetics. There seems to be something tangible about these, so to speak, something that appeals to their senses, and so the nature of an Indian after all differs little from that of many a white person who express their sentiments in words like these, "Seeing is believing." But even in purgatives, the Indian is wont to discriminate, preferring castor oil to anything else. Very often mothers would send to the Mission for castor oil for their infants and then come the next day and complain that the medicine had not operated and the child had done nothing but cry ever since it took the medicine, and so my wife would pour out another teaspoonful and hand it to the mother and request her to administer it in her presence. The child, as most children do, objected, and that part of the oil that left the spoon would trickle down the cheek of the child, and then the mother, partly to remove the oil and partly to pacify the child, would give the child a kiss which covered the whole of its cheek, and in so doing, removed the oil with her lips and then swallowed it herself, and licking the spoon clean, handed back the spoon to my wife—and that is the way the Indian women as a rule give castor oil to their children. After witnessing this performance, we had no difficulty in understanding why the child was not benefited by the previous dose. To overcome this difficulty my wife undertook to show them how to administer a dose of castor oil to a child. She took the child on her knee, wrapped a towel close round its arms and body to keep its hands down, and then putting one of her fingers into the child's mouth, she administered the oil, and I nipped its little nose until it was compelled to take in air through

its throat, and with the air, the oil; the after effects I leave my readers to imagine. When one has witnessed an Indian eat, and has seen the quantity of deer's meat he can put away, one would never think the Indian would experience any difficulty in swallowing an ordinary pill, but such is the case with most of the Indians. They do not object to taking pills, but before swallowing them, they chew them up like ordinary food!

The Indian, as a rule, has the idea that any kind of medicine is equally good for all complaints, especially the white man's medicine. I remember on one occasion I was steaming up the Saskatchewan River on my way to Prince Albert for building material when, on turning a certain bend of the river, we saw a woman standing on the opposite shore beckoning to us to stop; we did so, and she shouted out she wanted to see me. As the water was shallow on her side of the river we had to anchor the launch and I went ashore in the canoe. When I came up to her she handed me a piece of paper which was dirty and yellow with age, and she asked me to read its contents to her. I unfolded the paper and found it contained the directions given to her by the Government doctor three years previous, telling her how to use the medicine he had prescribed for her child on that particular occasion. I told her what the instructions were, and asked why she wanted me to read them to her. She replied that she did not use the medicine at the time it was given to her, but as another of her children was feeling unwell she thought she would give the medicine to it, but she could not remember how much water she had been told to mix with the dose. I advised her to give the present sick child the water without the medicine, as it might be safer, and left without thanking her for hindering us, as I had 800 miles to travel, build two barges in Prince Albert and a church when I got back again before the end of August.

But apart from these idiosyncrasies, the Pas Indian has many good ideas, and he cannot be beaten as a canoe man,

or as a shot on the wing, and the marvel they kill so well is, they hardly ever put more than twenty or twenty-five grains of shot in their guns for a charge. I have witnessed them time and again, when paddling in a canoe on the Saskatchewan River—and, be it remembered, the birch-bark rides very lightly on the water, and the least ripple or movement of the body causes it to wobble—I have seen the Indian take up his gun and wait for the duck to get into such a position that when it is shot it will fall close to if not quite into his canoe. I once saw my steersman as we were steaming up the Carrot River, pick up his gun in a hurry and fire at a duck that was flying towards us, and the duck fell dead on the boat not three feet from the wheel; and from the time he first sighted the duck to the time it fell could not have been more than five seconds. The Pas Indians did very little in the way of cultivating the land simply because the country was largely inundated, and those parts that were dry were covered with large boulders; still they did attempt a little gardening, and they went so far in their ambition to farm as to ask the Government to supply them with a team of horses, a plough and harrow, and a mowing machine, to be paid for by the band out of their annuity money, which the reader will remember was one pound per head per annum. But when they got them they could not use them for the plough would strike against a big stone every few yards and this would pull up the horses so suddenly that they became restive and refused to pull at all, and the Indians had to detach them from the plough and pull it themselves. I have before me a picture taken by myself of Indians ploughing in my steersman's garden; he is holding the handles of the plough, his brother is walking beside the plough, holding the beam to help keep it steady, and the other men are hauling it. They had tried to use the horses in the morning, but they had become so restive on account of the jerking they received that it was deemed safer to pull the plough themselves.

The Indians had never been accustomed to use horses, so they experienced the same difficulty when they started to mow their hay, and I have seen the men dragging the machine about the marsh in the same way they can be seen dragging the plough. But what added to the ridiculousness of the latter procedure was, a man rode the machine in the orthodox way to manipulate the levers. This could have been done from the ground and so have made the draft lighter for the men, but they wanted to be as orthodox as possible and so took turns in riding, and only the whip and the reins were dispensed with.

The religious consistency of the Indian is most commendable, and his fearless manner of showing his true colours without being ostentatious is very satisfactory. I remember being at Grand Rapids on one occasion, having gone there to meet my wife and daughter when the latter returned from school in England. The lake boat came in on the Sunday with my wife and daughter on board, and a number of visitors from Winnipeg who had crossed the lake on a pleasure trip. The manager of the lake fleet being on board he asked me if I could make it convenient to hold a service on the boat in the evening, and he gave the hour of seven as most convenient for them, and I promised to be over in time. I had two services on the opposite side of the river where the Indians resided, and after the second service I had two miles to go to give Holy Communion to a sick person, so before I arrived at the boat the passengers had left and had strolled across the portage. The reason why I appeared to be late is easily explained; the boat was run on Winnipeg time, which was an hour faster than the Saskatchewan time, which we were guided by, so that seven by the boat time was only six by my watch, and although I was at the boat by 6.30 by my watch, according to their calculation I was half an hour late.

There was a man on board, so my wife told me, who had made himself rather objectionable on the journey out by

making derogatory references to Indians and the work of missionaries among them, and he with the party had strolled across the portage with the intention of getting the Indians to "run the rapids" with them in their boats. Running the Grand Rapids is very exciting pleasure, and is not accompanied by danger, still many ladies who go to Grand Rapids from Winnipeg do so with the intention of experiencing this excitement. It appears when they reached the other side of the portage they saw a number of my Pas and Cedar Lake Indians. These Indians were engaged during the week taking freight from the tramway to the head of the Halfload Rapids, a distance of fifteen miles, where it was deposited in a warehouse. This was done to save the Company's steamboat contending with the Red Rock and Halfload Rapids that I had to ascend with the *Henrietta* when I first took her out. But as this was Sunday the Indians were not working, but were sitting about on the banks of the river when the visitors arrived.

The new arrivals soon began strolling about the Indians' camp, and came across a draught board; one the Indians had made themselves. The Indians are very fond of playing at draughts, merely to pass away the time, and they are I am told, quite efficient at the game. Now it so happened that one of the ladies of the party was an exceedingly good player, and when she saw the board her curiosity was aroused, and she asked the manager of the H.B. Company's business at Grand Rapids if the Indians could play the game, and, when she heard they could, she expressed a desire to see their champion player, who, by the way, was one of our lay readers at Cedar Lake, and she offered to play a game with him then and there. When the Indian understood the request he replied, "Madam, we do not play draughts on a Sunday." "Then how do you pass the time away?" she said. "By reading God's Word and singing His praises," he replied. The party then asked the Indians to sing to them, in their

own language, two or three hymns, and, after a little consultation among themselves as to which they should sing, they sang "Nearer, my God, to Thee," and "Jesus, Lover of my soul." When the Indians had finished, the visitors sang the same hymns back to them in English, and, as the day was far spent, they each shook hands with their newly-made friends; and the visitors did not run the Rapids as they intended, but walked meditatively back across the portage. When they reached the boat, the gentleman who had said many things against missionary work among the Indians came up to me and said in his brisk manner, "Parson, you did not keep your promise, and we had to leave without the service you promised us; but never mind, we had a better sermon over there on the other side of the portage than you would have given us," and then, in one chorus of voices, they told of their experiences with my Indians. The gentleman who had spoken thoughtlessly about missionary work owned up that he had spoken without knowledge, but never again, no, never again, would he say a word against Christian Indians and the work of missionaries.

Thinking to become even with him, I said, "You had my sermon after all, though second-hand, for what you experienced on the other side of the portage was only the missionary's teaching in operation."

I once heard an officer in the service of the H.B. Company say, and he spoke from many years' experience and knew the Indians well, that he had no desire to live the life of an Indian, meaning to experience his privations and sufferings, but, he added, "I should very much like to die his death," meaning that death had no terrors for the Christian Indian, that he left this world with a sure and certain hope of a welcome on the other side in that land which is "Fairer than day."

My thoughts go back to an old Indian at the Pas who, though a good Christian man, never took any very active part in Church work further than to offer up a prayer at

our prayer meetings. He left with two of his married sons at the beginning of April to go into the rat swamps and hunt the musquash, and whilst there he became ill, but the state of the river was such that neither a sleigh nor a canoe could be used, as the ice was expected to break up daily. As soon as the ice had moved out of the river, the sons started to bring their father home in their canoe. They camped the first night on the banks of the Saskatchewan River, about half the way home, the nearest house being fifteen miles away. After the tent was pitched the sons gathered reeds and grass and spread them inside the tent to make a sort of mattress upon which to lay their father, and, having done this, they carried the old man in a blanket from the canoe and placed him on the mattress, and, having made him comfortable, they went outside to prepare food for the evening meal. Whilst in the act of doing this, they heard the old man's voice, and it sounded to them as if some one had entered the tent and the old man was greeting them. So, out of curiosity, one of the sons went to the tent door to see who had arrived, when he beheld his father in a sitting position, with his hands stretched out as if in the attitude of taking hold of some one's hand, but no one was visible. The son asked his father what it was he was wanting, and the old man replied, saying, "My son, why did you speak? My Master had come for me with stretched-out hands, and I was just going to take hold of them and go with Him when you spoke, and when I heard your voice I lost sight of Him, but He will come again soon, I know He will." The son replied that he was deceived, for no one had entered the tent, and he asked whom did he mean by his Master? The old man answered, "My son, whom have I served all my life? is it not Jesus? It was He who came for me, and now I cannot see Him, but He will soon come back, I am sure." After having helped his father to lie down again, he joined his brother at the camp-fire, and, when the meal was prepared,

they took something to their father that they thought he might like. But it was too late. Jesus had already returned, and taken His faithful and trusting servant to partake of the fruits of Paradise.

When the body was brought to the Mission, my churchwarden came and told me what I have repeated, and he added, "I have lived near to Isaac B. (the deceased) for many years, and I used to notice him when making or mending his canoe, or sowing his garden seeds in the spring, cease from his labours, and, kneeling down, put himself in the attitude of prayer. Out of curiosity I approached him stealthily to make sure what he was really doing, when, true enough; he was praying. He was asking God's blessing on his labours," and he added, "I have seen him do this many times in the course of the day." Having heard these facts, I ask, "May we not say of this Indian, 'That he walked with God and he was not for God took him.'"

The month of February is one of the most trying months in the year for the Indians who winter at the Pas. The month is usually very cold, with a great deal of wind; and twenty degrees below zero, with the wind blowing at the rate of ten miles an hour, is more painful to endure than forty degrees below when it is calm, and, for some reason which I cannot explain, the fish seem to evade every device for their capture. It is thought that as the water is the coldest at this season of the year, the fish search out the deepest parts of the rivers and lakes, and lie dormant at the bottom. Anyway, it is a trying month for the Indians, and their privations are many and great. Personally, I have known Indians to visit their nets daily for a whole week in the month of February without taking home a single fish.

On one occasion I had watched from my window my old churchwarden overhauling his net; the wind was blowing about thirty miles an hour, and the thermometer registered

forty-five degrees of frost; in fact, the cold was so intense that he could not remain exposed on the river more than fifteen or twenty minutes at a time without running up to his house to warm up. Finally, about sunset, he had got the end holes cut through the ice, and was overhauling his net, and I walked over to where he was working to see what reward he had received for his labour, but before I reached him I saw him throw on to the snow what proved to be his last fish, and then, placing his hands between his knees, partly, no doubt, to warm them, and with bent head, he began to offer up his prayer of thanksgiving! When I approached near enough to him to enquire about his catch, he replied: "Three, and I was just thanking our Father in Heaven for giving them to me, for now we shall have something to eat to-morrow (Sunday), and shall be able to worship in Church without our minds being distracted by the pangs of hunger." Now, reader, think for a moment what this meant. These three fish (which together weighed about five pounds) was all the family had to carry them through the Sunday, and besides himself and his wife he had five children depending on him for food. Truly, one may ask, what were they among so many, especially when it is known that they had no bread nor any other kind of food in the house. It did not really seem much to be thankful for, yet this Indian was not slow to acknowledge the gift as from God, and at once gave Him thanks.

The number of the page tells me that I ought, as the Americans would say, "quit" writing about the Pas district, but as my object is not so much to tell the reader what I have been instrumental in doing as to set forth the good qualities of our Christian Indians, therefore I must mention two or three more facts before I take the reader with me into my next field of labour.

The year I left the Pas for England to raise funds for building new churches, etc., I met, for the first time, Major

MacGibbon at Prince Albert. The Major was a Government official and had a great deal to do with the Indians. He was about to start on a tour of inspection through the Pas district, and knew me by report only (we sat at the same table at the hotel for two meals without intercourse, a very strange occurrence among people travelling in the United States or Canada). Finally, he heard some one mention my name, and he then asked me if I was from the Pas district, and when he heard that I was from that part, he said he was glad to have met me, and proposed our travelling together, but when I informed him that I was on my way to England, he was disappointed. After he had concluded his visit to the Pas he was most satisfied with the work of the Mission, and the conduct of the Indians generally. His visit was entirely of a secular and educational character, as these had to do with the Government, but, having experienced what he had, he could not refrain from sending a report to my Bishop (the present Bishop of Calgary), and the report was of such a nature that the Bishop thought the C.M.S. in England should see it, and so he sent the Major's report on to Salisbury Square. I was on my deputation work at the time, and when I called at the house for fresh orders I was told about the report and asked if I had received a copy. I replied in the negative, and the secretary passed it on to me. It is needless to say that the Committee were both grateful to the Bishop for sending it to them, as also for the nature of the report. The Major, be it known, was a staunch Presbyterian, and therefore nothing but plain facts were stated. He told of his visit through the district, how he had entered nearly every house, and wherever he went he found a reverence for things religious. In most houses he saw texts of Scripture on the walls both in English and in their own language in the Syllabic characters. He noticed in nearly every house a special bracket on the wall, upon which were placed the Cree Bible, the Church Prayer and Hymn-Book, and, removing them

from their resting-place, he found they were not there as mere ornaments, but the leaves were turned down in many places, and choice texts were underlined. Upon enquiry he found that reading and daily prayer, accompanied by a hymn, was the common order in every family, whether at home or abroad. He then gave an illustration of this latter fact. He said he engaged two Indians and a canoe at Cumberland to take him through the whole of the district, and, as the reservations were far apart, they made long days when travelling, starting not later than 5 a.m. and not camping before 8 p.m., yet he could safely say that these two men never began their day's work, nor yet retired to rest, without first reading part of a chapter from their Cree Bible, and one or the other engaging in prayer! And the Major added, "My presence did not appear to make any difference to them, they were not ashamed of their religion! It would have been only natural for them, seeing I was the representative of the 'Great praying Queen,' to have waited for me to take the initiative, but no, they looked upon prayer as a duty they owed to God, and their duty to their earthly sovereign did not prevent them rendering to God that which was due to Him! And what could I do?" he added. "I did not understand their language, so what I did was this—I knelt on the banks of the river or the shores of the lake, as the case might be, with them, bowed my head in silence and joined them in thought, and I never felt so much solemnity in any services as I did in these, conducted in the wilds and presided over by these children of nature, but men in Grace!"

The Society and I too thanked God for this independent testimony of its work among the Indians in North-West Canada.

I must now say a few words about the licensed lay reader at the Pas. His name is Simon Bell. This man has been a right-hand support to all the resident missionaries at the Pas for many years. In the summer months, when the trapping season was over, and there was little or no work

to do in the district, he used to take his whole family, using sometimes two canoes and supplying himself with ammunition; he would paddle leisurely about the district, hunting for his living as they moved along, and in so doing he visited most of the out-stations, "comforting the feeble-minded and supporting the weak." He was a very good preacher, and his knowledge of the Scriptures was very uncommon; in fact, every admonition or encouragement he put forth in his sermons he completely surrounded with appropriate passages of Scripture accurately quoted. I seldom heard him myself, but my wife, who had learnt the Cree language, used to give me a digest of his sermons when I returned home from my journeys.

I have sometimes read in the C.M.S. magazines, accounts of services held in the East when the three Orders of the Church of England were present, taking part in the service, but a native layman preached the sermon. This has not been my experience in North-West Canada. If an ordained missionary who knew the language deputed a layman to preach for him when he himself was present, the congregation would think it most strange and attribute it to indolence on the part of the minister, that is if he was not debarred on account of ill-health, but when he is absent they will gladly listen to one of their own laymen.

I have said there was no resident doctor at the Pas or in any part of the Pas district; the nearest was at Prince Albert, 350 miles away (approximately), but the Government sent an M.D. through the district once in three years. If we had any serious cases of illness we had to do the best we could for them.

On one occasion a schoolgirl developed a tuberculous knee, and became so bad that when the doctor arrived he had to perform an operation. In doing this, he found the bone in such a state that he had to cut about three inches away, and the stench was such that neither the parents of the child nor the doctor's assistant appeared able to render any help.

I was away from home at the time, and my wife, being the recognised dispenser of Government medicines, was asked to assist the doctor. When the operation was over, the doctor told my wife that he would examine the knee again on his return from Cumberland, and he was afraid he would have to make another operation, as the bone removed did not include the whole of the affected part. On his return a week afterwards another operation was performed and, when the doctor left, he told my wife that he did not think the girl would live, but he added, humanly speaking, her life depended on the nursing she would receive. Mrs. Hines determined to do her best for the girl, and she visited her in her home daily for 160 odd days, only missing twice when a continuous thunderstorm with heavy rain hung over the district, and, when she renewed her visits, she found that the last dressing she put on had not been removed, nor had the wound been cleansed, and, when she removed the cloths, maggots quarter-of-an-inch long came away with the dressing. It will not be interesting reading to relate all my wife had to do for this Indian girl, but suffice it to say that her efforts were rewarded, and, when the inspector paid his next annual visit, the wound was healed up and the girl was going to school. The inspector, who had received the doctor's report of the case, quite expected to hear of her death, and I leave the reader to imagine his surprise when he saw her in her class at school. He reported the facts of the case to Ottawa, and the department of Indian affairs wrote to Mrs. Hines the thanks of the Government in acknowledgment of her services, adding, from the doctor's report, the little Indian maid owed her life to her careful attention to the case. After the girl left school (she was fourteen years old when the operation was performed) she became our servant. Of course she walked lame, as the afflicted leg was between three or four inches shorter than the other owing to the removal of the bone, but she felt no pain. When she walked, as can be

understood, she raised herself up on her whole leg, and then dropped again when she rested her weight on the short one, and to the mind of an Indian her action was that of an approaching wave when it rises to fall again, and falls to rise again, and so the Indians gave her a new name and called her Pā-mu-ma-ka-hun (The coming wave). No offence or slight was intended by this name, and no objection was made.

Before I cease my description of our work at the Pas, I might add that it fell to my lot principally both at the Pas and elsewhere to vaccinate most of the Indians, the Government supplying the lymph, sometimes on points and sometimes in liquid form in glass tubes. But for this extra work I did not receive a single cent, and it was not until after a good deal of writing that I was refunded the amount I had actually spent in hiring a man and a team of dogs to take me round to the winter camps to do this work that the department through its officials had asked me to do.

Another branch of secular industry that claimed a good deal of my attention was extracting teeth. When in England on my second furlough, a clergyman presented me with a number of forceps and other appliances for cleaning and filling teeth. Prior to this I had done the work of extraction with one particular instrument, but after the receipt of this gift I seemed to do better work, and my filling also proved a success. The amalgam I took out from England with me. I have extracted several hundred teeth not only for the Indian population, but for fishermen and lumbermen who were many miles from a dentist or doctor, and had no chance of going into town to see one. The most interesting part of this business and that which helps to explain in part why I had such a large practice, is that I neither made a charge nor received a gift from anyone for my services! I considered my reward lay in the consciousness of having saved others pain, and with this statement I will close the account of my work at the Pas.

CHAPTER XV

PRINCE ALBERT

WHEN I left the Pas Mission in 1902 I came to England for a six months' rest before entering upon my new sphere of labour.

The new district assigned to me was called the Prince Albert District and comprised a number of Indian reservations. I made my home near the town of Prince Albert, as this was the most central point. The nearest reserve was sixteen miles away and is known as St. James' Mission. (The chief dressed in European clothes and wearing medals is the chief of this reserve.)

Lower down the river and about fifty miles from Prince Albert was the Fort-a-la-Corne Mission and ten miles south of this was another reserve called South Fort-a-la-Corne.

This latter reserve was practically untouched when I took charge, but owing to the good Hand of our God upon us I was able to open a day-school and carry on missionary work at this place without any financial help from the diocese and practically all the Indians had abandoned heathenism and embraced Christianity when I retired from the field— thanks to the faithful assistance given by the resident school teacher and the catechists who visited the Mission from Fort-a-la-Corne.

North of Prince Albert and twenty-two miles distant was the Sturgeon Lake Reserve, this band of Indians constituted the last stronghold of heathenism in my new district.

Ten miles north of this last place was the "New Reserve," and seventy-five miles still farther north was the "Montreal Lake Reservation." The latter place was only visited occasionally by me and all the Indians there as well as on the New Reserve were professing Christians, having originally belonged to the Stanley Mission.

About seventy miles west of Prince Albert was the Sandy Lake Mission, which again came under my supervision, as only a deacon was in charge, and twenty-five miles farther on was the White Fish Lake band of whom I have already spoken. It will be remembered that this is the place where I pitched my tent the first winter I spent in the country, 1874-5. It is at this Mission that one of my first pupils at Sandy Lake is stationed, holding the dual capacity of school teacher and catechist. It is needless to say that many faces I formerly knew were no longer to be seen, a glance over the burial ground explained the reason; still, there were many left who remembered me and these were glad to see me again.

As the country lying between the reserves was rapidly filling up with white settlers, many of whom received no pastoral attention, I used to arrange for services as I passed out, to be held on my return journeys, and many baptisms were performed as well as celebrations of the Holy Communion.

Some pages back I led my readers to anticipate a few remarks about certain discoveries I had made in going among the English families who had homesteaded in the Saskatchewan.

These were that a number of English people had left the Homeland unbaptised and yet they considered themselves earnest church people. There seemed to be a growing idea among them that baptism was not an essential rite, but when I explained to them that some significance was to be attached to baptism is evident from our Saviour's own words: "Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations, baptising them in the Name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost," and no true Christian can persuade himself that Christ would

issue a meaningless command or impose an unnecessary task on His Disciples.

The result was many were baptised by me and expressed their gladness at having had the truth brought home to them.

I found ample scope in my new field of labour for my mechanical skill, as churches and mission-houses were needed in many places, and in the providence of God, and with the help of friends at home, and with what help the Indians were able to give, we built three new churches and two mission-houses without being very much of a financial burden to the diocese.

As the work in my new district was very similar to that already explained in former pages of this book, it does not seem necessary to go into much detail here further than a few references to Sturgeon Lake, which I considered, demanded the major portion of my attention.

There was no church at Sturgeon Lake, so I used to visit the Indians in their houses and read God's Word to them there, and speak to them about the love of God as manifested in the gift of His Son. The result of this was, quite a number of people, though heathen, used to attend and in course of time certain of them would follow me from house to house to hear more of the good news, some of them travelling as much as seven miles and often the houses were too small to receive all those who wished to attend. Now was my time to speak about a church, and for the first time in twenty-five years they gave their consent for a church to be erected on their reserve. It should be stated here that although a considerable amount of missionary effort had been spent on this reservation both by our own church, the Presbyterians and the Roman Catholics there was only one baptised Indian family when I took charge, the Roman Catholics and Presbyterians having already ceased their efforts among them.

So once again I set myself the task of building a church. In due course it was completed and I drove the Bishop out to

perform the opening ceremony. The church was only calculated to hold seventy-five people comfortably, but on this occasion one hundred and ten managed to crowd into it whilst many others congregated outside around the windows and near the door.

Seventeen were confirmed and the sacrament of the Lord's Supper was administered. The Government built a day-school six miles from the church and when visiting that part of the reserve I conducted services in it, and I have known as many as eighty at one service to attend.

My health and that of my wife suffered much from our fourteen years' service at the Pas Mission owing to the excessive and multiplicity of the work we were called upon to do there, and our infirmities increasing with the advance of time, we felt bound, after thirty-seven years of active work, to resign our labours, with the hope that the few remaining years our Gracious Father might be pleased to grant us here should be passed in quiet rest.

Still, one felt sorry to have to sever old connections and to live apart from one's spiritual children, and it is on this account I have been led, in the preceding pages, to write this incomplete record of our work during our missionary career. But the pleasure it has given me in resurrecting old faces, names and incidents is worth the trouble and time it has taken, and I can only hope, and pray that many of those into whose hands this record of facts may come may be led by the Spirit of our God to devote his or her services to the missionary cause, and that much blessing on their efforts may be vouchsafed, and at the great Harvest Home gathering we may all be there bringing our sheaves with us.

In conclusion, I would like to acknowledge my indebtedness to the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge for four useful grants to help me complete four of my largest churches.

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